THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIII APRIL, 1907 No. 6

SAM AND RAGS WITH THE RIVER SHOW

AS DESCRIBED BY SAM, IN HIS REMINISCENCES, ENTITLED "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR

CAIRO is a low, monotonous place. They call this part of the country Egypt. But this ain't the Egypt where they found Moses in the bulrushes; that is a different one that is in Europe. I could n't rest much sitting on the edge of a board sidewalk, looking at old frame houses, so I guessed I had better go and find a place of my own. I went up the river, and seen a bush that looked like it would be a place; so I went to take it. But just when I got to the bush and looked around on the other side I seen somebody already had it. A man was washing his feet in the river. He looked up and said, "Hello," and seemed pretty friendly; so I sat down near-by.

"Are you an Egyptian?" he says.

"I 'm from Missouri," I says.

"Oh, then you are a Piker."

"No, I ain't no Piker; don't I talk St. Louis?" I says. "Who are you?"

He was just stooping over tying the corners of his army socks around his ankles,—which ain't nothing but handkerchiefs,—and when he pulled up his pants, I seen blue and red snakes and frogs all over his legs.

"Don't you see what I am?" he says, pulling them up higher, and letting them down to his feet again. "I 'm with the show-boat," he said, pointing farther up the river.

I looked up there, and seen a big flat-boat with canvas hung around the sides like a tent. When I seen that, I talked to him more; and when he found Rags could do tricks, he made right up with him.

"Stubbs would like a comical-looking dog like that," he said.

"Who 's Stubbs?" I says.

"He 's the clown. If you have n't got any place to put up, come and see the Professor; maybe he 'd take you. You can get something to eat, anyway."

When I got nearer to the boat I could

Copyright, 1907, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

read what it said on a strip of canvas. It said, "Prof. Lagorio's Consolidated Aggregation and Floating Musee." Then I knew it was a show-boat sure enough.

The Tattooed Man opened up a split in the canvas and took me inside. The Fat Woman had a blue-painted board across some seat props and was pressing the Giant's pants. A lady had her Circassian wig in her hand, and was cleaning it with some cornmeal in a bowl. She brushed it around in the big bowl, and rubbed in the cornmeal, and shook it out, till her stand-up hair was all cleaned. The Giant was pounding with a hammer on some pegs that held a sweep. There was some blue lumber for seats piled up, and some chests, and a bass drum, and a barrel of gasoline, with two big burners laying on top, and a gasoline stove to cook on. Stubbs, which was the clown, had some gasoline in a pie-pan, and he had some corks on a wire, burning them to get the black off. The Fat Lady patted me on the head and was sorry for me when she found I was hungry; she said it must be awful to be hungry. The Tattooed Man told the Professor about me, and then he told the other lady to give me something to eat; and Stubbs he was looking Rags over.

They was just getting the Musee ready to start. You see, the boss was n't a school-professor, like the one that was on the *Speed*. He said he was a professional professor. He had been coming down the Ohio with an Uncle Tom show which performed in halls; but when he come to the end of the Ohio, where you have to float south, it was the Uncle Tom limits. He could n't go an inch further with no *Uncle Tom* and *Simon Legree*; so he let that troupe go and wished he had something else besides him and his wife. Him and his wife could do it all,—they said so,—but they did n't look like enough. Just then a show busted up at Cairo, and the manager skipped out and left the freaks like a lot of orphans; so the Professor took them in, and decided to put on a Musee, because he said the Fat Woman and the Tattooed Man would n't rouse no sectional prejudice or jealousies in anybody as far as he could see. With them he could keep right down the Mississippi.

The lady that was going to be a Circassian Queen was his wife. She had been playing *Liza,* and could be a leading lady; and when things took a turn, she was Madam Zoola, seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and born with a veil. Her and the Professor knew their business; they said so. The Professor, whose real name was Smith, was going to be a magician and a mesmerizer now; but he had been playing *Legree.* He went around in a cutaway vest with a diamond in his shirt.

I liked Stubbs the best; he seemed more like real folks. They picked him out of the busted show because he could "double in brass," which meant he could do 'most anything and play the cornet. I asked Stubbs if the Professor and wife could double in brass, and he said yes, they had enough brass to double in anything. The Professor was always talking about hustling whether there was anything to be done or not. And when he was n't doing that he was talking about how you could n't depend on some people, and how they did n't have any appreciation of gratitude and would leave you in the lurch the first chance they got. He said them things mostly to his wife; but the rest could hear it and take it to themselves.

Stubbs he had Rags out on the bank trying him, and I went out there, too. I asked him what the Professor was complaining about and who was it had done him wrong. Stubbs told me why it was; he explained it right out. First place, when he had the Uncle Tom show he had to rent halls and places to perform in, because his show-boat was only a scow and did n't have a house on it that people could come on; but with the freaks from the busted show all he had to do was to throw out a tent, which did n't cost any rent, and then more people would pay to come into a tent than into a hall or a boat; that is human nature. So that made more profit and less expense. Second place, the side-show was cheap. The lanky boy did n't cost nothing; he was just a pick-up that the Professor had learned to be the Human Dictionary. The Professor and his wife did n't count for wages because they belonged to themselves. It would 'a' needed three men to run the scow and put up the tent, anyway, which was Stubbs and the Tattooed Man and the Giant. And so the Professor was praising up all the hustlers that he knew.

"THE FAT LADY PATTED ME ON THE HEAD"

That left only one real professional to pay for doing nothing, which was the Fat Lady. That made less expense, and he got them all cheap because they were busted, which made it still more less. That was why the Professor was complaining and finding fault with folks. He was in luck, and he was afraid it would n't last.

I went back on the scow and the Professor's wife was agreeing with him and sympathizing. She said it was the way with everybody, and it would 'a' been money in her pocket and the Professor's if they had never been so good-natured and took people in, but had just watched out for themselves. She said they had always been imposed upon, and nobody appreciated nothing, and if it turned out that way again she was going to give up doing anything for anybody again.

When they got through, the Professor's wife told the Fat Lady that she might come and help wash and wipe the pans and dishes. The Fat Lady took that personal. And when the Professor's wife made some remarks to herself, it hurt the Fat Lady's feelings and she began to cry. She had a little handkerchief with lace around it that was n't half big enough for her face, and she wiped away a couple of tears and said she had n't never done nothing like that in her life. It hurt her feelings awful that they should think anything like that of her. And when the Professor's wife said some more about some people she knew the Fat Lady got uppish. She said that just because she pressed the Giant's pants, which was only professional courtesy, they need n't think she was that kind at all. She put some powder on her handkerchief and dabbed the tear-marks, and said she never thought when she was with Barnum and was viewed by the Crowned Heads of Europe that she would ever be floating on an old scow. Then she quieted down, and arranged her diamond necklace, and started up a little fan about as big as your hand, and looked as uppish as if she was a crowned head herself.

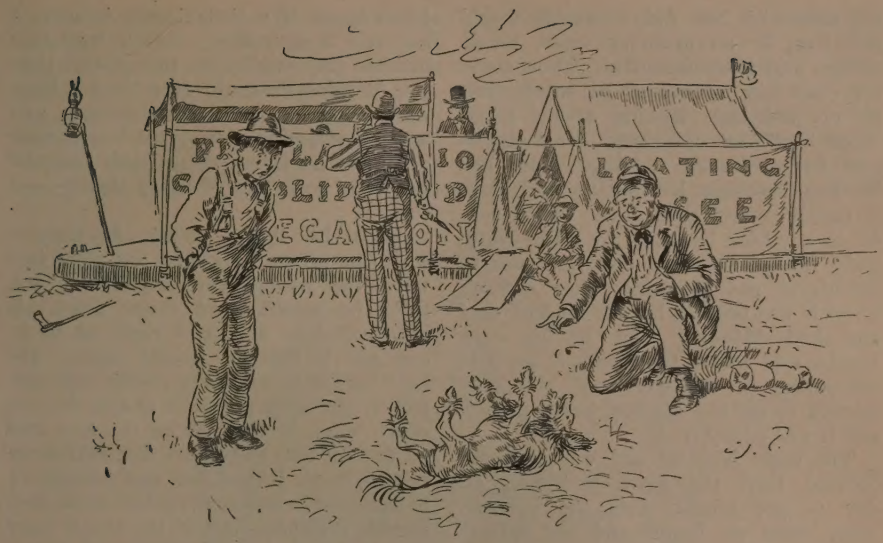
The Professor said I might go along up-town with Stubbs and get some red-spotted goods. He said Stubbs would know what kind of a collar a clown dog would want, and he held Rags back so

that he could n't come along. Stubbs was a short-built fellow, and broad across the back, with a stocky neck; he was awful strong and quick. He told me not to go into the show business and never to be a clown; he said it took the constitution of a horse, especially with a wagon show. He had been doing leaps over horses and elephants, and not getting good sleep, and giving two shows a day, and pulling up stakes at night, and being jolted along in a wagon while he rested; if he was educated and could write a good hand, he would never stay in that business. But the Professor did n't bother him none; Stubbs did n't take that serious. Sleeping on a scow and taking things easy would be a change for him; and a little tumbling every day or two would only be exercise for him, and get him into condition for the big show again. He said he was only going along for fun, which most clowns would n't do. But he got his wages, too.

When we got back, Rags was a lion dog. His hair was all lying on the grass, and his name was changed to Dom Pedro. I was awful mad at first; but Rags rolled around and wiggled his back on the grass like he enjoyed being out of his hair and right next to things that way; so I seen it was maybe better for him to have a hair-cut. Besides, he would only have to keep flees off his ankles and neck and the end of his tail; so now I was glad I did n't say nothing to the Professor.

That afternoon Stubbs and the Giant shoved off the scow and the show started. Cairo went floating past, and we came out of the big mouth of the Ohio into the main waters of the Mississippi, and the old scow turned south like she knew the way. We let her go along 'most any old way; a scow can float sideways just as fast as any other. There was a little army tent which we could sleep in, and a piece of canvas put up to keep off the sun and rain. After supper, when it got dusk and time to put out our light,—which I mean that we lit it and hung it out,—I was awful tired and sleepy. Me

"THEY NEED N'T THINK SHE WAS THAT KIND AT ALL"



"WHEN WE GOT BACK, RAGS WAS A LION DOG"

and Rags laid down on an old leaping mat and went to sleep.

When I woke up it was just getting ready to be morning; it was kind of hazy. Nobody but Stubbs was staying up; the rest was sleeping. Only the two ladies was in the tent; the rest was laying around, and at first I thought it was the Giant snoring, but it was n't. I guess it must 'a' been the Fat Lady. We was moving along swift, but there was n't much to show it; the trees along the shore was only half come out of the night. You can't hang your hand over the side of a scow and see the water ripple against it; you and the water is moving along together. Some ways a scow is like sailing, only it is more that way. You can see the shapes ashore moving along past, and no waves from the boat, and it all quiet and still, except the snoring. It is like God pushing you along.

After a while, when the Fat Lady crawled out of the tent with her hair all tied up in curl-papers, we had breakfast; and while we was eating, New Madrid come. So we shoved in.

Me and the lanky boy went out to distribute bills. When we come back, they had the tent all up, with little flags a-flying; it was all circusy. People was commencing to come around and gawp, especially boys. They followed me around, and looked at Rags and wondered; and the men looked at the big painting of the snake-charmer. The Professor got that from the other show, and he picked it out because we did n't have no charmer; and so he said it would be an addition to the features. The Giant and the Fat Lady had to stay on the boat together till the tent was ready, because people could 'a' seen them for nothing if they walked around. But the Tattooed Man could go around in his clothes; he did n't need a tent to hide him.

Stubbs's part of the show was to come outside and give a free performance, just to be liberal and make people see how much we must have inside. He was the one that done most to make the show pay. I was awful afraid they would n't keep me and Rags with the show on account of him being so deaf.

But it was just the other way: Stubbs turned that right into new tricks. You see, Rags would sit up as long as you wanted him to; and he would n't get down and do something else till you hollered it loud to him. Well, Stubbs made folks imagine that his clown dog was a dog that did n't believe in work-

ing unless his boss did, so Stubbs would tell him, in an ordinary voice, to do things, and Rags would n't. You could n't coax him to move; he would just sit up and keep looking at the folks. Then Stubbs would throw a somersault and holler *louder* at Rags,—just like he was catching his breath and done it natural,—and then Rags would roll, or do anything he said. It made everybody tickled to see a dog that was so intelligent not to work; they did n't know it was because he was kind of deaf and had Missouri mud in his ears. Stubbs said to me that there is good in everything in the world, if you only learned to see it. He had heard it said, and it was pretty true.

The main luck we had was at night, because then the news had had all day to get around into the country. They come on horses and old spring-wagons and on foot, and all stood a-gawping at the big burner blazing outside and the tent all lit up with the one inside shining through—it was pretty thin.

The show was 'most ready to start up. While the curiosities was getting on to their platforms, the Professor was telling Stubbs to get ready to do his best, because there was a big crowd, if he could only get them to come in. Stubbs he leaned against the center pole looking sad and solemn till everything was ready; then the lanky boy started to turn the grind-organ, and the Professor's wife stood in her Circassian hair and beat the drum in time with it,—you 'd 'a' thought there was a whole brass band started up inside the tent,—then Stubbs put on his broad smile all of a sudden, ready to go to work. He ran to the door of the tent, and come out of it on a back somersault, and threw a row of flip-flaps through that crowd that made them all stand back. He could throw spotters and gainers and twisters; he was as good as Quigley or anybody in Barnum, and you bet he let them folks see it. He come down springy like a rubber man, and took his hat out of his pocket, and introduced his dog, and stated that we was the greatest thing that ever happened since the earthquake. He flattered them up on New Madrid, and made them laugh, and got off all his jokes about if a little lemon is sour, a big one is sourourer,—which was joke number six,—and more funny stuff than you 'd think he could ever learn. Rags was sitting up and looking solemn, and while Stubbs was getting his breath back he would do funny things with him; he could get more out of Rags than *I* ever could.

Then he threw gainer flip-flaps,—which he turned backward, but went forward the wrong way from what you think he would,—and threw down his hat, and done a spotter right on to it, and put it into his pocket again. He kept his hat in his baggy pocket and only took it out to be polite or to spin it on a stick. Once he let it fly off the stick and go way off into the crowd, and everybody rushed to get it, and two men brought it to him; and he was awful polite when they handed it to him (lots of the people went into the show just on account of that). He got awful well acquainted with them, and done a leap which he come down on the back of his neck like it was an accident, and everybody was pleased about what a dern fool he was. When he had them people just right, he ran out and called their attention, and showed them what he really could do. He done a spotter twister, which is about the limit, and took a start and went back into that tent like a whirligig, with Rags yapping and barking and wagging his tail after him.

Just as Rags went into the tent, the Professor jumped up on his ticket platform, and rolled his sleeves away back on his striped cuffs, and orated so that you could 'a' heard him a mile. And all the time he talked he jingled a box of brass checks like money was common and the show was a great success; he got me interested, too. He said how we had Zuleeka, the only genuine Circassian princess in the known world; and Madam Albion, the largest and biggest lady ever born, and just from her European triumph; and Monsieur de Varden, the great explorer, who was tattooed by the Mozambique islanders; and the gigantic Gulliver, the man who never stopped growing, and was now in the eighth feet of his heighth.

"Come in, ladies and gentlemen, and bring the little ones. Step right up and

get your ticket for the great moral and elucidating show. We have the great Eureka, the Human Dictionary—see the phonetic, linguistic, orthographic wonder, the mnemonic mental marvel of the universe. See nature in her most marvelous creations, her wildest flights of fancy—we have them all, we have them forward; and when one man bought a ticket, they kept a-coming as fast as he could talk and make change. When they began to come, the Circassian princess, which was the Professor's wife, dropped the bass drum and ran and got on her platform. Then the lanky boy shoved the hand-organ into my hands

THE FAT LADY APPEARS FOR BREAKFAST

a-a-l-l-l. See the mirth-provoking Pico, the highest-salaried joker in the amusement world. See Dom Pedro, see Zuleeka, see Madam Albion. You have heard of them all your lives, and here they are. See the Circassian princess, the only living representative of the Caucasian race. See the living picture-gallery; look him over, look him over. Get your change ready, and keep a-moving. It is the last and only performance in the city of New Madrid."

He had me gawping, too. He blowed that tent so full of wonder that you 'd most expect to see it go up like a balloon if it was n't tied down. I had to go in and take another look at that show myself. I could hardly believe I had been laying around and eating with that circus and thinking they was just common trash. The crowd began to come and got on to his platform. That show was awful short of hands, and they needed me. I never thought I could play so good on the hand-organ before; it made me feel like the whole circus. And with the Professor and the hand-organ going it together, and the money clinking in the box, the Consolidated Aggregation was started up full blast. The people stood around Rags in his clown collar and wondered at him, too.

A circus ain't much when it is folded and put in a box; but when it is all spread out and filled with light and talk, it most takes you off your feet.

We done good at that place. By the time we had got things loaded on the flatboat and ready to shove out, the night was half gone.

Someways I felt just like going to sleep; but my mind was so full of the

"IT WAS ALL CIRCUSY"

show yet I could n't do it. The most wonderful thing was the Human Dictionary. The lanky boy had a dictionary which the Professor would hand out into the crowd and let any one open it any place and put his finger on a word. And no matter what word it was, the lanky boy could say off the definition, and tell what page it was on, and how many lines from the top, or anything about it. He knew the dictionary all by heart. Nobody did n't know what to think of that. And neither did I. Someways I had been thinking the lanky boy was a kind of a fool; but I guess his brains all went to memory. I sat there and looked at the lanky boy nodding on his stool while we floated along; and I kept a-wondering. I would n't 'a' thought it was in him.

We did n't get to the next place that was worth while till late in the afternoon, so we decided we better lay still and spend the time advertising for tomorrow. Me and the lanky boy went out with bills again. He went into a saloon and got separated from me, and when I got back to the show he was n't there yet. He did n't come home to sleep. The next morning when the Professor could n't find him he was awful mad. He orated about ingratitude as good as if there was a whole crowd.

Right in the middle of his goings-on he stopped short. He looked at me. He did n't say another word; he just crooked his finger, and motioned me to come to one side. He fixed a board, and told me to sit down beside him. He said I looked like a boy that could be depended upon and trusted with a secret.

"How would you like," he says, "to be a human dictionary and make lots of money?"

"Me!" I says. "Why, I don't know half the words in the dictionary."

"Oh, yes, you do. I could teach you that all right. I notice that you can read all the big words on the handbills, and you are pretty smart, even if you do look a little slow. I will give you five dollars a week, and you can have your transportation and all traveling expenses and be a member of the troupe."

"Well," I says, "I would like that mighty well, if I could do it. Maybe

you better give me the dictionary, and I 'll study it a few weeks and see if I can learn enough to suit you. But it would take me a long time to get it all by heart."

"Pshaw!" he says, "it would n't take a fellow like you more than a day. It only took that long-legged, thin-nosed, nefandous, necromantic, nebulous gander-heels that I picked up, and put on his feet in the world, and treated like a high-class curiosity, and done everything I could for, and then got done dirty for it—it only took him three days."

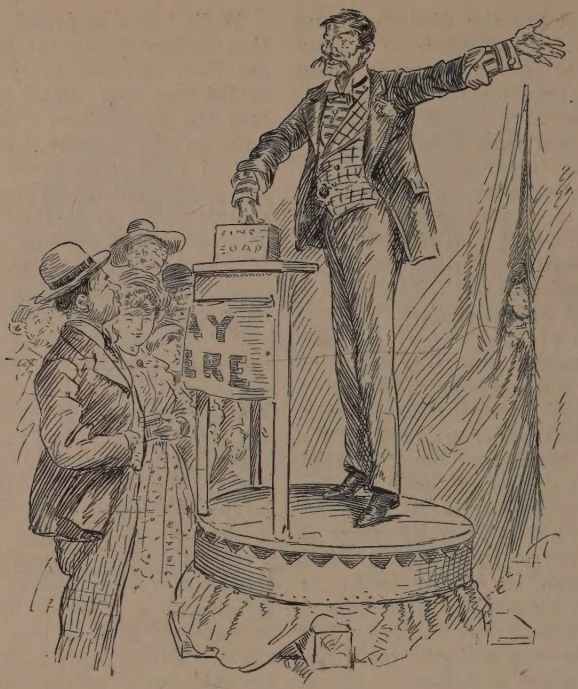
I felt like a plumb fool. Here I was talking to a man that was so smart he thought every one else was the same. I was away out of my own class of folks. I guessed I had better go back to the Missouri and learn the channel. If I ever struck one of them snags in the dictionary, it would be all off with me. And then I thinks to myself, there is never no use not to try; if he thinks I am smart enough, let him go on till he finds out for himself. I told him I guessed five dollars was a pretty fair offer, and if he was going to teach me, I was ready for him to start in.

Well, I was surprised. Every leaf in that dictionary was the same. I did n't see how me and everybody had been fooled that way. But I guessed I would take the five dollars a week till everybody in the country found it out. I started right in to study hard on them two pages; but the Professor said it was foolish to go at it like that. And he showed me an easy way to do it.

I kept on, and I learned "nefandous," which is something that ain't fit to be spoken of, and I learned "nefarious" and "necromantic" and "nebulous,"—they was all in the n's,—and in a couple of hours I knew that dictionary all by heart. You could open it at any place, but you could n't stick me. I wanted to begin performing right that afternoon. But the Professor said I better get good on the numbers.

That afternoon when everybody was giving up their money, the Professor told them how the Human Dictionary was down with a touch of brain fever; but he expected to have him on his feet by night, and they had better come again to see this marvel of the century. And by

STUBBS OPENS THE SHOW WITH A BACK SOMERSAULT



"'STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR TICKET'"

night I knew it all. Old gray-haired men looked up and wondered. Smart people did n't know what to make of it. They just like to wonder. It seemed foolish to me; but when everybody told each other how nature done them things, and how great I was,—and things more wonderful that they had seen and knew was true,—I commenced to feel wonderful myself. I could n't hardly believe it.

The Professor gave me my first week's wages at the end of the second week; he said he always had to hold back a week on his performers and keep it in trust for them. Well, when I started to get money for acting, I got to thinking whether it was enough money. I seen the Professor about it, and told him that Rags was n't getting nothing. I told him it was n't right for a dog to be performing regular and doing his best and him not getting a cent for it. I said I thought Rags ought to get anyways maybe two dollars a week. The Professor he looked at me a while and did n't say nothing. I thought he was going to lecture about ingratitude again.

"Seven dollars a week," he says. "*A dollar* a *day,* and board and transportation! There 's no end of expenses."

But he thought a little longer and then said all right; he guessed he could manage it. At the end of the third week he give me both our wages. But the next day he could n't make change, and so I had to let him take six dollars and a half back again.

We kept coming along that way till we got down where it was Arkansas on the right and Tennessee on the left; and one night when it was dark as pitch and Stubbs was at the sweep, he woke us all up and says, "This here is Memphis." But you could only see some lights along the shore. So the Professor said that if Stubbs knew the coast along these parts he would leave it all to him. Then we all got busy rowing in. Pretty soon it was easy water, where it did n't take us along so fast, and with us rowing the old ark sideways we kept slanting in fast enough to strike it all right, so Stubbs said. And the next thing that scow done was to come to a standstill right out in

the water. And she would n't budge; she had poked her nose into a mud-bank which you could n't see. Shore was so far away yet that we could n't 'a' got to it without a row-boat. We pushed and rowed and sweat,—it was a hot night,—but she was stuck. Then the Professor was mad sure enough. He stood on the edge of the scow and looked over to shore and run down the whole State of Tennessee. And he said by the great jumpin' Jehoshaphat he was a-going to break into that State somewheres before he got done.

Stubbs took soundings with the pole all around and he said it was only the front end that was n't floating, and he judged it was a kind of a bluff mud-bank which we could maybe get her off. Him and the Giant each took a pole; and while we shifted some of the load to the back, they kept pushing so that the current could n't push us further on when the front end raised. It was slow water there, which was a good thing. Then me and the Professor and his wife and the Tattooed Man stood on the end that was n't on bottom, and teetered up and down to bring her loose. But she would n't come. We was stuck on that mud-bank.

The Fat Lady just sat in her chair and did n't do nothing. Then we all seen that it was her weight sitting where she was that was helping to hold the scow on bottom.

"Madam," says the Professor, mighty stern, "why do you not come back here where she is floating and do your part? Do you expect them men to push your weight off?"

The Fat Lady looked pretty huffy, and I thought she was n't going to help us at first; but she come back and stood in line, and when we jiggled up and down, she done it with us. And you bet when she jiggled something had to come; we made waves that would 'a' rocked a skiff. On the boat, when you take five hundred pounds off of one end and put it on the other, it makes a thousand pounds difference, which is half a ton, and you bet that counts, specially when she jumped up and down. Stubbs got one corner backed off, and then the current come against us side-

"'HOW WOULD YOU LIKE,' HE SAYS, 'TO BE A HUMAN DICTIONARY?'"

ways and swung us free, and we went drifting on again t' other-end-to. Then the Fat Lady took her place in her chair again, and got out her fan, and heaved a big sigh. I was awful glad to see the Fat Lady away from that edge; I was afraid she might lose her balance and go overboard. If she had fell in, we could n't 'a' never pulled her on again. I bet her wash would 'a' sunk the scow. But she was handier on her feet than you would 'a' thought.

Next time we tried to make shore we got right up to it without grounding. Then Stubbs jumped to land, and drove some of the tent-stakes, and made her fast; and we was tied alongside of Tennessee at last.

Next morning we had to get a wagon to haul the show up to the grounds. The Professor had the Fat Lady go up on the first load, because that was the canvas, which she could sit on and draw it up around her. Well, when we come to get up to the grounds, we found that the Fat Lady could n't hide in the Fort Pickering powder-hole, because it was n't there any more. There was just some fresh dirt where they had scraped the hump all off and used it to fill up the hole so that they could make town lots of the place. The Fat Lady did n't have no place to hide herself at all; so she had to go back with the wagon, to wait on the boat. She sat in the middle of the wagon, with some canvas around her and her head sticking out, and finding fault with things all the way; she was getting awful disgusted.

After the men had got the center pole up and tightened the main guy, I had to help to do the looping-up, because I was good at that and it is lots of work. You see, the top of a big tent is all cut like pieces of pie, and at every town you 've got to fasten it all together, like sewing or lacing; but it ain't either of them: it is just looping-up.

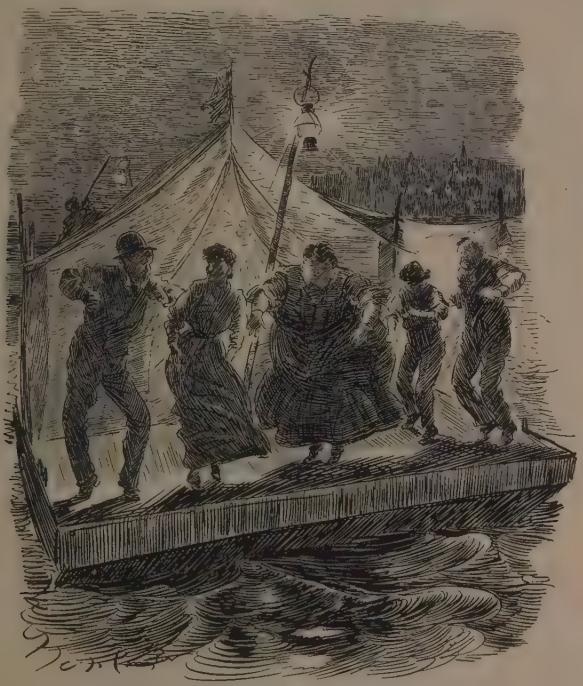
That part of the town was just like Stubbs said it was; it was a nice suburbs, on good high land, a little back from the river banks, which was called the Chickasaw bluffs. There was nice cottages all along shady streets, and they called it all Fort Pickering. But the real place, which most people did n't seem to know was Fort Pickering at all, was just that big, vacant lot. All that was left of the fort was three timbers that had held open the mouth of the powder-hole; and the Professor took them three logs to build up his ticket-stand and lecturing-platform.

When I got back from distributing bills there was people all around the tent—white folks and black folks, and pickaninnies with bow-legs and bumpy heads; and a crowd of them had their eyes all on the big painting. An old mammy was selling molasses pop-corn, and somebody had started up pink lemonade. It was a bright, sunny day, with a little breeze a-blowing and moving the picture of the snake-charmer. When a breeze made it go wavy like that, it looked like the snake was alive and crawling up the lady; it was the realest picture I have ever seen. Everybody liked it.

When I went inside, our people was all standing round and waiting till it would be time to start up. There was a boy with his eye to a crack in the tent, a-wishing he could come in; and the Fat Lady had her nose to a slit, taking a peek at the outside and wishing she could go out. She was complaining that she could never go and enjoy the fine weather. She had traveled all over the known world and been seen by everybody, but she had n't never seen nothing of them places on accounts of having to live so private. Stubbs he had himself all whited up, with a big smile marked out on his face, and him looking solemn. As soon as the Circassian Queen had her hair on right, she took hold of the drum-stick, and we started up the music. Then Stubbs stretched himself and done a couple of movements to get himself limbered up, and went flip-flapping out of the door. He give an extra big show outside and done everything he could to make it seem circusy. Then the Professor pranced out, slammed the money-box on the board, and started in.

He had n't hardly got started when it began to sprinkle. Some of them which had seen the free show started to leak away from the edges of the crowd; and when the Professor seen that, he tore loose with more wonderful talk than I ever heard before. Then there come a low growl of thunder off in the distance. And right there the Professor roared louder and worked in bigger words. I could see he was going to have a hard

time to run opposition to the thunderstorm; but every time it thundered nearer and sprinkled a little he went it one better. And when it rumbled again, he come right down to it and told them all about our troupe of grand free concert and premier jubilee minstrel singers, all free of charge and without additional cost, price, or remuneration. It was all a question of his holding them till the rain come and getting them in when it did.



"WHEN WE JIGGLED UP AND DOWN, SHE DONE IT WITH US"

Just when the right time come, he ended with a grand sweat, and slammed down a peck of money for change, and told them not to crowd and jam, but just to follow the ropes and have their change ready and keep a-moving. And nobody moved. Then there come a dash of rain. All them that was thinking about it made up their minds at the same time and moved forward to get under shelter. And I guess that must have influenced a lot of others; anyway, he got a bigger crowd than if it was fine weather. I give the organ to the nigger fellow that Stubbs had brought in, and got on to my platform. But I could n't see how the Professor was going to give a minstrel show. We did n't have none.

The Professor gave his long lectures about the different curiosities, one after another, and he made them longer than usual; I could see he was taking up the time. It was raining pretty fair now. It leaked through the tent some, but not enough to matter. But it come in steady through the hole at the top where the pole went through. It kept running down the pole till it was standing in a little mud-puddle of its own. When the Professor had lectured about how wonderful I was, and was getting started on the Fat Lady, he turned and whispered to me. He said for me to go and ask Stubbs whether he was most ready for the minstrels.

When I got back to the little dressing-place Stubbs was all changed. He had on an old suit turned inside out, with the colored lining showing, and his face was blacked up with the cork I had seen him burning in Cairo. He told me to tell the Professor he was ready, but he 'd be

blamed if he could be a whole minstrel show. And he said to tell the Professor that the best he could do would be a song that ought to fetch them in Tennessee,—it was horsy, — but that was all he would be responsible for, and the Professor could get out of this minstrel business himself.

That did n't faze the Professor none. He just announced the minstrels, and made everybody step to one side while he dragged out a platform for dancing on. Then Stubbs come walking out nigger fashion, and acting loose-jointed like an old-time darky; you would n't 'a' knowed it was him. He done a lot of jigging and breakdown-dancing; then he opened his mouth, which he had made it look bigger at the corners, and started to sing:

"HE 'D BE BLAMED IF HE COULD BE A WHOLE MINSTREL SHOW"

"De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo-dah, doo-dah!
De Camptown race-track five miles long,
Oh, doo-dah-day!"

The wind was coming harder under the edge of the top and bulging it up pretty stiff; and just then the center pole lifted about six inches out of its mud-puddle, and come down into it again like a pile-driver into a duck-pond, and threw mud in all directions: it went all over folks. Next jump it went up about a foot, and come down and stomped mud in all directions again. Them that had been missed the first shot got it this time. There was a rip-roaring peal of thunder, and the wind was coming in a blast. Some of the people started to get out from under as quick as they could; and they did n't go by the door: they lifted the sides and crawled under. When the canvas was lifted, it let the wind in under us full force, and filled us up; and then that pole started to act as if it thought it was down on the program for a jig. It done a one-legged dance in the mud-puddle, and threw mud on them all the time they was getting out. I got some splatted on my face, and the Fat Lady looked like she had been out when it was raining mud; she got more on accounts of being big. Stubbs stopped being a darky mighty quick. Him and the Professor went to work to haul the top down. It was pretty slow about coming down; we all got hold of it and got it settled down inside. Then, instead of being a peak sticking up, it was just the other way. But now there was n't anything for the wind to catch except the walls, and they was staked pretty solid. The pole did n't jump any now; it was just standing up like a mast by itself. We did n't have no place to run to, so we stayed under cover next to the walls. The top of the tent was right down to the puddle in the middle, but there was room for us all around the sides.

Then it started to rain dogs and cats. And all that came down on our top run out of the hole in the middle; it was like a big funnel catching the whole rain-storm and pouring it at the bottom of the pole. I guess if lightning had struck that pole we would have gathered in most of the whole business. You would n't believe how much rain falls on a space like that unless you seen it spouting into us. It made little streams that ran in all directions, and the Fat Lady, which had her dress gathered up, was busy trying to step round on dry places. But she did n't complain any now. She did n't say nothing at all. You 'd 'a' thought she would, too.

After a while the rain and wind started to let up some. There was too much of it to last long. The thunder was rolling away off in the distance, where it was going to some other town; and in a little while longer it was just sprinkling. Stubbs waded in under the heavy canvas, found

the end of the pulley-rope, and hoisted the top up again to dry. They got the wagon, and sent the ladies back to the old ark, so they could get dry, too. The storm was all over, and it was fresh and green outside, with the leaves all raindroppy and new smells coming out on the air from everywheres. Once I smelled a magnolia-tree, or maybe it was the blossoms on the vines across the road; everything was freshened up and taking a breath of itself. It was lots of fun, that performance. I would n't 'a' missed it. But the best of it was the way the pole started in to be the rest of the minstrel show; you 'd 'a' thought it was a trained pole.

We could n't do much that night; everybody had enough of shows. It was squushy in the grass, and inside it was nothing but tracky mud; the Professor said that if he had a dime for every footprint in the tent he would n't ask no more of Tennessee. He lit up the burners and tried to get a crowd to believe what he had to say, but it would n't work; so he hit his fist on the board like he was knocking the show down to the highest bidder, and we pulled up stakes and struck the tent. Our tent was intended for a one-ring circus. It was about three sizes too big for us; but the Professor said that did n't make no difference except it was an advantage. We ought to 'a' stayed longer in a big place like that; but we could n't: we was a fraud. When we had the tent loaded on, we pulled up the stakes of the boat, and left ourselves to the river again.

It was n't more than an hour or two till we passed the line, and got shook of Tennessee. And the next morning it was Mississippi along that shore. But it was Arkansaw yet on the other side—same low-down Arkansaw, full of woods.

After we passed the Arkansaw, we did n't strike the towns so often for a while, and before long we was passing islands down into the eighties—they give up naming them long ago. I guess they needed all the names for the bends; we was floating around bends all the time this way and that—Rowdy Bend and Miller's Bend and Bachelor's Bend and

"THE CENTER POLE LIFTED ABOUT SIX INCHES OUT OF ITS MUD-PUDDLE, AND COME DOWN INTO IT AGAIN LIKE A PILE-DRIVER"

such. Just between Bachelor's Bend and Shirt-tail Bend we commenced to do good business, because the hands was getting money for picking cotton.

The way things was coming now the Professor made more towns; he was picking every little bush. The Professor he did n't pay up regular, and the curiosities was always asking for some of their money. He said he would like to give them their money if he thought he could trust them with it; but he said he just knew that they would use it to go and leave him in the lurch: and so he would have to wait and see that they did n't play him dirty. So what could they do about it? There was nowheres to go and get a job in their line.

"THE GIANT AND THE TATTOOED MAN HAD SKIPPED"

The Professor was one of them kind that if he owed you money he could talk to you so that you would feel in debt to him. Whenever we had done pretty well, the curiosities would go and ask if they could n't have their money, and he would start right in again, and give them a lecture about ingratitude and all the things they had to be thankful for.

One Saturday afternoon when me and Rags was laying down and feeling dozy from the night before, Stubbs give me a poke and says, "Get up, Sammy; here 's the city of the hundred hills." And that was Vicksburg.

On Sunday morning we got up late and found that the Giant and the Tattooed Man had skipped; them and their things was gone. The Professor started right in and give us fits about them, saying how surprised he was to be taken unawares like that; and it was just what he expected they would do when they got here. He went on and said what an embarrassing predicament it was for a man to lose his main attractions like that, and he was glad they went, because they was n't no good anyhow. He knew very well they would skip out if he paid them their wages, and so he was glad he did n't; he said they did n't deserve it, and he was glad he held back till he found out like this. It was n't the first time he had guessed right. He said they was just a pair of them kind nowadays that just look out for their own interests all the time, and have n't got no loyalty or appreciation of business responsibilities. And he never did pay anybody that went and quit him that way; it was one rule and principle he always made. Them kind don't deserve no wages, and he 'd be blamed if they ever come it over him; he had a pretty good knowledge of that unprincipled class of people.

Well, when he got started on that principle business, he opened up and preached a regular Sunday sermon on ingratitude; I guess it lasted most an hour. After he had shown what a serious position such people put a man in, he said it did n't make no difference anyhow, because it would only be necessary for him to get out his magic outfit, and for Stubbs to stretch the minstrels a little, and the show would be as good as ever; maybe better. I guess Stubbs got tired of his talking; anyways, I did.

"Come on, Sammy," he says; "let 's go and take a walk for a change." So we went up-town. I guess maybe there was a hundred hills—anyways, a dozen or

so all run together. Anyways, there was plenty of them for the people to bore into them and live when the soldiers was shooting bombshells over into them every day. But now they are living on top again. Every place was locked up and quiet where the stores was. After a while we passed a church where they was singing, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound." It was pretty solemn, and I was glad when we got out of range. We went up and down the principal streets—which I mean that we went straight ahead—and after a while we was clean out of the city into the country, where it was quiet, but a different kind of quiet.

After a while it sounded like we was coming to another church; I heard something like organ music in the distance. It was a little nigger church. It was all open, on accounts of the warm weather, and there was smoke and music coming out of the door and windows.

"It looks like they had a smudge. Let 's go inside and sit down," says Stubbs. "Maybe I could pick up some business."

They was all getting warmed up and shouting "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" every little while; and you could see plain that a revival was going to come on.

Pretty soon they started up a tune about "I heard a lumbering in the sky," and all of a sudden a high-toned colored girl stood up and started to sway back and forth; and while she was doing it, she tossed off her fine hat, and she dropped the ribbon from around her neck, like she was getting ready to sail in and have it out. When she was most ready, she started to whirl round and round and holler "Glory!" and while she was doing it, I seen her gloves go two different directions, like they had just whirled off of her. That got more of them to going, and somebody hollered "Hallelujah!" and started up to sing "Inching 'long."

" 'Twas a' inch by inch I sought de Lord—
Jesus will come by-and-by;
And a inch by inch he blessed my soul—
Jesus will come by-and-by."

Right then an old fat mammy got up and wobbled in her place a while, and then she come into the aisle and started to inch. She inched up and down the aisle, shaking all over; and every step she inched, you could feel the floor a-giving. I was awful glad it was n't our Fat Lady that was doing the inching. Whenever she got clean to the end of the aisle, she would turn and inch back again, and that way she kept a-going it, holding up her hands and singing. And the amen and hallelujahs was coming up here and there like they was just sprouting out of the music. She would sing one line of the chorus, and the rest would all come in on the by-and-by part; it was fine singing. There could n't be nothing better than the way they would sing in tune and all come in together on the chorus, answering each other back and forth. And you could feel the floor keeping time.

"We 'll inch and inch and inch along—
Jesus will come by-and-by,
And inch and inch till we get home—
Jesus will come by-and-by."

I happened to look up, and I seen that the long stove-pipe was sinking at a joint; it seemed to be settling inch by inch. I leaned over and told Stubbs about it; but he just looked solemn and did n't let on. Stubbs could look awful sad when he tried. The whole length of it was only swung on one wire, and while I was looking again it come in two. I mean it come in five or six; and when it struck the floor, every joint of it done its own clattering. It brought them all to a stop where they was. I guess they thought the lumbering in the skies had come true. Well, it would 'a' surprised me if I had n't seen it first; it was like sheet-iron thunder. The deacon that was boss of the stove come right over to do something about it. He just stood looking at it, but did n't know what to do. Then the preacher, which had stopped marking time with his hands, stood up, and raised his hand, and said in a loud voice: "Pick it up, Brudder Jackson; pick it up. De La-a-awd 'woan' let it burn you."

Brudder Jackson let them all see that he believed it: he picked it up. But he dropped it mighty quick: it burned him the same as an ordinary stove-pipe, and made another clatter, and took an extra roll or two. Brudder Jackson put his

"BRUDDER JACKSON PUT HIS FINGERS IN HIS MOUTH"

fingers in his mouth, and then wiped them on his pants; he did n't say nothing. He just went and sat down. I guess the preacher did n't know the smudge had got to be real hot fire when he said that.

The girl which was through getting religion picked up her things out of the soot and fixed them straight, so I thought it was all over; but it was n't. She was only done with her part; the others was just getting started in. Somebody said "Hallelujah!" and then it started up again:

"Oh, look up yonder, what I see—
Den a' Hallelujah to de Lamb;
Dere 's a long, tall angel comin' a'ter me—
Den a' Hallelujah to de Lamb."

They did n't have no organ at all, but they did n't need none. The sound of it was right in their voices. The smoke was getting pretty smarty on my eyes, so I wiped them again on my coat-sleeve. And Stubbs he wiped off a tear that had got started down his face. Stubbs looked so sad that if you did n't know he was a clown you would 'a' thought maybe he was crying. I wanted to go, but he said to wait a while longer because he was getting some good ideas for business. Some had their hands up making motions, and some was swaying and moving all over, and some was marking time and shouting. I bet if Stubbs had stood up with the tears in his eyes and done a couple of flip-flaps and a back, they would 'a' thought he had got religion better than all of them.

The old mammy got to rambling around again, and shaking hands with everybody, and shouting "Glory!" and when she come to me, and seen me wiping my eye, she grabbed me, and hugged me to her, and said "Bress de Lamb!" I was 'most smothered. I can hold my breath and stay under pretty long; but when she let go, it was about time for me to come up and get air. Well, that was enough for me. When she let loose, I got out of there. Then Stubbs come out, too, and we went down the road.

We kept straight on to the scow, except we stopped a while where there was some bushes, so that Stubbs could practice up his act a little and fix all the things he had learned in his memory. He used me for the audience, and he told me to watch close and not think it was foolishness, because it was n't. Well,

I thought all the time that he had been sitting in that church holding his laugh in, but now I seen he had n't. He had been sitting there as long-faced as a deacon and taking them in as serious as could be; that was how he built an act up. You have got to watch close and do thinking when you want to be a minstrels.

He said if he could get up some kind of a darky act that people would take a notion to, it would settle things for him. It would be something that he could always do even when he was old, because niggers take things easy. Stubbs said that a man like him can be a nigger when he is sixty years old; but he can't be no acrobatic clown when he is sixty. Well I did n't see how he was going to do dancing and such things when he was that old, and I told him so. He thought it over a while, and then he says:

"Did you ever see a nigger that was a great acrobat or a leaper?"

"No," I says. "I never would 'a' thought to think of it. That 's white men's kind of work."

"That 's the idea exactly," he says.

But Stubbs did n't have the ginger in him like he used to; he said he was n't an artist no more. So I was glad he was getting his other business so good; he was as good as a real nigger as far as I could see. "But that 's one thing," I says, "that they could do themselves."

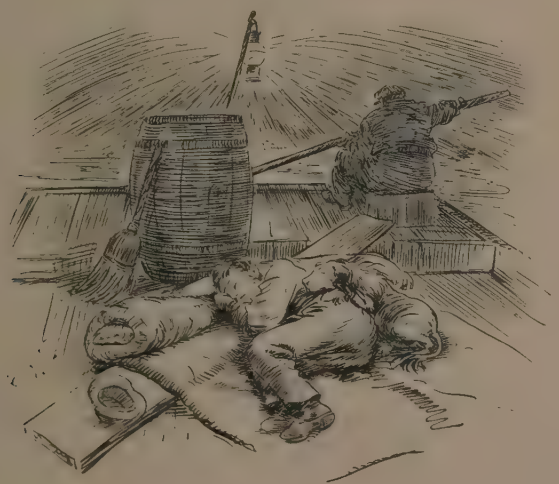
"No, it ain't," he says. "They 've got to be acted."

After we had dinner, there was n't nothing to do around the scow, but the Professor would n't let things rest; he stewed around as if he thought things ought to go on.

Well, I got sick of it. I decided I would go walking again. But Stubbs could n't go this time; he was busy mending his clown clothes. So I took Rags, and we went ourselves.

I says to myself: "Look a-here, Sam Daly, this ain't no way for you to do. The show is a fraud; it ain't a respectable business that you would want to let anybody know about, and you know it. You just drift along and let him bully-rag and borrow as if you did n't have no sense of independence. It is about time for you to say you are going to do something, and then do it. You get good wages, and Rags gets more than most dogs do, but the Professor borrows them all back again. And you have to lend them back to hold your job. It will always be that way till you quit, and then you won't get them, because he don't pay anybody that quits; you see that for yourself. Anyways, it is a disrespectable fraud and no good. So you better quit this business that has money in it, but don't pay."

And I quit right there.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I 'M SHOLY GITTIN' READY RIGHT NOW TER PAY DAT MAN ES TAXES'"

ISAM AND THE POLL TAX

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Two Runaways," "His Defense," etc.

THREE long bamboo-poles lay flat across the broad-leafed water lilies, radiating from a common center like the spokes of a wheel, and out beyond them, in patches of sunlight, were three slit corks, by-products of Woodhaven's jovial hours. Morning shadows shortened slowly on the little lake at the foot of the hill, and a bird's song vibrated harmoniously in the leafage of wooded slopes.

There was another song afloat, a half droned, half worded melody of some far-away time when care had not yet folded black wings above the light-hearted African of the South, and life held for him no problems. A little old negro bestirred himself happily by the grassy margin of the lake, busy with the important things of the fisherman, and only one glance was needed to detect among the many wrinkles of his face the shrewd, smiling eyes of Isam, the famous body-servant of Major Crawford Worthington.

The song of the sable mystic recited an important message received by him in the night-time, when a Voice bade him go forth, seek the lost, and receive for his reward a crown; but it was evident that he was not excited over either the message or the splendid prize. His skilled hand leisurely drew up the live coals of a smouldering fire and balanced above them a frying-pan as he droned and sang:

"Don't you hear yo' brother callin',
Sinner man, sinner man?
Don't you see his po' soul fallin',
Sinner man?
Will you let the hot fire eat him?
Won't you lif' yo' voice an' greet him?
Won't you rise an' go an' meet him,
Sinner man?

The excitement came when one of the corks disappeared, leaving a widening circle, with a bubble in its center. Isam, electrified, dived for the margin, snatched up a pole, and with a fierce jerk landed a sun perch twenty feet behind him in the road. As he removed the hook from the mouth of the unfortunate fish and resumed his song, the comic ferocity of his face faded into smiles again. He was still singing when he added his new captive to the string under a lily pad, but he stopped abruptly when the placid trot of a pair of ancient blacks was heard near at hand, and the equally ancient Woodhaven chariot, with Aleck on the box, came into view. The chariot stopped with deliberation. The strident voice of the Major, whose red face frowned from a window, burst upon the sylvan solitudes.

"So, you black rascal, this is what you mean by 'going to pay my poll tax,' is it?"

"Hol' on, honey! Hol' on, Marse Craffud!" and Isam laughed gently as he baited his hook,—"Did I say I was goin' *straight* ter town and not stop none on de way? Hit ain't but erbout nine er'clock yet; an' hit ain't no use ter go 'long an' look up de tax-leveler till I git some'p'n fer 'im. I 'm sholy gittin' ready right now ter pay dat man es taxes, an' I 'll sholy pay hit, ef de Lord 'll des lem me. An' ef de Lord ain't on my side in dis hyar tax rookus, den dere won't be no tax paid dis blessed day. I'm er-doin, my bes', honey; an' I been er-doin' my bes' sence sun-up. Dere dey is, nineteen, on er string back yonder—nineteen, big an' little." An' ain't nair one of 'em wid er piece o' money in es mouf; not nair one of 'em."

The Major suppressed a laugh, and his eyes twinkled. All of which Isam saw without looking.

"What do you mean, sir? Are you

fishing for money or for fish? Speak, sir, and stop that infernal grinning!" The profanity of some men is not profane or even impolite. It becomes so only when imitated.

"I 'm er-fishin' fer fish, an' I 'm er-fishin' fer money; an' I 'm er-ketchin' er heep o' fish an' er mighty little money."

"Aleck, open this door and bring me your whip!" The chariot shook violently, but Aleck only laughed and looked ahead. Isam's face betrayed pain and surprise.

"Marse Craffud, I is sholy astonish' at you, honey; I sholy is. Hit do look like, wid all de raisin' you done had, you oughter know how all dis pole tax business git hit 's start. But you warn't much on goin' ter church, fer er fac'. Hit was dis er way. When de good Lord went inter Caper'num, as de Book says, he tuk Simon wid 'im, an' hit warn't long befo' Simon, who was knockin' roun' town swappin' talk, was leveled on fer es head tax; an' he run off an' tol' de Marster es trouble. De Marster ax 'im ef dey gyethers de tax f'om de chillun of de lan', or ef dey des ketch de strangers what come in. An' Simon up an' say dat de way dey put hit ter him was, he mus' pay de head tax or dey would level on es head. Den de Marster tell him he better go pay de tax. But Simon he says he ain't got nothin' ter pay hit wid. Den de Marster tell him ter tek his fishin'-pole an' go an' fling er line in de sea, an' de fust fish he ketch ter tek er piece o' money he'd find in es mouf an' go 'long an' pay de tax, 'cause ef hit warn't de law, hit was des natchully de custom. An' Simon did des like de Marster tell him, an' paid de tax. An' f'om dat day till dis de tax what Simon pay wid es pole work is call' de pole tax."

The Major coughed and sputtered, and, watching him from the corner of an eye, Isam, whose happiness had all returned, continued:

"When I comes down hyah dis mornin' ter fling my line an' lay my pole fer ter git ernough money ter pay my pole tax, I did n' 'spec' ter be hyah more 'n er minute, 'cause dis place is des squirmin' wid fishes; but I done got nineteen fishes on de string an' no money in sight yet. One o' 'em is er measly little ol' sunfish wid er mouf what would n' hol' er dime. Dere 's er warmouf 'mongst 'em, but ef dere 's any money 'bout him, hits in es gizzerd; fer he is de out-swallerinist fish in de whole pon', an' can't hol' nothin' in es mouf. Dere 's nine cats in de bunch could change er dollar in dey mouf an' not rattle de change, an' one ol' trout wid er mouf like er well-bucket; but ain't nair one o' dem fishes give up er cent till yet. No, sah; dey is all des nachully broke, an' can't pay nobody. An' hyah I is. I would des sholy like ter know what kind o' fish dat was what Simon ketched, an' expeshully what kind o' bait he ketched him wid. I done tried dough, an' crickets, an' worms, an' flatheads; an' sometime I spits on de bait an' sometime I don't. But hit 's de same wid 'em all. Ef dere 's er fish in hyah wid er dollar erbout 'im, he ain't tradin' ter-day fer none o' dat stuff. I reckon Simon was mixed up wid one o' dem miruckles, an' dey don't happen eroun' in dese days."

"You miss the point of the story, Isam," said the Major, wiping his eyes. "What the story means is, that Simon was told to go and exercise his ordinary vocation,—he was a fisherman,—earn some money, and pay his tax. That is all. Simon merely caught some fish, and sold them for enough to settle his debt. He had faith."

"An' I got some, too; but I ain't got nothin' else."

"Well," said the Major, calmly, "I don't know much about miracles, but you seem to be better off in the matter of fish than Simon was. Maybe it is a miracle that I happened to come around by the mill this morning instead of going to town the usual way; but I get here in time to help and justify your faith—" He paused suddenly and looked aside, for the expression of Isam's countenance had changed in a flash from happiness to intense anxiety,—"Here is a dollar for your fish. Take the string up to the house, and tell Harriet to cook them for my supper. And then you can come back, get up there with Aleck, and go pay your poll tax. Hurry, now! hurry! It 's getting late."

Isam appeared to be lost in the contemplation of some great problem.

"How 's dat, Marse Craffud? Lem me see how dat works out. Now, I teks de fish up for yo' supper, an' I teks de dollar an' gives hit ter de man what levels de

pole tax: Den what? Whar does I git de satusfaction fer mer fish?"

"Satisfaction? Why, sir, you have the satisfaction of knowing your tax is paid. There is where you get it, sir."

"Yes, sah, I knows all dat; but whar does I come in?"

"Come in? Why, you black rascal, are you not a citizen and a voter?"

"Yes, sah, I sholy is,"—and Isam fixed a pensive gaze on vacancy,—"I sholy is when dere is er tight race 'twixt two Dimmercrats fer some'p'n' er other. But in time o' peace I 'm des er country nigger owin' er pole tax."

The Major disappeared in the shadows of his chariot and struggled with what seemed to be a spasm of coughing. Isam, casually removing the frying-pan far to the rear with a deft motion of his left foot, continued:

"No, sah, hit don't look ter me perzactly like er little ol' piece o' paper what des says my pole tax is done paid is goin' ter settle wid me fer diggin' bait. I heah ol' Unc' Manuel say oncest dat de way ter break up de swoppin' habit is ter keep on swoppin'; an' I reckon he mout o' meant ef you swap work fer bait, an' bait fer fish, an' fish fer money, an' money fer er little ol' piece o' paper, you mout hat ter look roun' so long 'fo' you git shet o' dat paper you 'd sorter fergit yo' habits."

"You are a man and a citizen, Isam," said the Major, sternly. "You pay your tax, and have a right to vote for Presidents, governors, judges, members of Congress, senators, legislators, and justices; you have a voice in the management of this great nation and the development of your own race. Can you imagine anything better than that, sir?"

Isam was gently stirring the sand with his toe, and his eyes were cast down. A little smile played hide-and-seek among the wrinkles of his face, and his voice, when he spoke, was as the cooing of a dove.

"Yes, sah, dere is; dere sholy is."

"What, sir? What?"

"Fried catfish, Marse Craffud; fried catfish."

"Go on, Aleck!" said the choking Major, and laughing lightly, Isam dived for his poles, one of which had started for the middle of the lake.

That night at supper Harriet placed a magnificent broiled trout in front of the Major. As he regarded it steadily, his stern face relaxed.

"Isam!"

"Yes, sah."

"Can you manage four lines at once?"

"Who? Me? Yes, sah."

"Then you need another cork."

"Sholy, Marse Craffud, sholy!"

"Well, well, what are you standing there grinning for, you black rascal?" The Major's fist shook the table.

Dropping the peacock feathers, Isam started on a run for the cellar.

IN MY HOUSE OF MOURNING

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

IN my house of mourning,
Day and night went bleeding by.
In my house of mourning,
What for life itself cared I!

In my house of mourning,
With no one bidden there,
In my house of mourning,
Laughter met me on the stair!

Drawn by Maurice Grieffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"RESPECTFUL PERSONS . . . DISPLAYED GARMENTS AS WONDERFUL AS THOSE THE NEW YORK TRUNKS HAD REVEALED"

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XVI

THE PARTICULAR INCIDENT

BETTY VANDERPOEL'S walk back to Stornham, long though it was, did not give her time to follow to its end the thread of her thoughts.

To be able to look back through centuries and know one's blood and that sometimes it had been shed in the doing of great deeds, must be a thing to remember. To realize that the courage and honor had been lost in ignoble modern vices which no sense of dignity and reverence for race and name had restrained, must be bitter—bitter. And in the rôle of a servant, to lead a stranger about among the ruins of what had been, that must have been bitter, too. The worst of it—for him—was that he was not of that strain of his race who had been the "bad lot." The "bad lot" had been the weak lot, the vicious, the self-degrading. Scandals which had shut men out from their class and kind were usually of an ugly type. This man had a strong jaw, a powerful, healthy body, and clean, though perhaps hard, eyes. The First Man of them, who hewed his way to the front, who stood fierce in the face of things, who won the first lands and laid the first stones, might have been like him in build and look.

The last gold of the sun was mellowing the gray stone of the terrace, and enriching the green of the weeds thrusting themselves into life between the uneven flags, when she reached Stornham, and passing through the house, found Lady Anstruthers sitting there. In sustenance of her effort to keep up appearances, she had put on a weird little muslin dress and had elaborated the dressing of her thin hair. It was no longer dragged back straight from her face, and she looked a trifle less abject, even a shade prettier. Bettina sat upon the edge of the balustrade and touched the hair with light fingers, ruffling it a little becomingly.

"If you had worn it like this yesterday," she said, "I should have known you."

"Should you, Betty? I never look into a mirror if I can help it; but when I do, I never know myself. But of course every one grows old."

"Not now. People are just discovering how to grow young instead."

"In America people think so many new things," said poor little Lady Anstruthers with yearning humbleness.

"The whole civilized world is thinking what you call new things," said Betty. "The old ones won't do, they have been tried so long; and though they have helped us to the place we have reached, they cannot help us any farther. We must begin again."

Lady Anstruthers rose with as involuntary a movement as if a strong hand had drawn her to her feet. She stood facing Betty, a pathetic little figure in her washed-out muslin frock and with her washed-out face and eyes and being, though on her faded cheeks a flush was rising.

"Oh, Betty!" she said, "I don't know what there is about you—but there is something which makes one feel as if you believed everything and could do everything, and as if one believes *you*. Whatever you were to say, you would make it seem true. If you said the wildest thing in the world I should believe you."

Betty got up, too, and there was an extraordinary steadiness in her eyes.

"You may," she answered. "I shall never say one thing to you which is not a truth—not one single thing."

"I believe that," said Rosy Anstruthers with a quivering mouth.

"I walked to Mount Dunstan," Betty said later.

"Really," said Rosy. "There and back?"

"Yes, and all about the park and the gardens."

Rosy looked rather uncertain. "Were n't you a little afraid of meeting some one?"

"I did meet some one. At first I took him for a gamekeeper. But he turned out to be Lord Mount Dunstan."

Lady Anstruthers gasped.

"What did he do?" she exclaimed. "Did he look angry at seeing a stranger? They say he is so ill-tempered and rude."

"I should feel ill-tempered if I were in his place," said Betty. "He has enough to rouse his evil passions and make him savage. What a fate for a man with any sense and decency of feeling! If he had a chance—just half a chance —he would build it all up again. And I don't mean merely the place, but all that one means when one says 'his house.' "

"He would need a great deal of money," sighed Lady Anstruthers.

"He will get some," said Betty, still reflecting. "He will make it—or dig it up—or some one will leave it to him. There is a great deal of money in the world, and when a strong creature ought to have some of it—he gets it."

"Oh, Betty!" said Rosy. "Oh, Betty!"

"Watch that man," said Betty. "You will see. It will come."

It apparently became necessary for Lady Anstruthers, a moment later, to lean upon the stone balustrade and pick off a young leaf or so for no reason whatever, unless in doing so she averted her look from her sister as she made her next remark.

"Are you—when are you going to write to father and mother?"

"I have written," with unembarrassed evenness of tone. "Mother will be counting the days."

"Mother," Rosy breathed with a soft little gasp. "Mother." And she turned her face farther away. "What did you—tell her?"

Betty moved over to her and stood close at her side. The power of her personality enveloped the tremulous creature as if it had been a sense of warmth.

"I told her how beautiful the place was and how Ughtred adored you—and how you loved us all—and longed to see New York again."

The relief in the poor little face was so immense that Betty's heart shook before it. Lady Anstruthers looked up at her with adoring eyes.

"I might have known," she said, "that you would only say the right thing, Betty."

Betty bent over her.

"Whatever happens," she said, "we will take care that mother is not hurt. She 's too kind—she 's too good—"

"That is what I have remembered," said Lady Anstruthers. "And if she saw me now—looking like this! Sometimes I have even been glad to think she never would."

"She will, but before she does, I shall have made you look like yourself."

"We shall never see each other. It would n't be possible," she said. "And there is no magic in the world now, Betty. You can't bring back—"

"Yes, you can," said Bettina. "And what used to be called magic is only the controlled working of the law and order of things, in these days. Let us sit down and talk it all over."

Betty took her hand and drew her down into a chair. She sat near her and looked her straight in the face.

"Don't be frightened," she said. "We are not living in the Middle Ages. There is a policeman even in Stornham village, and we are within four hours of London, where there are thousands."

Lady Anstruthers tried to laugh, but it did not succeed very well, and her forehead flushed.

"I don't quite know why I seem so nervous," she said. "It 's very silly of me."

Betty did the wisest possible thing, which was to make an apparently impersonal remark.

"I want you to go over the place with me and show me everything. Walls and fences and greenhouses and outbuildings must not be allowed to crumble away."

"What?" cried Rosy. "Have you seen

all that already?" She actually stared at her. "How practical and—and American!"

"To see that a wall has fallen when you find yourself obliged to walk round a pile of grass-grown brickwork?" said Betty.

Lady Anstruthers still softly stared.

"What—what are you thinking of?" she asked.

"Thinking that it is all too beautiful"—Betty's look swept the loveliness spread about her—"too beautiful and too valuable to be allowed to lose its value and its beauty."

She turned her eyes back to Rosy, and the deep dimple near her mouth showed itself. "It is a throwing away of capital," she added.

"Oh!" cried Lady Anstruthers. "How clever you are! And you look so different, Betty."

"Do I look stupid?" the dimple deepening. "I must try to alter that."

"Don't try to alter your looks," said Rosy. "It is your looks that make you so—so wonderful. But usually women—girls—" she paused.

"Oh, I have been trained," laughed Betty. "And what I know best of all is that it is a blunder to think that beauty is not capital,—that happiness is not,—and that both are not the greatest assets in the scheme. This"—with a wave of her hand, taking in all they saw—"is beauty, and it ought to be happiness, and it must be taken care of. It is your home and Ughtred's."

"It is Nigel's," put in Rosy.

"It is entailed, is n't it?" turning quickly. "He cannot sell it?"

"If he could, we should not be sitting here."

"Then he cannot object to its being rescued from ruin."

"He will object to—to money being spent on things he does not care for." Lady Anstruthers' voice lowered itself, as it always did when she spoke of her husband, and she glanced about her.

Betty rose from her seat.

"I am going to my room to take off my hat," she said. "Will you come with me?"

She went into the house, talking quietly of ordinary things, and in this way they mounted the stairway together and passed along the gallery which led to her room. When they entered it she closed the door, locked it, and taking off her hat, laid it aside. After doing which she sat down.

"No one can hear and no one can come in," she said. "Tell me what happened when you were so ill after Ughtred was born."

"You guessed that it happened then," gasped Lady Anstruthers.

"It was a good time to make anything happen," replied Bettina. "You were prostrated, you were a child, and felt yourself cut off hopelessly from the people who loved you."

"Forever! Forever!" Lady Anstruthers' voice was a moan. "That was what I felt—that nothing could ever help me. I dared not write things. He told me he would not have it—that he would stop any hysterical complaints—that his mother could testify that he behaved perfectly to me. She was the only person in the room with us when—when—"

"When?" said Betty.

Lady Anstruthers shuddered. She leaned forward and caught Betty's hand between her own shaking ones.

"He struck me! He struck me! He said it never happened—but it did—it did! Betty, it did! That was the one thing that came back to me clearest. He said that I was in delirious hysterics, and that I had struggled with his mother and himself because they tried to keep me quiet and prevent the servants hearing.

"One awful day he brought Lady Anstruthers into the room, and they stood over me as I lay in bed, and she fixed her eyes on me and said that she, being an Englishwoman and a person whose word would be believed, could tell people the truth—my father and mother, if necessary—that my spoiled, hysterical American temper had created unhappiness for me—merely because I was bored by life in the country and wanted excitement. I tried to answer, but they would not let me, and when I began to shake all over they said that I was throwing myself into hysterics again. And they told the doctor so, and he believed it."

The possibilities of the situation were plainly to be seen. Fate, in the form of temperament itself, had been against her. It was clear enough to Betty as she patted and stroked the thin hands.

"I understand. Tell me the rest," she said.

Lady Anstruthers's head drooped.

"When I was loneliest and dying of homesickness, and so weak that I could not speak without sobbing, he came to me —it was one morning after I had been lying awake all night—and he began to seem kinder. He had not been near me for two days, and I had thought I was going to be left to die alone—and mother would never know. He said he had been reflecting, and that he was afraid that we had misunderstood each other—because we belonged to different countries and had been brought up in different ways." She paused.

"And that if you understood his position and considered it, you might both be quite happy," Betty gave in quiet termination.

Lady Anstruthers started.

"Oh, you know it all!" she exclaimed.

"Only because I have heard it before. It is an old trick. And because he seemed kind and relenting, you tried to understand—and signed something."

"I wanted to understand. I wanted to believe. What did it matter which of us had the money, if we liked each other and were happy? He told me things about—the estate—that it must be kept for Ughtred—and about the enormous cost of it—and his bad luck—and debts he could not help. And I said that I would do anything if—if we could only be like mother and father. And he kissed me, and I signed the paper."

"And then?"

"He went to London the next day and then to Paris. He said he was obliged to go on business. He was away a month. And after a week had passed, Lady Anstruthers began to be restless and angry —and once she flew into a rage, and told me I was a fool, and that if I had been an Englishwoman I would have had some decent control over my husband, because he would have respected me. In time I found out what I had done. It did not take long."

"The paper you signed," said Betty, "gave him control over your money?"

A forlorn nod was the answer.

"And since then he has done as he chose, and he has not chosen to care for Stornham. And once he made you write to father to ask for more money."

"I did it once. I never would do it again. He has tried to make me. He always says it is to save Stornham for Ughtred."

"Nothing can take Stornham from Ughtred. It may come to him a ruin, but it will come to him."

"He says there are legal points I cannot understand. And he says he is spending money on it."

"Where?"

"He—does n't go into that. If I were to ask questions, he would make me know that I had better stop. He says I know nothing about things. And he is right. He has never allowed me to know—and —and I am not like you, Betty."

"When you signed the paper you did not realize that you were doing something you could never undo, and that you would be forced to submit to the consequences."

"I—I did n't realize anything but that it would kill me to live as I had been living—feeling as if they hated me. And I was so glad and thankful that he seemed kinder. It was as if I had been on the rack—and he turned the screws back, and I was ready to do anything—anything— if I might be taken off. Oh, Betty! you know, don't you, that—that if he would only have been a little kind—just a little —I would have obeyed him always and given him everything?"

Betty sat and looked at her with deeply pondering eyes. In these days of growing sanity of thought, one did not stand helpless before the problem of physical rebuilding, and—and perhaps if one could pour life into a creature, the soul of it would respond and wake again and grow.

"You do not know where he is?" she said aloud. "You absolutely do not know?"

"I never know exactly," Lady Anstruthers answered. "He was here for a few days the week before you came. He said he was going abroad. He might appear to-morrow; I might not hear of him for six months. I can't help hoping now that it will be the six months."

"Why particularly now?" inquired Betty.

Lady Anstruthers flushed and looked shy and awkward.

"Because of—you. I don't know what he would say. I don't know what he would do."

"To me?" said Betty.

"It would be sure to be something unreasonable and wicked," said Lady Anstruthers. "It would, Betty."

"I wonder what it would be?" Betty said musingly.

"It would be something cunning," Rosy protested. "It would be something no one could expect. He might be so rude that you could not remain in the room with him, or he might be quite polite and pretend he was rather glad to see you. If he were only frightfully rude, we should be safer, because that would not be an unexpected thing; but if he were polite, it would be because he was arranging something hideous which you could not defend yourself against."

"Can you tell me," said Betty, quite slowly, because, as she looked down at the carpet, she was thinking very hard, "the kind of unexpected thing he has done to you?"

She lifted her eyes and saw that a troubled flush was creeping over Lady Anstruthers' face.

"There—have been—so many queer things," she faltered. Then Betty knew there was some special thing she was afraid to talk about, and that, if she desired to obtain illuminating information, it would be well to go into the matter.

"Try," she said, "to remember some particular incident."

Lady Anstruthers looked nervous.

"Rosy," in the level voice, "there has been a particular incident—and I would rather hear of it from you than from him."

Lady Anstruthers' lap held shaking hands.

"He has held it over me for years," she said breathlessly. "He said he would write about it to father and mother. He says he could use it against me as evidence in—in the divorce court. He says that divorce courts in America are for women, but in England they are for men, and—he could defend himself against me."

The incongruity of the picture of the small, faded creature arraigned in a divorce court on charges of misbehavior would have made Betty smile if she had been in smiling mood.

"What did he accuse you of?"

"That was the—the unexpected thing," miserably.

Betty took both the hands firmly in her own.

"Don't be afraid to tell me," she said. "He knew you so well that he understood what would terrify you the most. I know you so well that I understand how he does it. Did he do this unexpected thing just before you wrote to father?"

As she suddenly presented the question, Rosy exclaimed aloud.

"How did you know?" she said. "You—you are like a lawyer. How could you know?"

Then, with drooping head, she told the story.

"It happened before he made me write to father for so much money. The vicar was ill and was obliged to go away for six months. The clergyman who came to take his place was a young man. He was kind and gentle, and wanted to help people. His mother was with him, and she was like him. They loved each other and they were quite poor. His name was Ffolliott. I liked to hear him preach. He said things that comforted me. Nigel found out that he comforted me, and, when he called here, he was more polite to him than he had ever been to Mr. Brent. He seemed almost as if he liked him. He actually asked him to dinner two or three times. After dinner he would go out of the room and leave us together. Oh, Betty!"—clinging to her hands,—"I was so wretched then that sometimes I thought I was going out of my mind. I think I looked wild. I used to kneel down and try to pray, and I could not."

"Yes, yes," said Betty.

"I used to feel that if I could only have one friend, just one, I could bear it better. Once I said something like that to Nigel. He only shrugged his shoulders and sneered when I said it. But afterward I knew he had remembered. One evening when he had asked Mr. Ffolliott to dinner he led him to talk about religion. Oh, Betty! it made my blood turn cold when he began. I knew he was doing it for some wicked reason. I knew the look in his eyes and the awful, agreeable smile on his mouth. When he said at last, 'If you could help my poor wife to find comfort in such things,' I be-

gan to see. I could not explain to any one how he did it, but, with just a sentence dropped here and there, he seemed to tell the whole story of a silly, selfish American girl, thwarted in her vulgar little ambitions and posing as a martyr because she could not have her own way in everything. He said once, quite casually, 'I am afraid American women are rather spoiled.' And then he said, in the same tolerant way: 'A poor man is a disappointment to an American girl. America does not believe in rank combined with lack of fortune.' I dared not defend myself. I am not clever enough to think of the right things to say. He meant Mr. Ffolliott to understand that I had married him because I thought he was grand and rich, and that I was a disappointed, little, spiteful shrew. I tried to act as if he was not hurting me, but my hands trembled and a lump kept rising in my throat. When we returned to the drawing-room, and at last he left us together, I was praying and praying that I might be able to keep from breaking down."

She stopped and swallowed hard. Betty held her hands firmly until she went on.

"For a few minutes I sat still and tried to think of some new subject—something about the church or the village. But I could not begin to speak because of the lump in my throat. And then suddenly but quietly Mr. Ffolliott got up. And though I dared not lift my eyes, I knew he was standing before the fire, quite near me. And, oh! what do you think he said—as low and gently as if his voice was a woman's? He said just this:

"'God will help you. He *will*—He *will.*'

"As if it was true, Betty! As if there was a God—and—He had not forgotten me! I did not know what I was doing, but I put out my hand and caught at his sleeve, and when I looked up into his face I saw in his kind, good eyes that he knew—that somehow—God knows how—he understood—and that I need not utter a word to explain to him that he had been listening to lies."

"Did you talk to him?" Betty asked quietly.

"He talked to me. We did not even speak of Nigel. He talked to me as I had never heard any one talk before. The tears poured from my eyes at first, but the lump in my throat went away, and when Nigel came back, I actually did not feel frightened, though he looked at me and sneered."

"Did he say anything afterward?"

"He laughed a little cold laugh, and said: 'I see you have been seeking the consolation of religion. Neurotic women like confessors. I do not object to your confessing, if you confess your own backslidings and not mine.'"

"That was the beginning," said Betty, speculatively. "The unexpected thing was the end. Tell me the rest."

"No one could have dreamed of it," Rosy broke forth. "For weeks he was almost like other people. He stayed at Stornham and spent his days in shooting. He professed that he was enjoying himself, in a dull way. He encouraged me to go to the vicarage; he invited the Ffolliotts here. He said Mrs. Ffolliott was a gentlewoman, and good for me. He said it was proper that I should interest myself in parish work. Once or twice he even brought some little message to me from Mr. Ffolliott."

It was a pitiably simple story. Betty saw through its relation the unconsciousness of the easily allured victim. For the first time in her years of exile Rosy had begun to feel that she might be allowed a friend, though she lived in secret tremor lest the normal liberty permitted her should suddenly be snatched away.

"We never talked of Nigel," she said, twisting her hands. "But he made me begin to live again. He talked to me of Something that watched and would not leave me—would never leave me. I was learning to believe it. I used to see Nigel looking at me at table with a queer smile in his eyes, and once he said to me: 'You are growing young and lovely, my dear. Your color is improving. The counsels of our friend are of a salutary nature.' It would have made me nervous, but he said it almost good-naturedly, and I was silly enough even to wonder if it could be possible that he was pleased to see me looking less ill.

"An old woman in the lane near Bartyon Wood was ill. Mr. Ffolliott had asked me to go to see her, and I used to go. She suffered a great deal and clung

to us both. He comforted her as he comforted me. Sometimes when he was called away he would send a note to me, asking me to go to her. One day he wrote hastily, saying that she was dying and asked if I would go with him to her cottage at once. I knew it would save time if I met him in the path, which was a short cut. So I wrote a few words and gave them to the messenger. I said: 'Do not come to the house. I will meet you in Bartyon Wood.'

"Nigel met the boy in the park and took the note from him. He came back to the house and up to my room, where I was dressing quickly to go to Mr. Ffolliott."

She stopped for quite a minute, rather as if to recover breath.

"He closed the door behind him and came toward me with the note in his hand. And I saw in a second the look in his face that always terrifies me. He had opened the note, and when he smoothed out the paper quietly and said, 'What is this?' I could not help it. I turned cold and began to shiver. I could not imagine what was coming.

" 'Is it my note to Mr. Ffolliott?' I asked.

" 'Yes, it is your note to Mr. Ffolliott,' and he read it aloud. ' "Do not come to the house. I will meet you in Bartyon Wood." That is a nice note for a man's wife to have written—to be picked up and read by a stranger, if your confessor is not cautious in the matter of letters from women.'

"When he begins a thing in that way you may always know that he has planned everything—that you can do nothing. I always know. I knew then, and I knew I was quite white when I answered him:

" 'I wrote it in a great hurry. Mrs. Barne is dying. We are going together to her. I said I would meet him—to save time.'

"He laughed and touched the paper again. 'I have no doubt. And I have no doubt that if other persons saw this they would believe it. It is very likely.'

" 'But you believe it,' I said. 'You know it is true. No one would be so silly—so silly and wicked as to—' Then I broke down and cried out: 'What do you mean? What could any one think it meant?' I was so wild and mad that I felt as if I were going crazy. He clenched my wrist and shook me.

" 'Don't think you can play the fool with me,' he said. 'I have been watching this thing from the first. The first time I leave you alone with the fellow I come back to find you have been giving him an emotional scene. Do you suppose your simpering good spirits and your imbecile pink cheeks told me nothing? I have waited to come upon it, and here it is—"Do not come to the house. I will meet you in Bartyon Wood." '

"That was the unexpected thing. It was no use to argue and try to explain. I knew he did not believe what he was saying, but he worked himself into a rage, he accused me of awful things, and called me awful names—in a loud voice, so that he could be heard—until I was dumb and staggering. All the time I knew there was a reason, but I could not tell then what it was. He said at last that he was going to Mr. Ffolliott. He said:

" '*I* will meet him in the wood, and I will take your note with me.'

"Betty, it was so shameful that I fell down on my knees. 'Oh, don't—don't—do that!' I said. 'I beg of you, Nigel. He is a gentleman and a clergyman. I beg and beg of you. If you will not, I will do anything—anything.' And at that minute I remembered how he had tried to make me write to father for money. And I cried out, catching at his coat and holding him back: ' I will write to father, as you asked me. I will do anything. I can't bear it.' "

"That was the whole meaning of the whole thing," said Betty. "That was the beginning, the middle, and the end. What did he say?"

"He pretended to be made more angry. He said: 'Don't insult me by trying to bribe me with your vulgar money. Don't insult me—' But he gradually grew sulky instead of raging, and though he put the note in his pocket, he did not go to Mr. Ffolliott. And—I wrote to father."

"I remember that," Betty answered. "Did you ever speak to Mr. Ffolliott again?"

"He guessed—he knew. I saw it in his kind brown eyes when he passed me without speaking in the village. I dare say the villagers were told about the

awful thing by some servant who heard Nigel's voice. Villagers always know what is happening. He went away a few weeks later. The day before he went I had walked through the wood, and just outside it I met him. He stopped for me a minute—just one. He lifted his hat and said—just as he had spoken them that first night—just the same words:

"'God will help you. He *will*—He *will*.'"

A strange, almost unearthly joy suddenly flashed across her face.

"It must be true," she said. "It must be true. God has sent you, Betty. It has been a long time; it has been so long that sometimes I have forgotten the words. But you have come!"

"Yes, I have come," Betty answered. And she bent forward and kissed her gently, as if she had been soothing a child.

There were other questions to ask. She was obliged to ask them. "The unexpected thing" had been used as an instrument for years. It was always efficacious. Over the yearningly homesick creature had hung the threat that her father and mother—those she ached and longed for—could be told the story in such a manner as would brand her as a woman with a shameful secret. She had discovered that he had planned that misleading impressions should be given to servants and village people. When the Brents returned to the vicarage, she had observed, with terror, that for some reason they stiffened and looked askance when the Ffolliots were mentioned.

"I am afraid, Lady Anstruthers, that Mr. Ffolliot was—a great mistake," Mrs. Brent said once.

Lady Anstruthers had not dared to ask any questions. She had felt the awkward color rising in her face and had known that she looked guilty. But if she had protested against the injustice of the remark, Sir Nigel would have heard of her words before the day had passed, and she shuddered to think of the result. He had by that time reached the point of referring to Ffolliott, with sneering lightness, as "your lover."

"Do not defend your lover to me," he had said on one occasion when she had entered a timid protest. And her white face and wild, helpless eyes had been such evidence as to the effect the word had produced that he had seen the expediency of making a point of using it.

"Rosy," said her sister, looking steadily in the faded face, "tell me this: Did you never think of getting away from him—of going somewhere and trying to reach father, by cable or letter— by some means?"

Lady Anstruthers's weary and wrinkled little smile was pitiably illuminating.

"My dear," she said, "if you are strong and beautiful and rich and well dressed,—so that people care to look at you and listen to what you say,—you can do things. But who in England will listen to a shabby, dowdy, frightened woman when she runs away from her husband—if he follows her and tells people she is hysterical or mad or bad? It is the shabby, dowdy woman who is in the wrong. At first I thought of nothing else but trying to get away. And once I went to Stornham station. I walked all the way on a hot day. And just as I was getting into a third-class carriage, Nigel marched in and caught my arm and held me back. I fainted, and when I came to myself, I was in the carriage, being driven back to the Court, and he was sitting opposite to me. He said: 'You fool! It would take a cleverer woman than you to carry that out.' And I knew it was the awful truth."

"It is not the awful truth now," said Betty, and she rose to her feet and stood looking before her, but with a look which did not rest on chairs and tables. She remained so, standing for a few moments of dead silence.

"What a fool he was," she said, "and what a villain! But a villain is always a fool."

She bent, and taking Rosy's face between her hands, kissed it with a kiss which was like a seal.

"That will do," she said. "Now I know. One must know what is in one's hands and what is not. Then one need not waste time in talking of miserable things. One can save one's strength for doing what can be done. Wiser people than we have found out that thinking of black things past is living them again, and it is like poisoning one's blood. It is deterioration of property."

She said the last words as if she had

ended with a jest; but she knew what she was doing.

"You were tricked into giving up what was yours to a person who could not be trusted. What has been done with it scarcely matters. It is not yours, but Sir Nigel's. But we are not helpless, because we have in our hands the most powerful material agent in the world. Come, Rosy, and let us walk over the house. We will begin with that."

XVII

MESSRS. TOWNLINSON & SHEPHARD

DURING the whole course of her interesting life—and she had always found life interesting—Betty Vanderpoel decided that she had known no experience more absorbing than this morning spent in going over the long-closed and deserted portions of the neglected house. She had never seen anything like the place or as full of suggestion. The greater part of it had simply been shut up and left to time and weather, both of which had had their effects. The fine old red roof, having lost tiles and fallen into leaks, had let in rain, which had stained and rotted walls and plaster and woodwork; wind and storm had beaten through broken window-panes and done their worst with such furniture and hangings as they found to whip and toss and leave damp and spotted with mold. They passed through corridors and up and down short or long stairways with stained or faded walls, and sometimes with cracked or fallen plastering and wainscoting. Here and there the oak flooring itself was uncertain. The rooms, whether large or small, all presented a like aspect of potential beauty and comfort, utterly uncared for and forlorn. There were many rooms, but none more than scantily furnished, and a number of them were stripped. Betty found herself wondering how long a time it had taken the belongings of the big place to dwindle and melt away into such bareness.

"There was a time, I suppose, when it was all furnished," she said.

"All these rooms were shut up when I came here," Rosy answered. "I suppose things worth selling had been sold. When pieces of furniture were broken in one part of the house, they were replaced by things brought from another. No one cared. Nigel hates it all. He calls it a rat-hole. He detests the country everywhere, but particularly this part of it. After the first year I had learned better than to speak to him of spending money on repairs."

"A good deal of money should be spent on repairs," reflected Betty, looking about her.

She was standing in the middle of a room the walls of which were hung with the remains of what had been chintz, covered with a pattern of loose clusters of moss-rosebuds. The dampness had rotted it until, in some places, it had fallen away in strips from its fastenings.

"This is the Rosebud Boudoir," said Lady Anstruthers, smiling faintly. "All the rooms have names. I thought them so delightful when I first heard them: the Damask Room, the Tapestry Room, the White Wainscot Room, My Lady's Chamber. It almost broke my heart when I saw what they looked like."

"It would be very interesting," Betty commented slowly, "to make them look as they ought to look."

The descent into the lower part of the house was a new experience. Betty had not before seen huge flagged kitchens, vaulted servants' halls, stone passages, butteries, and dairies. The substantial masonry of the walls and arched ceilings, the stone stairway, and the seemingly endless offices, were interestingly remote in idea from such domestic modernities as chance views of up-to-date American household workings had provided her.

In the huge kitchen itself an elderly woman, rolling pastry, paused to curtsey to them with stolid curiosity in her heavy-featured face. In her character as "single-handed" cook, Mrs. Noakes had sent up uninviting meals to Lady Anstruthers for several years, but she had not seen her ladyship below stairs before. And this was the unexpected arrival—the young lady there had been "talk of" from the moment of her appearance.

"What a big place!" Betty said to her ladyship. "What substantial walls! What huge joints must have been roasted before such a fireplace!"

She drew near to the enormous, antiquated cooking-place.

"People were not very practical when this was built," she said. "It looks as if it must waste a great deal of coal." She looked at Mrs. Noakes. "Do you like it?"

"It 's out of order, Miss," she answered. "And they don't use 'em like this in these days."

"I thought not," said Miss Vanderpoel.

She made other inquiries as direct and as significant of the observing eye, and her passage through the lower part of the establishment left Mrs. Noakes and her companions in a strange but not unpleasurable state of ferment.

"WHO are the solicitors Sir Nigel employs?" Betty had asked her sister when their pilgrimage through the house had been completed.

Messers. Townlinson & Shephard, a firm which for several generations had transacted the legal business of much more important estates than Stornham, held its affairs in hand. Lady Anstruthers knew nothing of them but that they evidently did not approve of the conduct of their client, as Nigel was frequently angry when he spoke of them. It could be gathered that they had refused to allow him to do things he wished to do—sell things or borrow money on them.

"I think we must go to London and see them," Betty suggested.

Rosy was agitated. Why should one see them? What was there to be spoken of? Their going, Betty explained, would be a sort of visit of ceremony—in a measure a precaution.

"Then there are other things we must do. We must go to shops and theaters. It will be good for you to go to shops and theaters, Rosy."

"I have nothing but rags to wear," answered Lady Anstruthers, reddening.

"Then before we go we will have things sent down. People can be sent from the shops to arrange what we want."

To Lady Anstruthers, to realize that the wonderful and yet simple necromancy of wealth was gradually encircling her again, had its parallel in the taking of a tonic. She herself did not realize the working of it. But Betty regarded it with interest. She saw it was good for her merely to look on at the unpacking of the New York boxes which the maid, sent for from London, brought down with her.

Rosy went to the things, turning them over and touching them almost with a caress. The names of the makers stamped on bands and collars, the names of the streets in which their shops stood, moved her. She heard again the once-familiar rattle of wheels and the rush and roar of New York traffic.

Betty talked easily and casually, describing the abnormally rapid growth of the places her sister had known in her teens, the new buildings, new theaters, new shops, new people, the later mode of living, much of it learned from England through the unceasing weaving of the Shuttle.

"Changing, changing, changing—that is what it is always doing—America. We have not reached repose yet. One wonders how long it will be before we shall. Now the pace is a race. New York is a kaleidoscope. I myself can remember it a wholly different thing. One passes down a street one day, and the next there is a great gap where some building is being torn down; a few days later, as one fancies, a tall structure of some sort is touching the sky. It is wonderful, but it does not tend to calm of mind. That is why we cross the Atlantic so much. The sober, quiet-loving blood our forebears brought from older countries goes in search of its rest. Mixed with other things, I feel in my own being a resentment against newness and disorder, and an insistence upon the atmosphere of long-established things."

But for nearly fourteen years Lady Anstruthers had been living in the atmosphere of long-established things, and felt no insistence upon it. She yearned to hear of the great, changing Western world, of the great, changing city.

It was good for her to talk and to be talked to in this manner, Betty saw. Still handling her subject lightly, she presented picture after picture. Some of them were of the wonderful, feverish city itself—the place quite passionately loved by some, as passionately disliked by others. She herself had fallen into the habit, as she left childhood behind her, of looking on at it with interested won-

der—at its riot of life and power, of huge schemes and almost superhuman labors, of fortunes so colossal that they seemed monstrosities in their relation to the world. People who in Rosalie's girlhood had lived in big, ugly "brownstone fronts," had built for themselves, or for their children, houses such as in other countries would have belonged to nobles and princes, spending fortunes upon their building, filling them with treasures brought from foreign lands, from palaces, from art galleries, from collectors. Sometimes strange people built such houses and lived lavish, ostentatious lives in them, forming an abnormal, pleasure-chasing world of their own. The passing of ten years in New York counted itself almost as a generation; the fashions, customs, belongings of twenty years ago wore an air of almost picturesque antiquity.

"It does not take long to make an 'old New Yorker,'" Betty said. "Each day brings so many new ones."

On the day after Stornham village had learned that her ladyship and Miss Vanderpoel had actually gone to London, the dignified firm of Townlinson & Shephard received a visit which created some slight sensation in their establishment, though it had not been entirely unexpected. It had indeed been heralded by a note from Miss Vanderpoel herself, who had asked that the appointment be made. Men of Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard's indubitable rank in their profession could not fail to know the significance of the Vanderpoel name. They knew and understood its weight perfectly well. When their client had married one of Reuben Vanderpoel's daughters, they had felt that extraordinary good fortune had befallen him and his estate. Their private opinion had been that Mr. Vanderpoel's knowledge of his son-in-law must have been limited or that he had curiously lax American views of paternal duty. After the marriage, the firm had found the situation confusing and un-English. There had been trouble with Sir Nigel, who had plainly been disappointed. At first it had appeared that the American magnate had shown astuteness in refraining from leaving his son-in-law a free hand. Lady Anstruthers's fortune was her own and not her husband's. Mr. Townlinson, paying a visit to Stornham and finding the bride a gentle, childish-looking girl whose most marked expression was one of growing timorousness, had returned with a grave face.

And now appears a Miss Vanderpoel, who wishes to appoint an interview with Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard. What does she wish to say? The family is apparently taking the matter up.

It fell to Mr. Townlinson to receive her in the absence of Mr. Shephard, who had been called to Northamptonshire to attend to great affairs. He was a stout, grave man with a heavy, well-cut face, and when Bettina entered his room, his courteous reception of her reserved his view of the situation entirely.

She was not of the mature and rather alarming American type he had imagined possible, he felt some relief in marking at once. She was also not the pretty, fashionable young lady who might have come to scold him and ask silly, irrational questions. His ordinarily rather unillumined countenance changed somewhat in expression when she sat down and began to speak.

Lady Anstruthers, it appeared, had no definite knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, and it had seemed possible that Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard might have received some information more recent than her own. Excellent reserve and great cleverness, Mr. Townlinson commented inwardly. Stornham Court and its surroundings were depreciating seriously in value through need of radical repairs, etc. Lady Anstruthers's comfort was naturally involved and, as Mr. Townlinson would fully understand, her nephew's future. The sooner the process of dilapidation was arrested the better, and with the less difficulty. Miss Vanderpoel, having fortunately been able to come to Stornham, was greatly interested, and naturally desirous of seeing the work begun. Her father also would be interested. Since it was not possible to consult Sir Nigel, it had seemed proper to consult his solicitors, in whose hands the estate had been for so long a time. She was aware, it seemed, that not only Mr. Townlinson, but Mr. Townlinson's father and his grandfather had legally represented the Anstruthers as well as many

other families. As there seemed no necessity for any structural changes and the work to be done was such as could only rescue and increase the value of the estate, could there be any objection to its being begun without delay?

Mr. Townlinson wore an air of quiet, businesslike reflection.

"You are aware, Miss Vanderpoel, that the present income from the estate is not such as would justify anything approaching the required expenditure?"

"Yes. The expense would be provided for by my father."

"Most generous on Mr. Vanderpoel's part," Mr. Townlinson commented. "The estate would of course increase greatly in value."

Circumstance had prevented her father from visiting Stornham, Miss Vanderpoel explained, and this had led to his being ignorant of a condition of things which he might have remedied. The condition existing could be remedied now if Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard saw no obstacles other than scarcity of money.

Mr. Towlinson's summing up of the matter expressed in effect that he saw none. Each, before the close of the interview, understood the point of view of the other.

"Since, as you say, no structural changes are proposed such as an owner might resent, and as Lady Anstruthers is the mother of the heir, and as Lady Anstruthers's father undertakes to defray all expenditure, no sane man could object to the restoration of the property. Such action would place him grossly in the wrong." He added with deliberation, realizing that he was committing himself, and feeling firmly willing to do so for reasons of his own, "Sir Nigel is a man who objects strongly to putting himself—publicly in the wrong."

"Thank you," said Miss Vanderpoel. "I wished to be sure that I should not be infringing any English rule I had no knowledge of."

"You will be infringing none. Your action has been most correct and courteous."

When Mr. Townlinson accompanied his visitor to her carriage with dignified politeness, he felt somewhat like an elderly solicitor who had found himself drawn into the atmosphere of an intensely modern fairy-tale.

XVIII

SPRING IN BOND STREET

The visit to London was part of an evolution of both body and mind to Rosalie Anstruthers. A suite of rooms was engaged for them in one of the wonderful modern hotels. The luxury which surrounded them was not of the order Rosalie had vaguely connected with hotels. Hotel-keepers had apparently learned many things during the years of her seclusion.

She was taken out in a luxurious little brougham to shops the varied allurements of which were placed eagerly at her disposal. Respectful persons, obedient to her most faintly expressed desire, displayed garments as wonderful as those the New York trunks had revealed. She was besought to consider the fitness of articles the exquisiteness of which she was almost afraid to look at. Her thin little body was wonderfully fitted, managed, encouraged to make the most of its long-ignored outlines.

"Her ladyship's slenderness is a great advantage," said the wisely inciting ones. "There is no such advantage as delicacy of line."

In the every-day purchaser the shopkeeper is accustomed to take for granted as a factor in his expenditure a certain deliberation and uncertainty; to the traveling American in Europe shopping appears to be part of the holiday which is being made the most of. Surely all the neat, smart young persons who buy frocks and blouses, hats and coats, hosiery and chains, cannot be the possessors of large incomes. There must be, even in America, a middle class of middle-class resources; yet these young persons, male and female, and most infrequently unaccompanied by older persons, seeing what they want, greet it with expressions of pleasure, waste no time in appropriating and paying for it, and go away as in relief and triumph—not as in that sober joy which is clouded by afterthought. We do not dream that some of them have incomes no larger than our own; that they work for their living; that they are teachers, journalists, small writers or illustrators of papers or magazines, that they are unimportant soldiers of fortune: but, with their queer American insistence

on exploration and the ignoring of limitations, they have somehow managed to make this exultant dash for a few daring weeks or months of freedom and new experience. If we are not in the least definite concerning the position and resources of these spenders as a mass, we are quite sure of a select number. There is mention of them in the newspapers; of the town houses, the castles, moors, and salmon-fishings they rent; of their yachts, their presentations at our own courts, of their presence at great balls, at Ascot and Goodwood, at the opera on gala nights. These people who have neither blood nor rank, these men who labor in their business offices, are richer than our great dukes.

As the brougham drove down Bond street, Betty called Lady Anstruthers's attention to more than one passer-by.

"Look, Rosy," she said. "There is Mrs. Treat Hilyar in the second carriage to the right. You remember Josie Treat Hilyar married Lord Varick's son."

In the landau designated, an elderly woman, with wonderfully dressed white hair, sat smiling and bowing to friends who were walking. Lady Anstruthers, despite her eagerness, shrank back a little, hoping to escape beeing seen.

"Oh, it is the Lows she is speaking to —Tom and Alice. I did not know they had sailed yet."

The tall, well-groomed young man, with the nice, ugly face, was showing white teeth in a gay smile of recognition, and his pretty wife was lightly waving a slim hand in a gray suède glove.

"How cheerful and nice-tempered they look!" said Rosy. "Tom was only twenty when I saw him last. Whom did he marry?"

"An English girl. Such a love! A Devonshire gentleman's daughter. In New York his friends called her Devonshire Cream and Roses. She is one of the pretty, flushy pink ones."

"How nice Bond street is on a spring morning like this!" said Lady Anstruthers. "You may laugh at me for saying it, Betty, but somehow it seems to me more springlike than the country."

"How clever of you!" laughed Betty. "There is so much truth in it. The people walking in the sunshine are all full of spring thoughts and plans. Look at the shop windows—full of whites and pinks and yellows and blues, the colors of hyacinth and daffodil beds. It seems as if they insist that there never has been a winter and never will be one. They insist that there never was and never will be anything but spring."

"That is it." Lady Anstruthers's sigh was actually a happy one. "It is in the air. It is just what I used to feel in April when we drove down Fifth Avenue."

Among the crowds of freshly dressed passers-by, women with flowery hats and light frocks and parasols, men with touches of flower color on the lapels of their coats, and the holiday look in their faces, she noted so many of a familiar type that she began to look for and try to pick them out with excited interest.

"I believe that woman is an American," she would say. "That girl looks as if she was a New Yorker," again. "That man's face looks as if it belonged to Broadway. Oh, Betty! do you think I am right? I should say those girls getting out of the hansom to go into Benham & Foster's came from out West, and are going to buy thousands of things. Don't they look like it?"

Several times she laughed the natural little laugh of her girlhood, which it had seemed almost too much to expect to hear again. The first of these laughs came when she counted her tenth American, a tall Westerner of the cartoon type, sauntering along with an expression of speculative enjoyment on his odd face.

"I absolutely love him, Betty," she cried. "You could n't mistake him for anything else."

"No," answered Betty, feeling that she loved him herself; "not if you found him embalmed in the Pyramids.

"Rosy, look! Do you see who that is? Do you recognize her? It is Mrs. Bellingham. She was little Mina Thalberg. She married Captain Bellingham. He was quite poor, but very well born—a nephew of Lord Dunholms. He could not have married a poor girl; but they have been so happy together that Mina is growing fat, and spends her days in taking reducing treatments. She says she would n't care in the least, but Dicky fell in love with her waist-and-shoulder line."

The plump, pretty young woman getting out of her victoria before a fashionable hairdresser's looked radiant enough. She had not yet lost the waist-and-shoulder line, though her pink frock fitted her with discreet tightness. She paused a moment to pat and fuss prettily over the two blooming, curly children who were to remain under the care of the nurse, who sat on the back seat, holding the baby on her lap.

"I would not have known her," said Rosy. "She has grown pretty. She was n't a pretty child."

"It 's happiness—and the English climate—and Captain Dicky. They adore each other, and laugh at everything like a pair of children. They were immensely popular in New York last winter when they visited Mina's people."

The effect of the morning upon Lady Anstruthers was what Betty had hoped it might be. The curious drawing near of the two nations began to dawn upon her as a truth.

She returned to the hotel with an appetite for luncheon, and with a new expression in her eyes which made Ughtred stare at her.

"Mother," he said, "you look different. You look well. It is n't only your new dress and your hair."

When one night Betty took her with Ughtred to the theater it was to see a play written by an American, played by American actors, produced by an American manager. They had even engaged in theatrical enterprise, it seemed; their actors played before London audiences, London actors played in American theaters, vibrating almost yearly between the two continents and reaping rich harvests. Hearing rumors of this in the past, Lady Anstruthers had scarcely believed it entirely true.

"It seems so wonderful," Lady Anstruthers argued. "I have always felt as if they hated each other."

"They did once; but how could it last between these of the same blood, of the same tongue? If we were really aliens, we might be a menace. But we are of their own." Betty leaned forward on the edge of the box, looking out over the crowded house, filled with almost as many American as English faces. She smiled, reflecting: "We were children put out to nurse and breathe new air in the country, and now we are coming home vigorous and full grown."

She studied the audience for some minutes, and as her glance wandered over the stalls it took in more than one marked variety of type. Suddenly it fell on a face she delightedly recognized. It was that of the nice, speculative-eyed Westerner they had seen enjoying himself in Bond street.

"Rosy," she said, "there is the Western man we love. Near the end of the fourth row."

Lady Anstruthers looked for him with eagerness.

"Oh, I see him! Next to the big one with the reddish hair."

Betty turned her attention to the man in question, whom she had not chanced to notice. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and interest.

"The big man with the red hair? How lovely that they should chance to sit side by side! The big one is Lord Mount Dunstan!"

The necessity of seeing his solicitors, who happened to be Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard, had brought Mount Dunstan to town. After a day devoted to business affairs he had been attracted by the idea of going to the theater to see again a play he had already seen in New York. It would interest him to observe its exact effect upon a London audience. While he had been in New York he had gone with something of the same feeling to see a great English actor play to a crowded house. The great actor had been one who was returning to the country for a third or fourth time, and in the enthusiasm he had felt in the atmosphere about him Mount Dunstan had seen not only pleasure and appreciation of the man's perfect art, but, in certain tumultuous outbursts, an almost emotional welcome. The Americans, he had said to himself, were creatures of warmer blood than the English. The audience on that occasion had been, in mass, American. The audience he made one of now was made up of both nationalities, and, in glancing over it, he realized how large was the number of Americans who came yearly to London. As Lady Anstruthers had done, he found himself selecting from the assem-

blage the types which were manifestly American and those obviously English. In the seat next to himself sat a man of a type he felt he had learned by heart in the days of his life as Rufus Salter. At a short distance fluttered brilliantly an English professional beauty, with her male and female court about her. In the stage box, made sumptuous with flowers, was a royal party. As this party had entered, "God save the Queen" had been played, and, in rising with the audience during the entry, he had recalled that the tune was identical with that of the American national air. How unconsciously inseparable, in spite of the lightness with which they regarded the curious tie between them, the two countries were! The people upon the stage were acting as if they knew their public, their bearing suggesting no sense of any barrier beyond the footlights. It was the unconsciousness and lightness of the mutual attitude which had struck him of late. Punch had long jested about "Fair Americans" who, in their first introduction to his pages, used exotic and cryptic language, beginning every sentence either with "I guess" or "Say, stranger"; his male American had been of the Uncle Sam order and had invariably worn a "goatee." American witticisms had represented the Englishman in plaid trousers, opening his remarks with "Haw! Chawley, deah fellah," and unfailingly missing the point of any joke. Each country had cherished its type, and good-naturedly derided it. In time this had modified itself, and the joke had changed in kind. Many other things had changed, but the lightness of treatment still remained. And yet their blood was mingling itself with the blood of England's noblest and oldest of name, their wealth was making solid again towers and halls which had threatened to crumble. Ancient family jewels glittered on slender young American necks and above sometimes somewhat careless young American brows. And yet, so far, one was casual in one's thought of it all. On his own part, he was obstinate Briton enough to rebel against and resent it. They were intruders. He resented them as he had resented in his boyhood the historical fact that, after all, an Englishman was a German—a savage who five hundred years after the birth of Christ had swooped upon early Britain from his Angle-land and Jutland, and ravaging with fire and sword, had conquered and made the land his possession, ravishing its very name from it and giving it his own. These did not come with fire and sword, but with cable and telephone and bribes of gold and fair women, but they were encroaching like the sea, which in certain parts of the coast gained a few inches or so each year. He shook his shoulder impatiently and stiffened, feeling illogically antagonistic toward the good-natured, lantern-jawed man at his side.

The lantern-jawed man looked good-natured because he was smiling, and he was smiling because he saw something which pleased him in one of the boxes.

His expression of unqualified approval naturally directed Mount Dunstan's eye to the point in question, where it remained for some moments. This was because he found it resting upon Miss Vanderpoel, who sat before him in luminous white garments and with a brilliant spark of ornament in the dense shadow of her hair. The luminous quality did not confine itself to the whiteness of her garments. He was aware of feeling that she looked luminous herself—her eyes, her cheek, the smile she bent upon the little woman who was her companion. She was a beautiful living thing.

Naturally she was being looked at by others than himself. She was one of those toward whom glasses in the theater turned themselves inevitably. Yes, he thought, here was another of them. To whom was she bringing her good looks and her millions? There were men enough who needed money even if they must accept it under less alluring conditions. In the box next to the one occupied by the royal party was a man who was known to be waiting for the advent of some such opportunity. His was a case of dire, if outwardly stately, need. He was young, but a fool, and not noted for personal charms; yet he had, in one sense, great things to offer. There were of course many chances that he might offer them to her. If this happened, would she accept them? There was really no objection to him but his dullness, consequently there seemed many chances that she might.

Any possible connection of himself with such a case did not present itself to him. If it had done so, he would have haughtily counted himself as beyond the pale. It was for other men to do things of the sort; a remote antagonism of his whole being warred against the mere idea.

A lovely shoulder and a brilliant head set on a long and slender neck have no nationality which can prevent a man's glance turning naturally toward them. His turned again during the last act of the play, and, as it chanced, at a moment when he saw something rather like the thing he had seen when the *Meridiana* moved away from the dock and the exalted Miss Vanderpoel, leaning upon the rail, had held out her arms toward the child who had brought his toy to her as a farewell offering.

Sitting by her to-night was a boy with a crooked back,—Mount Dunstan remembered hearing that the Anstruthers had a deformed son,—and she was leaning toward him, her hand resting on his shoulder, explaining something he had not quite grasped in the action of the play. The absolute adoration in the boy's uplifted eyes, and the radiant warmth of her bright look, were as unconscious of onlookers as they had been when he had seen her yearning toward the child on the wharf.

XIX

THINGS OCCUR IN STORNHAM VILLAGE

In entirely rural places the castle, the hall, or the manor,—the great house, in short,—still retains somewhat of the old feudal power to bestow benefits or to withhold them. Wealth and good-will at the manor supplied work and resultant comfort in the village and its surrounding holdings. Patronized by the great house, the two or three small village shops bestir themselves and awaken to activity. The blacksmith swings his hammer with renewed spirit over the numerous jobs the gentry's stables, carriage houses, garden tools, and household repairs give to him. The carpenter mends and makes, the vicarage feels at ease, realizing that its church and its charities do not stand unsupported. Small farmers and large ones, under a rich and interested landlord, thrive and are able to hold their own even against the tricks of wind and weather. Farm laborers, being as a result certain of steady and decent wage, trudge to and fro with stolid cheerfulness, knowing that the pot boils and the children's feet are shod. Superannuated old men and women are sure of their broth and Sunday dinner, and their dread of the impending Union fades away. The squire or my lord or my lady can be depended upon to care for their old bones until they are laid under the sod in the green churchyard. With wealth and good-will at the great house, life warms and offers prospects. There are Christmas feasts and gifts and village treats, and the big carriage or the small ones stop at cottage doors and at once confer exciting distinction and carry good cheer.

But Stornham village had scarcely a remote memory of any period of such prosperity. It had not existed even in the older Sir Nigel's time, and certainly the present Sir Nigel's reign had been marked only by neglect, ill temper, indifference, and a falling into disability and decay. Farms were poorly worked, laborers were unemployed; there was no trade from the manor household, no carriage, no horses, no company, no spending of money. Cottages leaked, floors were damp, the church roof itself was falling to pieces, and the vicar had nothing to give. The helpless and old cottagers were carried to the Union, and dying there, were buried by the stinted parish in parish coffins. Her ladyship had not visited the cottagers since her child's birth. And now such inspiriting events as were every-day happenings in lucky places like Westerbridge and Wratcham and Yangford showed signs of being about to occur in Stornham itself.

One morning Buttle the carpenter looked up as Kedgers had done, and saw standing on the threshold of his shop the tall young woman who was a sensation and an event in herself.

"You are the master of this shop?" she asked. Buttle came forward, touching his brow in hasty salute.

"Yes, my lady," he answered. "Joseph Buttle, your ladyship."

"I am Miss Vanderpoel," dismissing the suddenly bestowed title with easy directness. "Are you busy? I want to talk to you."

The tall young lady came into the little shop and took the chair respectfully offered to her. Buttle saw her eyes sweep the place as if taking in its resources.

"I want to talk to you about some work which must be done at the Court," she explained at once. "I want to know how much can be done by workmen of the village. How many men have you?"

How many men had he? Buttle wavered between gratification at its being supposed that he had "men" under him and depression because the illusion must be dispelled.

"There 's me an' Sim Soames, Miss," he answered. "No more an' no less."

"Where can you get more?" asked Miss Vanderpoel.

"Me and Sim has always done what work was done," he stammered. "It has n't been much."

She regarded Buttle with searching eyes. She was wondering if any practical ability concealed itself behind his dullness. If she gave him work, could he do it? If she gave the whole village work, was it too far gone in its unspurred stodginess to be roused to carrying it out?

"There is a great deal to be done now," she said. "All that can be done in the village should be done here. It seems to me that the villagers want work—new work. Do they?"

"They want any work, Miss—that they are sure of decent pay for."

She could see exactly how it had been, and comprehend clearly a lack of enthusiasm in the presence of orders from the great house.

"All work will be paid for," she said. "Each week the workmen will receive their wages. They may be sure. I will be responsible."

"Thank you, Miss," said Buttle, and he touched his forehead again.

"In a place like this," the young lady went on, "on an estate like Stornham, no work that can be done by the villagers should be done by any one else. The people of the land should be trained to do such work as the manor house, or cottages, or farms require to have done."

She took out a note-book, and opened it on the rough table before her.

"I have made some notes here," she said, "and a sketch or two. We must talk them over together."

If she had given Joe Buttle cause for surprise at the outset, she gave him further cause during the next half hour.

"There 's not workmen enough in the village to do it in a year, Miss," he said at last, with a gasp of disappointment.

She thought it over a minute, her pencil poised in her hand and her eyes on his face.

"Can you," she said, "undertake to get men from other villages and superintend what they do?"

"Miss," he said, "we 've never done big jobs, Sim Soames an' me. P'raps we 're not up to it; but it 'd be a fortune to us."

She was looking down at one of her papers and making pencil-marks on it.

"You did some work last year on a little house at Tidhurst, did n't you?" she said.

"Yes, Miss," he answered.

"I heard that when I was inquiring about you. I drove over to Tidhurst to see the work, and it was very sound and well done. If you did that, I can at least trust you to do something at the Court which will prove to me what you are equal to. I want a Stornham man to undertake this. Come to the Court tomorrow morning at ten, and we will look it over together," she said. "Good-morning, Buttle." And she went away.

In the tap-room of the Clock, when Joe Buttle dropped in for his pot of beer, he found Fox the saddler, and Tread the blacksmith, and each of them fell upon the others with something of the same story to tell.

Before the next twenty-four hours had passed, a still more unlooked-for event had taken place. Long-outstanding bills had been paid, and in as matter-of-fact a manner as if they had not been sent in and ignored, in some cases, for years. The settlement of Joe Buttle's account sent him to bed at the day's end almost light-headed.

(To be continued)

THE ART OF CATCHING THE MANATEE

BY A. W. DIMOCK

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

FOR about twenty years I had been on the lookout for a manatee, or sea-cow, in the waters on the west coast of southern Florida. At last I captured one, and with two quarter-inch lines anchored him in a sea-cow pasturage of a few acres, where I left him for a week, to get lumber for a tank and to arrange for his shipment to the Aquarium in New York. But he did not wait for me. Of gentle disposition, helpless in appearance, and weaponless, the manatee has enormous strength, and can easily break lines binding him, or smash a skiff with a blow of his tail.

A few years ago the manatee was thought to be near extinction; now it is often seen, and is increasing. I am personally acquainted with about fifty specimens, a fair proportion of which are calves. Their shyness protects them from the rifle of the tourist. A heavy penalty for the wanton destruction of the manatee deters some, and just a germ of public sentiment on the coast restrains others from seeking to kill them.

In efforts to capture one we exhausted our ingenuity, and used up our materials. We stretched nets between the banks of rivers, but sophisticated manatees turned back, and traveled by some other route. We built a platform on a skiff to hold a long net of large mesh, amply provided with corks and sinkers, and towed it behind a launch over the bays containing the richest areas of manatee pasture; but whenever we tried a specimen, he would back out, and seek until he found an avenue of escape.

Leaving the boy with the skiff to take in the net, we again followed the manatee, sometimes throwing over his head a cast-net, only to see it slide harmless down his back; sometimes throwing a lasso weighted with lead over his head, and getting in return a blow of his tail upon the bow of the launch that nearly swamped it and always knocked somebody overboard, while his handy flipper pushed the noose over his nose.

Finally we prepared a tiny harpoon with a single barb, which would penetrate only the skin and attached to it several hundred feet of line an eighth of an inch thick. With this we struck a big manatee in the middle of her broad tail. After her first rush was over, I held the skiff as near as possible, and as she came to the surface to breathe, the camera-man placed a noosed rope over her nose. After we had hauled the camera-man back on board and had bailed out the nearly swamped skiff, he insisted on trying again. Next time he stayed under water longer, and came up on the other side of the boat just as I was getting anxious, looking for him on the side where he went down. He then consented that the creature should be played a little before an attempt was made at tying. For hours the manatee towed us in an unknown region, through a labyrinth of waterways to a bit of a bay which we were able to identify as the mosquito center of the earth.

After nightfall we were towed east, west, north, and south, through lagoons, bays, creeks, and rivers, in darkness that could be felt, knowing nothing of where we were, steering always as the line to the manatee led.

As we entered the bay at the head

PURSUING A MANATEE WITH A POWER SKIFF

of Broad River, a most welcome dawn revealed the situation. Even the pessimism of the sailor-boy slid from him. The manatee became placid and even friendly, swimming slowly just in advance of us, and coming up at regular intervals for long, slow breaths. Once, as she lifted her nose above the surface, our hunter-boy dropped a noose of half-inch rope over her head and quickly drew it taut. A tremendous blow from the tail of the manatee nearly swamped the launch and knocked overboard the boy, who came to the surface with the line he had made fast to the sea-cow twisted about his own neck. She slipped the noose from her neck in less time than it took to unwind him. We drew the noose over the creature's head many times, until she was almost halter-broken, and so accustomed to the rope that she played with it and us. When it tightened about her, she slid her flippers under it and deftly pushed the noose over her nose. If we slid it back farther than her flippers could reach, a flirt of her tail freed her. Once it caught on her soft nose and held long enough for us to make a rope fast to a flipper. With this we coaxed and worried her into a little cove, after a twenty-four-hours' incessant struggle over forty miles of river and bay. We then tied her with every string we could find in the launch and skiff. A cable fastened her tail to the yielding top of a sweet-bay tree; half-inch ropes led from her flippers to branches of myrtle that swayed but held; and poles several inches in diameter and fourteen feet long were lashed to her body by hundreds of feet of harpoon line.

As our cruising boat was then thirty miles from us by the nearest navigable channels, we went to fetch her to the scene, leaving our captive for twenty-six hours. On returning, we found that the manatee had broken a harness of rope, fitted to hold the cable in place on her tail, had shaken the cable free, and had parted every string that bound her, excepting the one attached to one of her flippers. There seemed small hope of

saving her, but for the moment she was quiet, and we brought our big four-foot-wide skiff beside her, and sunk it in the five feet of water where the creature lay. By pushing the submerged skiff on which we stood, and hauling up on head, tail, and flippers of the unresisting manatee, we got her in the skiff, the gunwales of which she overtopped by a foot, and then wound and tied ropes around boat and animal until confidence came to me, and I took the first long breath I had drawn for two days. But as we stood about the creature, in water nearly to our necks, the manatee, suddenly roaching her back till head and tail almost met, snapped the ropes that bound her, then throwing up her immense tail, deluging us with great volumes of water, she brought it down upon the stern of the skiff with a pile-driver blow that converted the craft into kindling wood. Crash followed crash, and when her mighty struggles ended, and we had all escaped from the maelstrom, it was relief enough to discover that there were still four of us, all uninjured.

After smashing the skiff, the manatee again became quiet, and allowed us to wind heavy ropes about her and make them fast, until escape seemed impossible. When we provided material for a tank to hold a possible manatee, we did not contemplate the leviathan now on our hands. More lumber must be had and more help. Both could be found at Everglade, forty-five miles away. Our hunter-boy volunteered to be there by daylight if the launch's motor would work. Little of my lost sleep was made up that night, because of thoughts of that boy driving up the coast alone in that little craft, through a sea made by a southwest gale now only half abated, and because of the frequent thrashing of the monster lying near. From daylight I kept watch over the manatee, piling wet grass upon her back as a falling tide left it exposed to the vertical rays of a tropical sun.

Early that evening we welcomed the *chug-chug* of the launch, bringing help, lumber, and tackle. Working through darkness and light, it was noon before the big tank was built, calked, and ready for its occupant. One end, which had been left open, was brought close to the animal, and the box was lashed to trees preparatory to backing the creature in. I walked to the head of the manatee and laid my hand upon it, as I had done a hundred times before. She was quiet now, but I knew she was all right. She had been struggling tremendously a few minutes before, and was now resting. I talked to her, and told her that her troubles were over—no more ropes, just a few days in a nice box, with fresh water every day and bunches of sweet manatee grass, and then a big tank in a beautiful building, plenty to eat, and a million children to talk to her and pet her and hold out timid little hands for her to nuzzle with her soft nose. She was very quiet. I wondered if she found it hard to breathe,—sometimes I did, too,—but her lips would move when I laid my hand on them. No? The others stopped work and gathered around. The eyes did not open, the lips did not move, she would not breathe. When I turned away, I could not speak. That afternoon they prepared her for a museum instead of an aquarium.

A month later we were again in those waters. We had put a motor in the cruising boat to help her out of tight places, and taken a little skiff with a tiny engine for the shallow waters. The big tank was still anchored where we had left it, and we hoped to find an occupant for it. We saw and followed many manatees without trying to capture them. Sometimes they were only calves, and sometimes so far from our cruising boat and the tank that we were shy of facing the transportation problem, and were determined never to tie another until we could carry a tank to him.

One opportunity came as the sun was setting, but I could not ask the boys to face with me a night of mosquitos in an open skiff. The manatees, instead of being driven from their homes by our noisy presence, actually grew tame, and we saw them swimming quietly and unafraid along the bottom of a river directly under our whirling propeller. When we finally struck one with the harpoon from the skiff, we captured him in an hour. I held the skiff near him, while the boys tossed oars over his nose whenever his head came to the surface. The cameraman circled around us in the power skiff, picked up the floating oars, and

OVERBOARD IN THE STRUGGLE

The camera in the power boat was snapped at the moment the man in the stern of the skiff went overboard astride a Manatee's back and reached for his flippers

tossed them back to our skiff. When the animal's breathing was largely in arrears, and he was compelled to hold his head well above water for several seconds, I placed a scoop-net over his head. We had made this net of quarter-inch rope, with a two-foot mesh, about six feet long, held open by two steel rings four feet in diameter, and with a puckering-string of half-inch manila. We held him tangled in this net until we could slide over him another twelve feet in length, in which we towed our captive to and into the big tank, which we lashed beside our cruising boat.

This tank was so much too large for him that he spent his time in getting jammed, breaking joist, and scratching the skin off his nose in his struggles to turn around. A tank hardly more than a third the size of the big one was required, also a lighter in which to tow the creature to Miami. There was another night journey to Everglade, both of the boys going on this trip, while the camera-man and I nursed the captive, held his flippers, braced ourselves, and pushed his nose away from our bare feet when his head got caught. When the new tank was finished and the manatee transferred to it, he proceeded to knock the top off his new quarters, piece by piece, with the roach of his back and the slam of his tail, while we spiked on new planks and joist till he quieted down. We bored holes in the lighter, sunk it under the tank, plugged the holes, bailed the lighter out, and towed it behind the *Irene*. The transfer company needed five hours to load the tank with the manatee upon a car, and to that end the railway company obligingly held the train for an hour. As it started, bearing my manatee tagged to the New York Aquarium, I could think without chagrin, for the first time in twelve months, of my offer by telegraph of a manatee that belonged to himself instead of to me.

The manatee measured ten feet four inches in length when he left us. His voyage of one week so agreed with him that when he arrived at the Aquarium his average length, as certified to by the journals of New York, was eighteen feet. Three weeks later a telegram told me of his death by blood-poisoning from an old gunshot wound, and I rashly wired the

promise of another. One afternoon we found ourselves once more in the manatee country with tank and lighter. On the third day of our search, as we rounded a point, we saw two manatees, a cow and a calf. Losing sight of the mother, we followed the child, which led us a merry dance. The camera-man and the captain in the power boat, and the hunter-boy and I in the skiff, chased him back and forth for two hours. We could have harpooned him easily enough had it not been necessary to hit him in the tail, which was small and elusive. When this had been accomplished, we soon got a net over him and, having torn out the seats, tied him in the skiff, which we half filled with water. The baby manatee weighed about two hundred pounds, and our tank called for one of a thousand pounds; so we sawed the tank in two, hoisted one half on board, finished it up, put the young manatee in it, and three days later delivered it to the railway at Miami.

It is a strain on one's nerves and sympathies to be with wild creatures during the early days of their captivity. I have often left my bed in the night to make more comfortable a recently captured alligator crocodile, wildcat, or otter, but when a manatee beats about his tank, rolling over and over and making a funny little squeak like a mouse calling its mama, I generally get up and hold his flipper and talk to him till he feels better. The baby manatee rejected my overtures, and thrust out the manatee grass and other good things that I placed in his mouth. But he sucked my fingers till I fancied he was a nursling, and my first purchase in Miami was a five-gallon demijohn, a section of hose pipe, and a supply of milk suitable for a six-foot baby. As I was extemporizing a nursing-bottle, I detected the infant eating chunks of raw cabbage and wisps of manatee grass as fast as he could flop them into his mouth with his flippers. When I gave him a plantain, he tried to sit up in his tank to eat it; and as his train was about to

BEFORE THE CAMERA

The Manatee is being held by a flipper. This picture shows its deep-sunk eyes, close-set nostrils, and soft lips which squeeze water out of the grass on which the animal feeds, before it is passed to the mouth.

REDUCING A MANATEE TO A STATE OF QUIET BY GENTLE TREATMENT

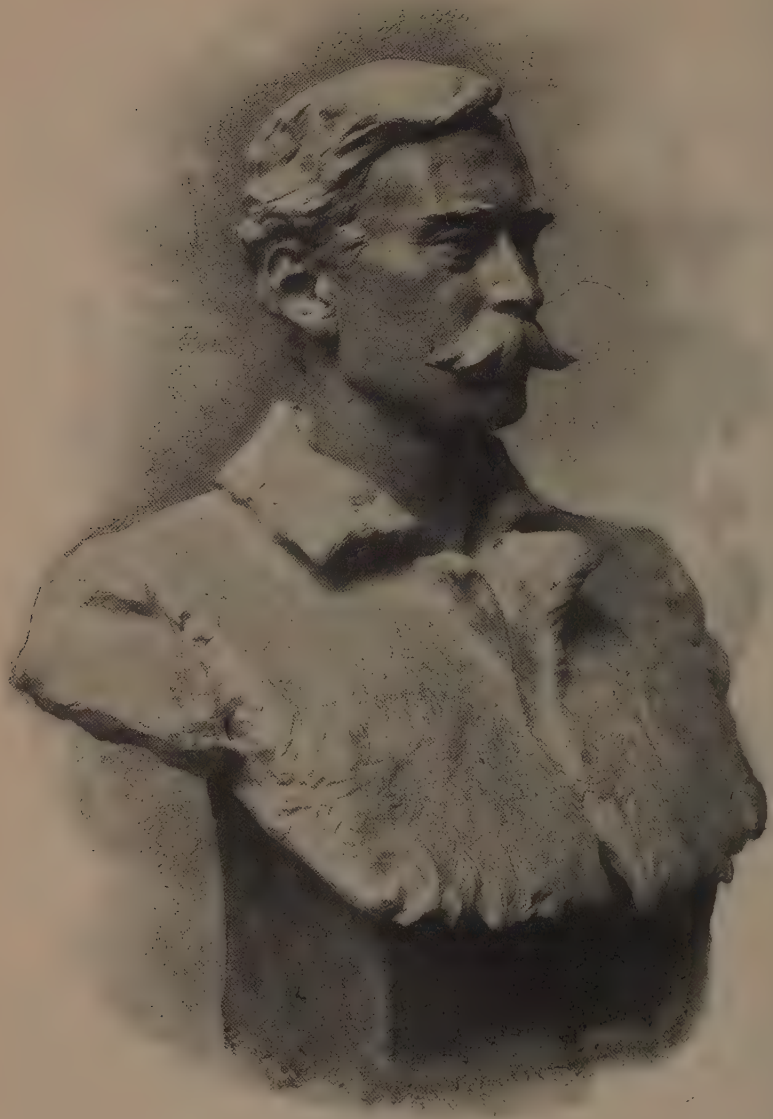
start, he lay on his back with his mouth full of cabbage and a peaceful expression in his eye.

Even the successful shipment of Baby Manatee failed to cheer the camera-man, who complained that his department had been ignored; for instead of posing for him, each of the captives had knocked him overboard. He had sat up nights with the creatures, been eaten by mosquitos, and whenever he had produced his camera, had been asked to hold a net or pull on a rope. We soothed him with the promise of a manatee-chase of his own, with no net to bother. The captain and I agreed to go overboard with the first manatee around which we should get a line, and we started forthwith for the manatee country.

Five days later, after exploring a hundred miles of the channels and bays most frequented by the creatures, I succeeded in throwing over the head of one a lasso that chanced to hold. The next instant the bow of the skiff went up in the air and the camera-man shouted: "Bully for you! Do so some more!"

We did so some more, till we were drenched and the skiff had been nearly swamped many times, when the insatiable camera-man, whose plates were running low, called out: "More action! Why don't you go overboard, as you promised?"

"Here goes," said the captain as he landed astride of the manatee, which just then came up beside the skiff to blow. He was promptly rolled off by a roach of the creature's back and a slap of his tail, but caught him by one flipper, while I tumbled overboard and grabbed the other flipper, just as the rope slipped over the manatee's nose. Thereafter we three swam round together in a friendly way, while the camera-man circled about us in the power boat, changing slides in his camera. When the plates were all used, we measured the manatee with an oar, finding his length eight feet, and his weight by estimate five hundred pounds. Then loosing my hold of his flipper I swam beside him for a few yards until the quickening stroke of his big propeller left me behind.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XV:

BRONZE BUST OF COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U. S. N.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

JAY COOKE, AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

HIS FAILURE AND MAKING OF ANOTHER FORTUNE

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," "Abraham Lincoln," etc.

THE funding of the national debt into issues bearing a lower rate of interest was a measure which Jay Cooke early advocated. It was the work he most desired to do after the war had ended, and he turned aside to build a Pacific railroad only because of the unreadiness of the Government to undertake the operation. It was believed by many that General Grant would make Cooke his Secretary of the Treasury, although there is no evidence that the financier desired the post and very positive proof that he did not raise a hand to obtain it. Mr. McCulloch was succeeded in the Treasury Department by George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, and it was during his administration, in July, 1870, that Congress authorized the conversion of $1,500,000,000 six per cent. bonds into $200,000,000 fives, $300,000,000 four and a halfs, and $1,000,000,000 fours. The authority to issue fives was later extended to $500,000,000. The Franco-Prussian war prevented Jay Cooke from finding money in Europe for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and it also compelled a postponement of the Government funding business. Indeed, so large a quantity of United States bonds had gone abroad that it was necessary to study the foreign situation with great care, and early in 1871, when the air had cleared, Jay Cooke found a formidable rival in Levi P. Morton, whose firms, Morton, Bliss & Company of New York and Morton, Rose & Company of London were gaining importance in the financial world. But to neither banker would Boutwell entrust the operation. He would establish no single agency, but employed a large number of firms both in America and Europe to manage the transaction, which was limited to the balance of $2,000,000 of the fives. The undertaking failed rather lamentably, and the task in due time fell to Jay Cooke, who was to make up a party to sell the remainder of the loan.

THE FIRST SYNDICATE

THROUGHOUT the European negotiations in reference to the Northern Pacific Railroad an interesting French word recurred again and again, namely, *syndicat,* which Cooke and his partners soon converted into an English word, syndicate. The newspaper reporters rolled it under their tongues. It was a find for punsters and versifiers. The "New York Tribune" received these lines from one of its waggish contributors:

> Pray, what is a syndicate
> Intended to indicate?
> Is questioned abroad and at home.
> Say, is it a corner
> Where Jay Cook—e Horner
> Can pull out a very big plum?

In Congress the word was under examination. Some of "Sunset" Cox's constituents had written him, that member declared, to ask if it were in any way related to the Ku-Klux. "A scholar, learned in philology," he continued amid laughter, "says it comes from the original Chinese, and is pronounced 'Ah Sinde-cat,' from a well-known player of cards called the 'heathen Chinee.' A revenue reformer writes me that it is an animal peculiar to Pennsylvania, with a head of iron, eyes of nickel, legs of copper, and heart of

stone. It consumes every green thing outside its own State." Cox went to Sir John Maundeville's "Travels in Far Cathay," and there found an account of a "strange animal of the lizard kind. He was known in anciente books as a chameleon. When the sun did shine he took various colors. Sometimes it wore a golden hue and sometimes had a green back. I caught him by means of a steele mirror which so bedazzled his eyne that he was easily caught. I bring him home as a strange beaste. It is called by the natives a scindicat."

The syndicate's task was to take in the old six per cent. bonds issued during the war, many of which had drifted to Europe, where they were held by the thrifty peasantry who had purchased them at paper-money prices, and to sell the five per cent. bonds in their stead. It was a complicated work, calling for complete control of the markets at home and abroad. Though the operation had to run the gauntlet of savage attacks by opposition politicians and editors, it was instantly successful. Indeed, two syndicates were formed, one in London through the new house of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Company, and the other by Jay Cooke's firms in America. The banker was warmly congratulated on the successful management of the syndicate by President Grant and his friends of every rank, and it was believed that the achievement would immensely promote the success of the Northern Pacific Railroad, especially when it was announced that the Cookes had made an alliance with the Rothschilds for future funding operations. But Secretary Boutwell hesitated, and in the face of so much criticism of his policies, would not commit, even to so strong a combination of bankers, any new business for the Government.

FAME AND SOCIAL PROMINENCE

Jay Cooke's life was now running at full tide. He was asked to negotiate loans for the Mexican and Japanese governments. He was constantly in contact with financial and political leaders of the first rank. He fished with President Grant and General Moorhead in the Potomac, with Chase in Lake Erie, and with Senator Cattell of New Jersey off the coast of that State. Several times Mrs. Grant and the President's sons were in camp with the Cookes at the financier's South Mountain estate in southern Pennsylvania. An entire township there, which was named for Jay Cooke, cast its vote solidly for General Grant in 1872, after one of their visits to the little neighborhood. Here the banker was a boy with the rest.

One night while he was telling them Indian stories, receiving their rapt attention, a hideous screech was heard outside. Instantly each lad sprang to his feet. The cry was repeated.

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Cooke. "It 's a catamount!"

All the boys drew revolvers, and organized a party to make an end to the ferocious animal. They at last traced it to a tree, and banged away without knowing that, acting under Jay Cooke's instructions, a man on the place, who was safely hidden, was uttering the cries while holding an effigy aloft by a rope. Finally a shot brought the thing to the ground, and the boys ran up to claim the prize. Robert Douglas, son of Stephen A. Douglas, shouted exultantly, "I killed the catamount!" and as soon as straw was seen protruding from under the skin, there was no disposition to dispute his title to the honor. The next day the hills resounded with the news that Douglas had killed the catamount. A few years passed; the boy became a man, and was stumping the State of North Carolina in a contest conducted, if on a smaller scale, very much like the series of joint debates between his father and Abraham Lincoln in Illinois. At the end of a speech it was customary to inquire if any one in the audience had a question to propound to the orator. Finally one night Douglas was faced by an old fellow who said: "Mr. Douglas, might I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," he answered unsuspectingly.

"Well, there is just one thing I would like to ask you, and it is this," the man continued gravely, "Who killed the catamount?"

THE HOST OF OGONTZ

Ogontz was the meeting-ground for the leading personages of the day, and Cooke

was never happier than when playing the rôle of a large entertainer. Visited by the President of the United States he also often had as his guest the Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax. Very intimate were the social relations between Cooke and Colfax, and, in 1871, the banker offered his friend from Indiana a high-salaried post in connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad if he would abandon his political office, which he declined to do. Mr. Cooke had under engagement for service in his railroad General Robert C. Schenck, but when Schenck was appointed Minister to England, ex-Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio was selected, upon the recommendation of Mr. Colfax, as the company's principal representative in Washington. The Prussian Minister to the United States, Baron Gerolt, was a warm friend of the financier, and frequently came to Ogontz, as did secretaries, senators, and other public men in great profusion.

The appointment of Henry Cooke by his friend Grant to be Governor of the District of Columbia increased the banker's prestige at Washington. Jay Cooke wrote to his brother on March 6, 1871: "I have written Catacazy [the Russian Minister to the United States] to come on Wednesday with Mme. Catacazy and any others he may choose. I have asked Prescott Smith to have a compartment in a car reserved for them. I will have them met in West Philadelphia. Colfax [Vice-President] and Windom [Senator from Minnesota] come on Friday. The Chief Justice [Chase] goes home to-morrow or next day."

JAPANESE AND INDIAN GUESTS

In the summer of 1872, Mr. Cooke received the Japanese Embassy, headed by Prince Iwakura, the Prime Minister. They remained at Ogontz over Sunday, and upon their return the Mikado sent the banker two handsome vases and a blue porcelain mantelpiece and fire-place. A few days later, Spotted Tail and a band of Sioux who had come to Washington to see the "Great Father" about their lands, visited Mr. Cooke's home upon his invitation. He wished to propitiate them preparatory to invading their reservations with his railroad, and they were given a great dinner, at which every procurable kind of wild game was served. They threw their watermelon rinds under the tables in the banker's fine dining-room, and going out to the lawn, grunted their thanks as they reclined upon the grass and smoked their host's cigars. He gave them blankets and many trinkets, and entertained them, as he had the Japanese, with the tricks of Signor Blitz, while he himself looked on with the amusement of a boy.

NORTHERN PACIFIC BOND SALES

The response of the people of the United States to Mr. Cooke's appeal for subscriptions to the Northern Pacific seven-thirty loan was at no time large. Although agents were appointed in all parts of the country, and were promised liberal commissions, the returns seldom exceeded $1,000,000 a month; and at some seasons, as at the time of the Chicago fire, in 1871, and during the progress of the Grant-Greeley campaign, in 1872, the business was entirely demoralized. Nearly all the sales were made in a few fields, as in Philadelphia; in Baltimore, where Henry Johnston actively promoted the loan; and in Ohio, where Jay Cooke was well known, and where a successful agent, John V. Painter, kept it prominently before the people. There were land-grant railroads everywhere, and their bonds were selling at various prices well under par, but the Northern Pacific seven-thirties were rigidly held at 100. Wild and indiscriminate assaults were made upon the system of endowing railroads from the public domain, and there was no disposition to distinguish between a local and a great trunk line. There were some to whom the work of carrying civilization into the Northwest seemed to be of no value, and many of those who did appreciate the public character of the enterprise were convinced that it would be impossible to complete it. George W. Childs constantly attacked the road, in common with the rest of Cooke's undertakings, and with his own hand was seen to clip unfavorable articles in his newspaper and post them to Congressmen, bankers, and others in America and Europe who, he thought, might aid him to accomplish the downfall of a foe.

OFFICIAL CHANGES

It was freely stated that the management of the Northern Pacific Company was lax, if not dishonest. Inefficient engineers and corrupt contractors, it was said, would ruin the enterprise, and Jay Cooke & Company demanded that the construction of the road at all points should be put under the direction of W. Milnor Roberts, who had made the reconnaissance west of the Rockies in 1869. This change was assuring to capitalists. President J. Gregory Smith, who could give little of his time to the company because of his engagements in Vermont, was displaced in favor of General George W. Cass, the choice of Mr. Cooke and the Philadelphia interests. Cass had gained his experience, which had been broad, in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad or its allied lines, and, with Frederick Billings in charge of the land and immigration departments of the company, the banker had an organization in which he felt the fullest confidence.

AMBITIOUS PLANS IN THE NORTHWEST

Cooke was studying the Northwest and its future needs, and was forming alliances which would enable the road to serve a great belt of territory in the United States and Canada with lateral lines and spurs, to be constructed as rapidly as traffic should warrant it. The company took over the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, which penetrated northwestern Minnesota, and was pointed to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Red River Valley, and later, as Cooke's fortunes changed, became the foundation for J. J. Hill's Great Northern Railroad. The Northern Pacific purchased a controlling interest in the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, with a view to reaching the ocean temporarily by way of the Columbia River as soon as the railroad from the east could be brought to the banks of that stream. It absorbed the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad, which Mr. Cooke had helped to build from St. Paul to Duluth; and as the Canadian Pacific enterprise developed, he formed a plan for merging it with his transportation system, for in his dreams he saw his colonists spread over the British boundary, when annexation might become a simple problem. "The country belongs to us naturally," said he, "and should be brought over without violence or bloodshed." With all this, he was constantly alert to the best interests of Duluth. In the West he saw before him not only the prairies settled with the thrifty peasantry of Europe, but a nearer prospect—the Red River Valley trade with the Hudson Bay Company's posts; the trade with the forts and Indian agencies of the Northwest by steamers plying the Missouri, which he hoped soon to reach; and a boat and caravan trade with Montana, where the people eagerly awaited the whistle of the locomotive.

THE PROTESTS OF HIS PARTNERS

To any suggestion that the bonds were not safe, Mr. Cooke pointed to the company's rich grant from the Government. They were always exchangeable at 110 for lands regularly charted and offered for public sale by the company at $3 or $4 an acre. There could be in this investment, he thought, no risk which even the prudent should not be willing to assume. It had been stipulated in the agreement with the Northern Pacific Company, when he took the fiscal agency, that he should advance money to it in time of temporary need to the extent of $500,000, receiving interest for the loan, and twice the value in bonds as his security. The seven-thirties were not selling rapidly, although it was hoped that each month would yield better returns than that one which had preceded it, thus reducing an indebtedness to Jay Cooke & Company which was constantly tending to grow larger. His partners, seeing the limit exceeded, were becoming restive. Mr. Moorhead had always expected failure, and Mr. Fahnestock, who at first seemed to favor the alliance, strongly advocated the abandonment of the railroad. So, too, did Hugh McCulloch and Mr. Pulestón in London. Mr. Cooke would listen to no such suggestion. He had not the least intention of leaving a task half done, and he urged every one to greater faith and firmer devotion.

RESUMPTION OF FUNDING OPERATIONS

In the meantime, Secretary Boutwell, early in 1873, had got ready to resume his funding operations, and Jay Cooke had secured, through his intimacy with Grant and the leaders of the Administration, the naval account of the United States in London, which, since the negotiation of the Ashburton Treaty, had been in the hands of the Barings. The Philadelphia banker still had the assurance of the Rothschilds that they would assist in the funding business, but through the very active exertions of the Morton and Drexel interests, the railroad's difficulties being by this time a matter of public knowledge, at least in well-informed financial circles, Mr. Boutwell made it a joint operation, with Jay Cooke (representing his own American and London houses and N. M. Rothschild & Sons); and Morton, Bliss & Company and Drexel, Morgan & Company (representing themselves and Baring Brothers & Company, J. S. Morgan & Company, and Morton, Rose & Company of London). This was a formidable alliance, and it seemed to augur complete success; but divided authority and timidity on the part of some of the foreign "associates" soon made the outlook very grave. The members of Mr. Cooke's old syndicate in London, the largest English dealers in American bonds, being ignored in the new arrangement, antagonized it. The subscriptions were very small, and when the time came for the Secretary of the Treasury to "call" the bonds, he was advised to make the amount $50,000,000 instead of $100,000,000. To Mr. Cooke this meant an advertisement of failure, and when he was consulted, he telegraphed to Fahnestock with as much daring as he had ever shown since the dawn of his power: "Call of 100 Choctaws [Cooke's codeword for millions] should be made within next hour by telegraph from Washington. We will cheerfully take our share of the risk, or, if the others decline, let them resign the syndicate, and we will do it alone. If Boutwell will add to his call something about further calls it will be glorious. You will see the fur fly tomorrow." Mr. Boutwell acted tardily, the various bankers could not move in unison, and the operation was a fizzle.

In the summer of 1873 another call was made as a means of bringing home the money awarded to the United States by the treaty with Great Britain to cover the Alabama Claims. It was suggested that the indemnity of $15,500,000 should be used in Europe in taking up "called" bonds, a transfer being arranged for at Washington between the State and the Treasury Departments. With this experience Mr. Cooke's long and honorable connection with the management of the finances of the United States was brought to an end.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD IN 1873

The Northern Pacific Railroad had come to the Missouri River in the summer of 1873, and there, at Bismarck,—a name given to the crossing point as a compliment to the Germans who, it was hoped, would establish their homes upon the line of the road,—a number of steamboats awaited the cargoes of supplies which the Government had shipped thither for the Northwestern posts. Engineers, escorted by the unfortunate Custer and a troop of horse, supported by a large body of infantry, were busy seeking a way for the tracks in the Yellowstone region. On the Pacific coast the western terminus was being located on Puget Sound, in the midst of a thick forest of firs at Tacoma, and the rails were rapidly approaching that point from the Columbia River.

As the summer of 1873 advanced, the financial situation grew very ominous.

Projected and uncompleted railroads in all parts of the country were calling vainly for money. The investigation of the Crédit Mobilier scandals on the Pacific road following the central route had increased public distrust. Whatever others thought or felt, Mr. Cooke did not quail. Though he saw the peril, he was still bold and confident. He had not yet aimed his last shaft from a store which was very large. In an age of syndicates, he would organize one of these new and mysterious things to raise the Northern Pacific seven-thirty loan to $30,000,000. It still lacked about $9,000,000 of this sum, and with larger stock bonuses he believed that this limit could be reached, when the road might be finished with money borrowed at six per cent. There was a thought,

too, that Congress would guarantee further issues, aiding the Northern, as it had favored the Central Pacific, line. Surely the Government would not let such a work fail for want of an endorsement of its bonds. Nor had Mr. Cooke given up hope in London, where his friend, Senator Cattell, who had been appointed to represent the Government in carrying out its funding plans, was in close contact with the Rothschilds and other European bankers.

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

NOTHING had been conceded by Jay Cooke to any one when, on the morning of September 18, disaster was near at hand. President Grant had been spending the night at Ogontz. The financier possessed a box of cigars which a friend had brought him from Cuba some months before that were of great size, and were encased in glass, upon which his name was spelled in gilt letters. Being reserved for special occasions, they were brought out for the President, who, in entire unconsciousness, lighted one upon the butt of another until the box was empty, while the two men had talked far into the night. The next morning the private telegraph wires at Ogontz told of much excitement in Mr. Cooke's New York banking house. The partners had met within a few days to consider the condition of their various businesses, and had gone back to their posts in apparent agreement that they were in no immediate danger. There had been a small failure in New York on September 8 and another on September 13, while rumors affecting the credit of other houses were persistently circulated by the bears. On the morning of the 18th these increased, and Mr. Fahnestock and Mr. Moorhead, who were in New York, telegraphed to Mr. Cooke very emphatically that they could hold out no longer unless they were put in possession of large sums of money at once. The head of the firm replied that every effort would be made to raise it as soon as Third street was astir, and these exchanges continued until about eleven o'clock, when a dispatch came that the New York office had been obliged to suspend. Mr. Cooke read the telegram, sorrowfully ordered the doors of his Philadelphia bank to be barred, and then turning his face away from the men who surrounded him, burst into tears. But he promptly gathered together his physical and mental forces, and was ready to attack the tasks which this surprising act imposed upon him. About noon came news of the suspension of his Washington house and of the First National Bank of Washington. All had fallen except the London branch, which, it was announced, would continue to meet its obligations.

PUBLIC ASTONISHMENT

THE public excitement was boundless. "A financial thunderbolt," said the "New York Tribune." "Like a thunderclap in a clear sky," said the Philadelphia "Press." "No one could have been more surprised," said the Philadelphia "Inquirer," "if snow had fallen amid the sunshine of a summer noon." The news spread like fire on one of the Northern Pacific's own dry prairies. The building at Wall and Nassau streets in New York was immediately surrounded by wildly shouting and gesticulating crowds, that pressed into the basement, and insultingly accosted the partners and clerks who ventured out into the street. The Stock Exchange became a Bedlam, and prices fell madly. In Philadelphia almost the entire Stock Board rushed into Third street and up to the doors of Jay Cooke & Company to confirm the news. Two or three blocks away a little newsboy who shouted an extra, "All about the failure of Jay Cooke," was arrested and taken to a station house by a policeman who was not early apprised of the disaster, so wholly unbelievable did it seem to be to all classes of the people. As the news spread, the crowd increased in Third street, where officers were plentifully distributed to prevent it from breaking into the bank.

In Washington a throng swarmed Fifteenth street. The clerks left their desks in the Government offices, and a criminal court was adjourned during a murder trial, judges, lawyers, witnesses, spectators, and all rushing away to join the crowd which pressed about the bank building. There was at first only one note nearly everywhere—surprise mellowed by sympathy. "Nothing can wipe

out the debt the country owes the patriotic and marvellously energetic bankers who in the darkest hours of our Civil War popularized the great loans and furnished the money to pay our soldiers," said the "New York Tribune"; "nothing can obscure the fact that the very enterprise which has finally dragged them down was of national concern. Whatever may be the result of the crisis in Wall street, we shall regard the disaster to Jay Cooke & Company as nothing less than a public calamity."

MR. COOKE'S DEMEANOR UNDER STRESS

In a little while E. W. Clark & Company announced their suspension, and it was said everywhere that Thomas A. Scott, who was in Europe, would be the next to go. Two or three small firms suspended in New York, and the sun went down on the first day of the panic of 1873. At Jay Cooke's Philadelphia house the clerks worked under the gas jets in an endeavor to straighten out the firm's accounts. A reporter who rapped at the massive doors which were never to reopen for Mr. Cooke was met by a porter, who peered out of a little diamond-shaped aperture to say that the financier had gone home. He was a very worn, tired man. He had driven to Ogontz by an unusual and devious route, to avoid unpleasant public scrutiny, a policy which he followed for many days. Members of his family say that he affected much lightness of heart, as had always been his way, to support them as well as himself under severe trial. They would not have been surprised if he had broken down mentally under the burden, and once when he passed a remark which indicated abstraction, and they looked at him anxiously, he said as quick as a flash: "You thought I was a little absent-minded then, did n't you?" He was as keen and alert as ever, and ready for all the great tasks and problems which were to come.

THE PANIC IN NEW YORK

In New York, Wall Street adjourned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Everywhere it was asked, "What of the morrow?" The next day would be Friday. Would it be another Black Friday? Ruin began early with the suspension of the great house of Fisk & Hatch, who had supported Mr. Cooke faithfully and well during the Civil War. They succumbed under the load of debt they were carrying for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. A score of firms failed in New York before the day was done, and a dozen more in Philadelphia.

CLOSING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

The third day, Saturday, opened in New York in continued panic, with the failure of two national banks and two trust companies. Rumor affected nearly every one, and a little after noon the officers of the Stock Exchange resolved to close its doors, a device unknown in its history. The Vice-Chairman, when he was asked the reason for such a course, replied that it had been adopted "to save the entire street from utter ruin." Western Union, which a few days before had sold at 92, was offered at 45 without meeting a bid; and it would have suffered the same fate at 25. The scenes in New York at this time are not easily exaggerated. For days the streets around the Stock Exchange seethed with people, the more stable elements being transferred at night to the hotels. President Grant and Secretary of the Treasury Richardson, who had succeeded Boutwell, were at the Fifth Avenue, directing the work of Government relief. The Stock Exchange was not reopened until September 30. In the meantime the trouble had extended to other parts of the country. Five national banks suspended in Chicago, and from the banking community the infection spread to various industries, the nation entering upon a long season of distrust, poverty, and unbroken gloom. The ensuing winter was one of great suffering for the poor. Indeed, it was several years before the American people became heart-whole again, and were able to resume the development so unhappily interrupted by this great railroad panic.

The spark for a terrible conflagration could not have been applied at a better place than in Jay Cooke & Company's houses, and this heroic and picturesque financier, who had been in the midst of all that was largest in success, became at once the central figure in one of the grandest of wrecks.

COOKE'S ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

THE affairs of his suspended firms were explained by the following statement, which was soon issued:

LIABILITIES:	$7,939,409 26
ASSETS: Bills receivable, bank, insurance and other stock, bonds, and real estate	7,867,640 12
Loans to the Northern Pacific on $3,750,000 stock of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company	1,500,000 00
Loans to Northern Pacific on bonds of the company .	4,068,215 09
Second mortgage railroad bonds, stocks, etc. . .	2,530,386 96
	$15,966,242 17

"Frank Leslie's" now published the cartoon which was so distasteful to Mr. Cooke because of its Scriptural, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have, give I thee," and this, in truth, was to be the manner of settling the estate. To many it would have seemed well if the financier, who accurately knew the value of his various properties, could have been allowed still to administer his own affairs; but the law would not permit this unless an impossible number of the creditors would accede, and Congress, although the financier himself appeared before its committees, refused to amend the act. There was no escape, therefore, from the tedious processes of bankruptcy.

THE COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

THOUGH debarred from any large part in the settlement of his estate, Cooke advised every one to be patient and cheerful. His creditors, who were receiving the securities of the Northern Pacific and its allied companies, were told to keep them or exchange them for Northwestern lands. To him the future, so dark to many, was as bright as ever in that rich region of the Union to which he had consecrated his credit and his fortune. The railroad could not escape a receivership, its seven-thirty bonds becoming preferred stock in the resulting reorganization. President Charles B. Wright carefully protected the company's rights and franchises until 1879, when Frederick Billings took his place, negotiating loans which promised an early completion of the line. The work of construction was proceeding at a favorable rate when Henry Villard appeared upon the scene, with his "Blind Pool." Villard had come to this country from Germany, as a young man. For a time he had been a newspaper correspondent, and after the war became the representative of the German holders of bonds of an Oregon railroad. He secured control of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company when it slipped out of Cooke's grasp, and of other allied transportation interests in the Pacific Northwest. These were very profitable, and, seeing a possible rivalry in the resumption of work upon the Northern Pacific road, Villard formed a bold design. He told no one of his project, but invited his friends to subscribe $8,000,000 to a fund which he could use at his discretion for some purpose later to be disclosed. More than twice the sum he asked for was furnished to him, and in a little while he had gained a majority interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad, making himself president in September, 1881. In September, 1883, he was ready to drive the last spike at a point in the wilds of Montana where the tracks from the east and the west were joined. Trains laden with senators, congressmen, governors, foreign ministers at Washington, and other distinguished people were taken to the scene for the ceremonies. President Arthur and General Grant visited the Northwest, and the country was congratulated on all sides on the strength of Mr. Villard's achievement. Mr. Cooke, though he was invited in the most cordial terms, did not join the happy party. A delicate sense kept him at home, though he was not forgotten. Mr. Billings spoke of "the enthusiastic, big-hearted Jay Cooke," and Villard referred to "the brilliant episode in our history in which an able, bold, resolute man was the central figure to whom, most of all, the company owes its practical existence."

HOW COOKE REGAINED HIS FORTUNE

A MAN of only fifty-two when the catastrophe overtook him, Mr. Cooke resolved to keep himself free from further business engagements. He was deeply wounded by the aspersion and blame which naturally attended a failure involving great numbers of people. The event altered his life. It brought out a strain of sensitiveness which might not have been suspected in his regal nature. From a man who had made all the overtures,—proposing, inviting and giving,—he changed to one who felt the world's rebukes, silences, and neglects. But bold enterprises still flitted through his brain, and when the trustee of his estate had insisted upon selling a large block of Northern Pacific stock at $1.50 a share, he made an arrangement to purchase it. Seeing an opportunity to regain possession of his railroad, he had carried his plans to a

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

JAY COOKE, AT THE OGONTZ SCHOOL, NOVEMBER, 1901, WHEN HE WAS EIGHTY

number of wealthy Philadelphia financiers and asked them to join him in obtaining control of the property. They looked at him in amazement, and suggested that his reverses had disturbed his mind. They lived to repent of their determination in the light of the events of the next few years. Unable comfortably to hold the stock, Mr. Cooke soon sold it, and he had no share in the good fortune that came to those who kept the road's securities for the high prices of 1882 and 1883.

Wealth returned to him through a silver mine in Utah. All his life he had firmly discouraged the propensity of his partners to put money into oil, silver, gold, or other mining enterprises. A man named Edgerton, who had come his way during the Northern Pacific negotiation, recommended the property to him. It lay 225 miles southwest of Salt Lake City in an alkali plain, much of which must be crossed by wagon train for lack of railway connections. It was owned by four miners who disagreed so greatly among themselves that it remained unproductive. To the surprise of all about him, Mr. Cooke expressed confidence in the scheme, and, though efforts were made to dissuade him, he stated that he had made up his mind to stake $3000 upon it in investigation and preliminary work. Mining engineers reported that it was a valuable deposit of silver, and he personally visited the place to satisfy himself in his thorough way before going any further. The owners agreed to bond the mine to him in consideration of his promise to give them a railway, which to Mr. Cooke proved to be only a slight detail. He told the four miners that, in return for such advantages, they must take a one-fourth interest in the line, which they promptly did. On his way home he visited certain Mormons at Salt Lake City who owned a road which reached its arm down into Utah in the direction of the mine. They took another quarter, and, in the East again, he approached the officers of the Union Pacific, asking them to be responsible for the rest of the expense. He called upon Sidney Dillon, then the president of the road, who, upon hearing the name, appeared at once. "Why, how are you, Mr. Cooke?" said he. The old financier did not know that they had ever met before. "Don't you remember the time you loaned me $20,000 when you were with the Clarks?" Mr. Dillon continued: "I was in trouble, and you helped me out. What can I do for you?"

Mr. Cooke had forgotten the incident. His way was now easy. Dillon asked to be excused for a moment, and returned with a man short of stature, with a black beard, who was introduced as Jay Gould. In all Mr. Cooke's visits to New York he had never met the man who had gained so much unenviable notoriety from the Black Friday of 1869, and once, when some one had offered to bring them face to face, the Philadelphia financier had declined the honor. Mr. Cooke unrolled his maps and presented his case with all the fascination of his halcyon days. He told Gould and Dillon that the road could be laid with the old iron rails taken up on the line of the Union Pacific in Utah, and that old and discarded rolling stock could be utilized, and the men promptly acceded to his proposal.

"With us three," Mr. Cooke remarked, "there is not the least occasion for a written agreement."

"No," said Gould. "Go right ahead. We will take the remaining half, and supply the money as fast as it is needed."

The verbal contract was kept in all its terms. The road was built, and Mr. Cooke, so long as he lived, when others spoke disparagingly of Gould, related this incident with the delight it always afforded him to speak kindly of a fellow-man. The mine proved to be of great richness, and when it was brought into railway communication with Salt Lake, it made its owners wealthy men. While he held his interest in it, Mr. Cooke's income from it was about $80,000 a year, and when he negotiated the sale of the property, his share aggregated nearly $1,000,000.

Nothing in his romantic rehabilitation gave him so much satisfaction as the return of his capacity to give pleasure to others. On one of his trips West in connection with this deal he went far out of his way into Indian Territory to meet the wife of one of the old silver miners in Utah, to persuade her to return to her abandoned husband; and to the wife and daughter of Edgerton, who had brought

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"JAY COOKE" TO THE FOURTH GENERATION, ABOUT 1899

the enterprise to his notice and who had died suddenly in a railway train near Salt Lake City before they had yet completed their plans, he gave blocks of the stock which assured them a comfortable future.

THE REPURCHASE OF HIS ESTATES

It was soon easy to see what had lain nearest Mr. Cooke's heart in the sad years since 1873. He at once drew upon his new fortune to regain possession of his beloved homes. He had tried manfully to assist the trustee in selling Gibraltar, the Lake Erie island, but without success, and he now purchased it from the estate, returning in 1880 to find the carpets, books, and pictures just as the preachers had left them when he telegraphed to its housekeeper in 1873 that it must be closed. His children and grandchildren, to several of whom its name was strange, were again gathered about him, and there were twenty-five years more vouchsafed to Jay Cooke to come and go in spring and fall, and to fish and play his favorite game of muggins in this attractive spot.

It was not so practicable to resume possession of Ogontz. Shortly after the failure the trustee had put an auctioneer in the house, selling the furniture, books, pictures, and personal treasures indiscriminately. They were scattered to the four winds, and could never be reassembled. For the mansion itself and the lands around it, which had cost about $1,000,000, no buyer had been found, and when they were again offered at public sale in May, 1881, an agent bid them in for Jay Cooke for $113,500. The place had suffered by neglect. It was too large for his home, and the man who had built it determined to put it in order for use as a girls' school. Mrs. Cooke had died suddenly in 1871, and he now lived with his daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Barney, at Eildon, a property which adjoined Ogontz. There, in a large second-story room overlooking the foliage of great trees and the greensward, he passed his hours of repose in comfort and happiness.

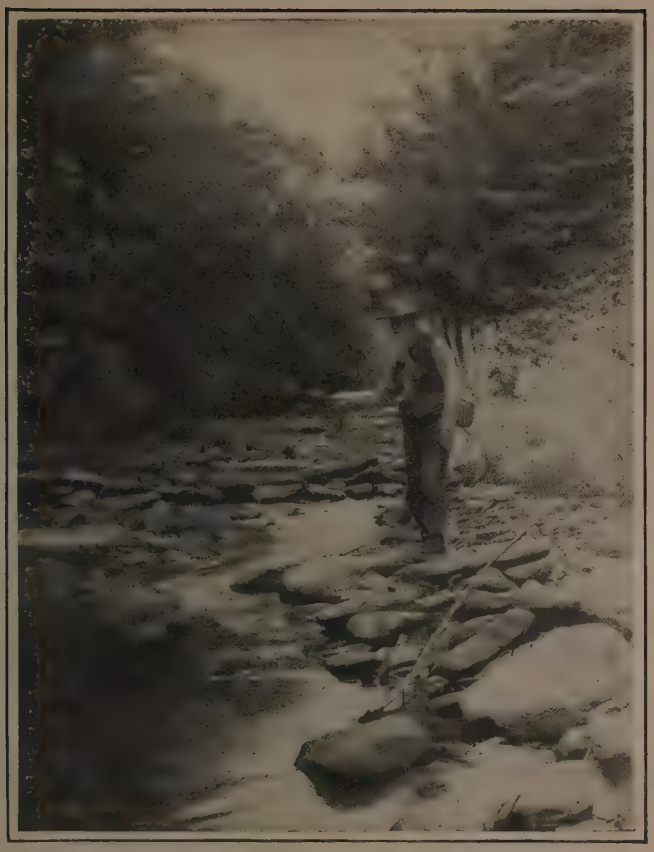
In the school which was established in his mansion Mr. Cooke had the closest interest. His frequent visits and many gifts—flowers, marshmallows, barrels of apples, cider, and nuts, valentines and whatever his fertile fancy could suggest—endeared him to all the girls. He called them *his* girls, and their youthful merriment infectiously added to his zest in life as he mingled freely with them.

THE FULFILMENT OF HIS PROPHECIES

Mr. Cooke also took the earliest opportunity after the recovery of his fortune to make investments in and around Duluth, which he had been compelled to relinquish in 1873, as confident as ever that the Northwest would be "the seat of empire" of his early prophecy. With the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, his vindication seemed to be at hand. In 1882 it was computed that the estate in bankruptcy, at the prices then prevailing for the securities which were distributed to the creditors, had paid $1.56 for each $1 of indebtedness. The final dividend was declared in 1890, seventeen years after the failure, the total payments being 15½ per cent. in cash; 15 per cent. in asset scrip, which was exchangeable for undistributed land and other property, and negotiable (being issued to answer the immediate needs of creditors); and, for each $1000 of liabilities, eight shares of Northern Pacific preferred stock, 3½ shares of Oregon Steam Navigation stock, three fourths of a share of St. Paul & Duluth preferred, and a half share of St. Paul & Duluth common.

Mr. Cooke did not make a trip over the line of the Northern Pacific road until the summer of 1891. He said that he would not go until the tunnel was finished through the Cascade Mountains and the trains were run directly to Puget Sound, according to his original plans. In the summer of 1891 he was ready for the journey, and a notable one it was. In company with his son, Jay Cooke, Jr., his grandson, Jay Cooke, 3d, and other members of his family, he boarded a special car at Chicago for Duluth, where

OGONTZ LODGE IN LYCOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA: JAY COOKE'S PRINCIPAL FISHING RESORT IN HIS LATER YEARS



JAY COOKE FISHING IN HIS TROUT STREAM IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA

it was attached to the end of a Northern Pacific train for the trip to the coast. The papers called him the "father," or, still more familiarly, the "daddy of Duluth." He was received with much acclaim all along the line, while he distributed to the people books, pictures, candies, and other presents, without which he never went abroad in the later years of his life. At Tacoma he was banqueted by the Chamber of Commerce, and he responded to a toast, "The Man Who Knew." Six millions of people then lived in a region which twenty years before had been the realm of the Indian and the buffalo. "The word wonderful was on my lips all the time," said the old financier when he returned from this interesting tour into the land of his hopes.

AN UNTIRING FISHERMAN

As in his youth, Mr. Cooke still found solace and much honest enjoyment in fishing. "It teaches a man patience and zeal," he once remarked to a friend. "There 's no opportunity to lose one's temper, because you can't catch fish that way."

The Gibraltar records tell of a visit of a fortnight in June, 1872, when Jay Cooke and several friends who accompanied him hooked 3862 fish, weighing about three tons. He told Whitelaw Reid that he had taken over 2000 of these with his own hands. General Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States, when he learned of the catch, called it "murder." The financier often had the most expert competitors, but he usually caught more

than the best, and sometimes two or three times as many. Once, while on a visit to Gibraltar, General B. F. Butler obtained two while Mr. Cooke drew in twenty. When 377 fish were taken by a party of ten, he was credited with 177. One day Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was in his boat. She caught none, while he was most successful. He gave her his seat and his own line, but she still proved herself an inexpert fisherwoman. Even after the largest catches, he allowed none to go to waste. He presented the fish to the eight miles without leaving his own preserves, and in his old age he went thither three or four times a year, deriving much enjoyment from the wild life. He offered the boys twenty-five cents for every rattlesnake which they should kill upon his estate, and hundreds were brought to him for the reward.

"But really, Mr. Cooke," a friend said to him one day after a very large catch, "this is not fishing; it is massacre. How can you take life like this?"

The old twinkle came into his eyes as

JAY COOKE'S TOMB

This marble mausoleum at Ogontz, near Philadelphia, was built about 1867 by Jay Cooke, soon after the death of his father

Lake Erie islanders, shipped them to his friends in Sandusky, or iced them and expressed them to the members of his Bible class in Philadelphia.

Mr. Cooke was also fond of trout fishing in the Adirondacks, where, before the failure, he had a large iron estate, and he continued in late years to visit the brooks, liberally rewarding the natives with gifts of money, clothing, and household utensils for keeping off other anglers until he came to cast his line.

He also occasionally visited his South Mountain estate, where there were trout streams. In the summer, in his last years, he was wont to go to Beach Haven, New Jersey, for the weak-fish season, and, best of all, was a hunting camp near Williamsport, in northern Pennsylvania—Camp Ogontz. There Mr. Cooke could fish up the stream for

he replied: "That 's where you 're wrong, Willie Wastle O," the name he always gave to his interlocutor. "Now, did you ever stop to think what an unhappy old age the average fish has? He does n't know what has become of his wife, and can't tell which are his children, and he 's glad to be saved from a lonely and miserable old age. Besides, the Apostles were good fishermen, and you know the church is built upon the foundation of the Apostles."

As the years passed, Mr. Cooke lost some of the vigor with which he had attacked life in youth and middle age, but little or none of his hope and good cheer. His farms at Ogontz gave him pleasure, the flowers from his greenhouses, the vegetables from his garden, the fruit from his orchards, and his dairy products, gracing his own and the tables of his friends.

In his big cape cloak and his wide-brimmed, light-gray soft felt hat, set over a gentle face adorned by a long gray beard, Mr. Cooke looked half the Kris Kringle and half the patriarch that he was. He was indifferent to changing styles, though the hat was of a costly make. Last season's would be laid aside for his fishing trips. "None of your derbies for me," he was once heard to say. "You can't stick fishhooks in the brim."

HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH

Thus did his life run on serenely until he had almost reached the age of eighty-four. He had had a few mishaps, but he had always been singularly free from bodily illness. On Monday evening, February 13, 1905, he had given his annual reception to the girls in the Ogontz school. He mingled with the young people, and shared their happiness as they sang and danced, and at last joined in their march to the place at which they were to receive from his hands the bouquets, sweets, and fruits which he always gave them upon this occasion. The next day he was as well as usual, but upon Wednesday there were such evidences of failing powers that the end was seen to be near. His children and grandchildren gathered at Eildon, and on Thursday evening, February 18, the spirit in the mortal frame which had endured so much for his family, his friends, and his country passed over the river into the unknown land. The body, after a private service at Eildon and rites publicly said in the church, was taken to the marble family mausoleum which Mr. Cooke had built in the grounds of Ogontz in 1867. His father, his mother, his sister, his wife and four children were earlier placed there, and the cortège on this cold and snowy February day entered the gateway of his old home, and went down the little lane which leads to the sepulcher. The school-girls sang a hymn upon the porch of his mansion while the procession passed. He had often told "his girls" that he would some time come back to the old estate to remain for ever, and the hour was now at hand.

THE END

THE FIRM STAND OF HANS

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer"

PICTURE BY LEON GUIPON

Hans Heckendorn drew from the oven the last loaf of his evening batch of bread; then he sat down heavily in his arm-chair. The bakeroom was stifling, but he was accustomed to the heat, and clad as he was in a thin gauze shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, he did not mind it. In the dim light of the lamp he seemed like some huge monster, grim, portentous.

Sitting there, with his great bare arms folded, he bent his head on his breast and fell to thinking.

"I suppose the children must learn the English," he said to himself in German. "And I dare not speak evil of the President, or the officer will get me. But it is something in which I have still the say. The men in the fatherland do not fetch the wood and the coal for the women. I will no longer fetch the wood and the coal for Margaretta. I will take a firm stand. I—"

The door into the bakeroom opened suddenly, and Hans paused in the midst of his soliloquy. A little blue-eyed woman stood before him.

"Hans," she began, then she paused to sniff the air. A glance at the lamp betrayed the source of the odor. She did

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HIS EYES CLOSED, AND HIS HANDS DROPPED"

not look toward her husband, but, as one who realizes the futility of speech, crossed the room, and turned down the light. Her husband's eyes followed her with terror. They were bent not upon her, but upon an object which she carried in her hand—a pair of long shears, which she lifted meaningly as she came toward him.

"Come," she said shortly in English.

"But, Margaretta, it is not yet time. It is only—" His tongue twisted itself uncomfortably about the English words.

"Shall the children cry in the street at you?" she demanded. "You look this long time as when you came from the mountain down."

"But, Margaretta, it is plenty to do here. I —"

She pointed to the great batch of brown loaves.

"You are done here. Come on."

When she had gone, he rose painfully out of his chair and carried the lamp across the room to where a little mirror hung against the wall. He saw reflected there a brown beard, a pair of frightened eyes set in a white face, and a mop of thick hair. Yes, it was long. He put up a trembling hand and tried in vain to smooth it flat. He sighed, then his face brightened.

"Margaretta," he called almost joyously, "I must go to-night to my lodge."

"Ernst paid this afternoon your dues," she answered grimly from the next room.

The smile faded from Heckendorf's face.

"Ach, Margaretta," he wailed, "let it be to-morrow!"

"Come," said Margaretta, firmly.

For an instant his eyes rolled helplessly. The little bare room, however, offered no escape from the terror which awaited him, and, wetting his dry lips with his tongue, he went slowly out to the sitting-room.

There the floor was half-covered by a white sheet, upon which stood an arm-chair like the one he had just left. Fastened to, and projecting above, its back was a long, narrow stick. Heckendorn went toward it as the condemned approach the gallows. Margaretta gave him a little push as he sat down, and then took from the table a long, white tape. Slipping it around his head, she fastened it behind the stick.

"Now," she said gaily.

Her husband's eyes opened wide for an instant.

"Ach, Margaretta!" he wailed piteously.

Margaretta, however, paid no heed. She gave the tape a final tug, then, having opened and closed her scissors to be sure that they moved smoothly, she began to cut her husband's hair. His face, meanwhile, grew whiter and whiter until it became the color of his flour-sprinkled arms. Once more he said, "Ach Margaretta!" this time very faintly, then his eyes closed, and his hands dropped limply. He had fainted.

Presently, Margaretta moved his head a little to the right, so that she might cut the back more easily, and after a while she moved it a little to the left. She felt no alarm at his fainting. Ever since she had first known him, when they were children in Berlin, he always had fainted when he had his hair cut. It was no stranger than the weakness of others at the sight of blood. He would not go to the barber's. He could imagine no worse disgrace than that the neighbors, the Maniagos at the corner, the Smiths next door, should discover his weakness, as they must certainly do if he went to the barber-shop around the corner. Nor did he dare to go farther away. He did not know how he would ever get back.

The *click, click* of Margaretta's scissors, which were apparently not as sharp as they might be, nor the little tune which she hummed, did not awaken him; nor did Margaretta make the least effort to arouse him till her task was done. Then she bathed his face with cold water, still braced against the back of the chair as he was, and it was only a few seconds before he clasped his hands before his breast, and with a long sigh opened his eyes.

"Is it done?" he gasped.

"Yes."

As Margaretta untied the tape, he lifted up his voice in a loud "Gott sei Dank!" and tottered somewhat weakly up the stairs, sighing as he went. How many times had he wished that he might grow bald; yes, as the hour for his hair-cutting drew near, even that he might die. It seemed as though he were sinking into some vast, bottomless ocean, and that Margaretta, the guardian angel of his happier hours, stood over him, pushing

him down, down. When Margaretta thought that it was time his hair should be cut, she would not wait an hour, a minute. She spread the covering on the floor, and fastened the support for his head to the back of the chair, and then she called him. Nor had he ever been able to invent an excuse that would serve.

He did not believe that his hair needed cutting so badly this time. It might have gone another week. He crept in under the gay bed-covers, angry with himself that he had not refused, and still angrier with Margaretta that she had insisted.

There he lay wide awake. It was not near his usual bedtime, and though he felt too weak to be up and about, he could still think. Margaretta had acquired the outrageous American notions of the other women on the block: she thought that she was the head of the house, she made him do just what she said, she made him fetch the wood and coal, and do a hundred other things which it was beneath his dignity to do. And it was all put on; she was strong enough to fetch the wood and coal. It was all because she wanted to be American that she would no longer do it. He would have to teach her a lesson, not because he minded doing things for her,—what were they to a strong man like himself?—but because she must learn that even though she had the schools on her side in the matter of the children's English and the officer in the matter of inveighing against the President, yet there were certain other things sacred between husband and wife, in which no one had the right to interfere, and which no one but himself had the right to manage.

In consequence of his meditation, Margaretta, coming down-stairs half an hour after the time when her husband got up to start the fires in the bakery, found neither the coal nor the wood with which she started her own fire awaiting her. Her first thought was to call to Hans to get them for her. Then remembering that he had had his hair cut the night before, she refrained. Perhaps he was not well. She brought the coal and wood from the cellar herself, and then opened the door softly into the bakeroom. Her husband was bending to put a batch of bread into the oven, and singing "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten" the while. There was a certain defiant tone about it which set Margaretta's eyes sparkling. No, he had not forgotten.

She went quietly back to the kitchen and stood there, her brow wrinkled. Was it possible that—well, she would see.

She gave him another chance at noon and another at night and another in the morning. Still her coal-bucket stood empty in its place. Then Hans, coming hot and hungry from the bakery for his dinner, found a covered dish before his plate. Its chill struck him before he lifted the lid. Margaretta always used that dish for sauer-kraut, but he could not remember having smelled any boiling sauer-kraut that morning. Suddenly the lid dropped from his hand. Within, neatly surrounding a huge piece of succulent raw pork, lay a mass of uncooked cabbage.

"Margaretta," he stormed, "what does dis mean?"

"It means that I had no coals," said Margaretta, while little Hans and Karl and Ernst and Elsa stared wide-eyed. "I cannot cook unless I have coals. It is n't fire unless you have coals."

For the fragment of a second her newly shorn husband gazed at her while her blue eyes gazed placidly back.

"I fetch no more coals, not to-day nor to-morrow nor any day," he shouted. "It is no coal-fetching for the men in the old country: it sha'n't be any here."

Whereupon he went back to the bakery to eat the light bread which he baked, and which his soul loathed.

At supper-time the sauer-kraut was cooked and eaten. Afterward Heckendorn stood proudly at the door of his shop. It was easy to manage the women. All one needed was a little firmness. Margaretta should never get the upper hand again. He could think of a dozen different directions in which he should assert his will. No longer should she read the English Bible to the children, no longer should she sit on any other doorstep than her own in the evenings. It was from the other women that she imbibed her revolutionary notions.

Presently Margaretta herself came out of the door and stood for a moment beside him.

"I go to Frau Maniago," she said.

"Margaretta," he began firmly, then

paused. It would not do to insist upon too many changes at once.

"It is all right this time," he said grandly, unaware of the flash of her blue eyes; "I go after while to the Bakers' Union."

When Margaretta came home, she found little Hans in charge of the shop, and she held no further converse with his father that night. Early in the morning, however, he wakened her to tell her of the approaching picnic planned by the Union.

"In August it will be. We will go in a boat up the river on Sunday. We will all go, I and you, Hanschen and Karl and Ernst and Elsa. We—"

"You can go," said Margaretta, sharply. "I and Hanschen and Karl and Ernst and Elsa will not go. It is not right to go on Sundays on excursions."

Heckendorn stared at her aghast.

"We go in the morning in the church, like in the faderland, and in the afternoon it is holiday."

"I and the children go in the afternoon in the Sunday School," she said in the tone which indicated to Heckendorn's experienced mind that nothing more need be said.

Nor did he try to persuade her in the weeks which followed. It would be like old times to go out there without any wife and children to bother about. There he would see Balthasar Kleber, who had lived next door to them in Berlin, and who had no family; and Heinrich Heissman, with whom he himself had learned the baker's trade; and Milton Rupp and Gottlieb Wohlgemuth and a host of others whom he could mention, who still loved the fatherland. Margaretta, with her New-World notions, would be a wet blanket on the festivities. Likely enough she would disgrace him with some scornful remark. No, he was thankful for the chance to go alone.

Then week by week the picnic was postponed. The boat which they wanted was engaged, or some of their number wanted to go to the Turn Verein picnic, or else the Sangerbund, to which some of the rest belonged, had its annual boat-ride. Finally, however, the day was set for the first Sunday of September.

As the time drew near, Heckendorn's satisfaction changed to dismay. Each day, when he combed his hair before the little mirror in the sitting-room, he realized that it would have to be cut. He held his breath every time that Margaretta mentioned his name; he scarcely dared to look at her when she came hurriedly into the bakeroom or the shop, for fear that she should be carrying the scissors, cruel as those of Atropos.

Margaretta, however, said not a word. On Tuesday evening before the excursion, when he had finished baking, he carried the little lamp, smoking as it was, over to the little mirror. His hair seemed to touch his shoulders. It must be cut to-night. He would not go to the picnic with the feeling of nakedness which always followed a hair-cutting.

His wife answered his tentative "Margaretta" only by a short "Well?" without looking up from her sewing. The cloud which had gathered between them after the last hair-cutting had not yet been dispelled.

"I guess my hair should be cut before Sunday," he said weakly. "I guess it should be cut to-night. I guess—" There was already a dull horror in his eyes.

Margaretta snipped off the thread with an audible click of her white teeth.

"I cut no more hair, not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any day," she said so placidly that he did not recognize the quotation from the sentence which he had shouted at her weeks before. "It is no work, hair-cutting, for women. It is man's work."

"But, Margaretta," he began. Then he realized that it would not do to show weakness before her. "All right. If it is right that we should waste the money, I go in the barber's shop. If it—" only the eyes of little Hans on the other side of the table kept his voice steady,—"it is all alike to me."

Margaretta regarded him for an instant from between a pair of half-closed eyes. Then she folded little Elsa's finished dress neatly together, and went to shut up the house for the night, singing softly to herself, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten." Afterward, when Hans slept beside her, she cried herself to sleep.

She watched him narrowly on Wednesday, but he did not leave the shop. Several times he put on his collar and coat

and went to the front door, only to hesitate on the steps and finally to turn back. He was afraid; Margaretta knew he was afraid. On Thursday, when he started out, she sent little Hans after him. At the corner, however, Hans the elder climbed into a street car. An hour later he came home white and sick. There was no change in the mop of hair. Margaretta did not doubt that he had tried and fainted. Her lips set themselves firmly, partly in an effort to keep back the tears, and partly with renewed purpose to hold out. She would not go back on her word. Little Hans had heard her say that she would not cut his father's hair to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any day, and little Hans must not be allowed to think that his mother did not tell the truth.

When Heckendorn came to dinner the next day, his family stared, and little Elsa cried aloud, and would not let him touch her. The front of his hair had been cut straight across, the back still hung to his shoulders. He had meant to cut it all, but the straining upward of his arms, and the horrible *click, click* of Margaretta's scissors, had made him sit down heavily, gasping for breath.

In the afternoon he went to the barber's shop at the corner.

"I sometimes get a little sick when my hair gets cut," he explained; "but you shall not mind it. Margaretta she never minds it. You might tie me in."

The barber, questioning him, discovered that the sickness was a fainting spell.

"Can't take the responsibility, sir, without you have a doctor. A man once died of heart disease when I was cutting his hair. I could n't think of it."

Thereupon hope died. He could not go to the Bakers' Union picnic, he could not go to church with Margaretta, he could not even go into his own shop to sell the bread which he had baked. He would have to hide in the bakeroom and in the back of the house. Margaretta never took back her word.

It was almost supper-time when he returned. There was the cheerful smell of frying sausage, but it seemed to make him sick. He ate only a little supper. Margaretta watched him with anxious eyes, but said nothing. This was not the first time that Margaretta had lived through a domestic crisis, nor the first one which she had solved to her own satisfaction.

Supper over, Hans sat down in the back of the shop, his face on his arms, which were folded on the counter. When Margaretta banked her fire for the night, he heard the last few coals in the scuttle rattle into the fire. Then, like a man walking in his sleep, he went out to the kitchen, and carrying the scuttle down into the cellar, filled it, and brought it back. It was not because he wished to make amends,—he knew Margaretta too well for that,—but because, in his misery, his mind naturally went back to its old tasks. He was thankful that there was something to do. He had forgotten that he had said he would bring no more coal to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any day.

In the morning he filled the bucket again in the same daze. He then made a final appeal to Margaretta.

"But, Margaretta, I cannot go to the Bakers' Union picnic."

Margaretta closed her lips more tightly.

"But, Margaretta, my children will get afraid of their poor vater."

"Shall I not be ashamed when my man looks like a Belsnickle [Santa Claus]?" demanded Margaretta. "But I cannot help it."

The sudden helpless droop of his broad shoulders, the tear which rolled down each cheek, made Margaretta go quickly from the room. She was not unmindful of the fact that he had filled the coal-scuttle and had brought the wood. That, however, had nothing to do with the question. If Hans could go back on his word, there was all the more reason why she should hold to hers. And yet—she saw him before her with his hair hanging to his shoulders, the laughing-stock of the Smiths, the Maniagos, and the Goldsteins. They would probably think it was some German custom. If any inducement could have moved Margaretta, it would have been that.

Hans went to bed early that night. Usually on Saturday evenings he sat on the doorstep talking with their neighbor, Mr. Smith, or with Officer O'Malley, or whoever might happen that way. The doorstep was to a certain extent his club, his recreation. Only Margaretta's heart knew the pride she felt in seeing him sitting there in his best clothes.

To-night Mr. Smith came to the door to ask where he was, and Officer O'Malley asked whether he had gone down-town. There was no doubt that Hans had become a person of importance.

Now, however, this importance was to cease, partly because he had been rash and partly because she had been stubborn. It would have been bad enough for him to go to the picnic alone. She knew with what pride the Wohlgemuths displayed their children to all who would admire. Their own were so much finer, how would Hans have felt without them?

When she got to bed, she could not sleep. Heckendorn was breathing heavily, and once or twice he moaned, which was not unusual, but which to his wife's ears assumed a sudden pathetic significance.

She lay and listened, more troubled than she had ever been before. They had had other difficulties, but none so serious as this—none which would make them the scorn of their neighbors.

And now suddenly Margaretta sat upright.

"I said I would not do it to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any day," she said aloud. "It is n't to-day, or to-morrow; it is to-night."

Before the words were spoken she was out of bed. She slipped quietly downstairs for the scissors. She slowly opened and closed them as she came back. Then, bringing the lamp close to the bed, she set to work.

Hans never wakened easily. He seemed entirely unaware of the busy shears which snipped away, now making even the rough edges above his forehead, now trimming close to his ear, which portion of the process always made him deathly sick. He did not even open his eyes when Margaretta shifted his head from side to side.

Her work finished, Margaretta went back to bed, and smiling, fell asleep.

She was wakened in the morning by Heckendorn's rapturous "Ach, Margaretta!" He touched his head first on one side, then on the other. "Ach, Margaretta, the angels are not so good! I fetch always the coal and the wood. I —"

He paused to give room for the smile which widened his face. "Margaretta, will you always cut it while I am sleeping?"

For an instant Margaretta hesitated. What fear could she hold over him now that he was no longer afraid to have his hair cut? Then she realized that the new and painless method would be more than ever a bribe or a reward, and its discontinuance a threat.

"If I shall cut hair like in the fatherland," she said firmly, "then that will be enough fatherland for me. The coal-fetching and the wood-carrying shall be like the United States."

STILL WATERS

BY MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

I HAVE been silent, dear, you say, for long.
Aye; yet reproach for this I reckon wrong.
Does not the proverb say
That deepest waters run not loud, but still?
The shallow babblings of my rhyming rill
Content me not to-day:

My happy heart beats to a rhythm sweeter
Than can be bound a slave to rhyme and meter.
Why pen should I employ
When to the music of your love so strong
My life is vocal with the sweetest song?
I live the poem Joy.

COLOR-BLINDNESS

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ART AND ARTISTS

BY EDWARD A. AYERS, M. D.

IF one thousand men gaze at a garden of flowers, fifty of them will see the colors falsely. If one thousand women view them, nine hundred and ninety-six or -seven will perceive the hues correctly. Of the six colors of the rainbow which, mingled in thousands of combinations, give all the varying hues of sky and sea, of mountain and valley, some are never seen by the color-blind, or are felt only as light and shade of black and white. Very few persons are totally color-blind, yellow, blue, and violet being rarely lost. To the totally color-blind all landscapes and objects are like an engraving in black and white.

It is interesting to know why some eyes are color-blind, but it is more interesting to learn why any eyes see color at all. The photographic camera is so similar to the eye as a mechanical device that Nature might easily prove infringement of patent if she were less broad-minded. The camera focuses a scene upon a flat plate of ground glass, the eye upon a hemispherical membrane lining the posterior half of the ball. The camera gets a focus by sliding the glass forward or backward, the eye by thickening or flattening an elastic lens. The camera produces a picture when a sensitized plate has been exposed at focus—the negative. This gradation of light and shade can be etched into metal. The eye can make a permanent picture upon the sensitive plate—the retina—which can be "fixed" (a possibility that is useless, as it requires destruction of the eye); but in its daily work it runs far and away ahead of the camera. It sends "positive" pictures to the brain, *moving* and *in colors;* and with two eyes sends two pictures to two brains, the left and right halves, showing a little more than half of a spherical object, as shown in a stereopticon. It is true that the shops turn out many badly constructed eyes, with their long sight and their short sight, their uneven setting in the skull, and their lack of perfect sphericity, which causes such trouble that nothing short of "dextral or sinistral hypermetropic astigmatism" can properly designate it; yet when they leave the shops they are wound up to run automatically for threescore, fourscore or over a hundred years, according to the pleasure of Father Time.

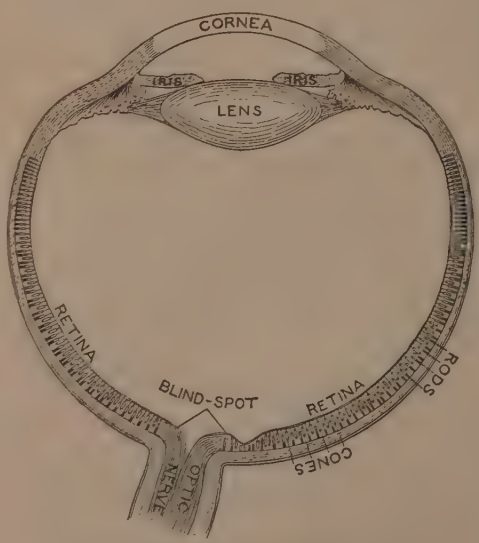


FIG. I.—SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE HUMAN EYE

The structure of the retina is here greatly simplified.

The eye as a camera possesses a cap in its lids, which regulates the amount of light and the width of view

that may reach the pupil. In its iris (a rainbow) it has an adjustable diaphragm that makes the pupil large in the shadows of eventide and small in the light of the sun, that its sensitive plate, the retina, may do its work without strain. Behind the pupil lies a transparent double convex lens which can be thickened for the short-focus needs of reading, or flattened for the distant gaze.

To the owl, with his great black pupil, the ordinary light of day is a brilliant glare against which his dazzled eyes prefer to draw the curtain of the lid; but the darkened recesses of the night are to him as the twilight is to man. If we look into his pupils, we shall see a red object. This is the retina, and it is upon this marvelous nerve structure in man that we need to throw a comprehensive light. It is, in fact, a portion of the brain, an aide-de-camp of the master mind stationed at one of its outer portals.

Arising from the base of the brain is a cable of nerve "wires,"—the optic nerve,—which enters the eyeball, and then spreads out its many wires upon the inner surface of the posterior half of the eyeball. Retina means net. In Figures I and II are shown a highly simplified suggestion of its general construction. As the cable of nerve wires enters the eyeball, it may be said to contain 130,000,000 silver and 7,000,000 gold threads. The gold threads are mostly in the central portion of the cable. When these millions of threads are spread out after entering the eyeball, the master mechanic attaches to each of the silver threads a needle of glass, and to each of the threads of gold a pin of glass (the needle's real name is "rod," and the pin is called a "cone"), and sticks them into the hollowed hemisphere. What a pincushion! One hundred and thirty-seven million needles and pins in a cushion that could be covered by a silver quarter, and each "wired" to the brain through a cable as small as a slate-pencil. No wonder somebody christened this network "retina." Like Adam's pig, it would have been known as such without naming.

Transparent throughout, these rods and cones are bathed in the marshaled rays of light and color which pierce the window of the eye, and in this lambent, vibratory bath there lies the mystery of sight.

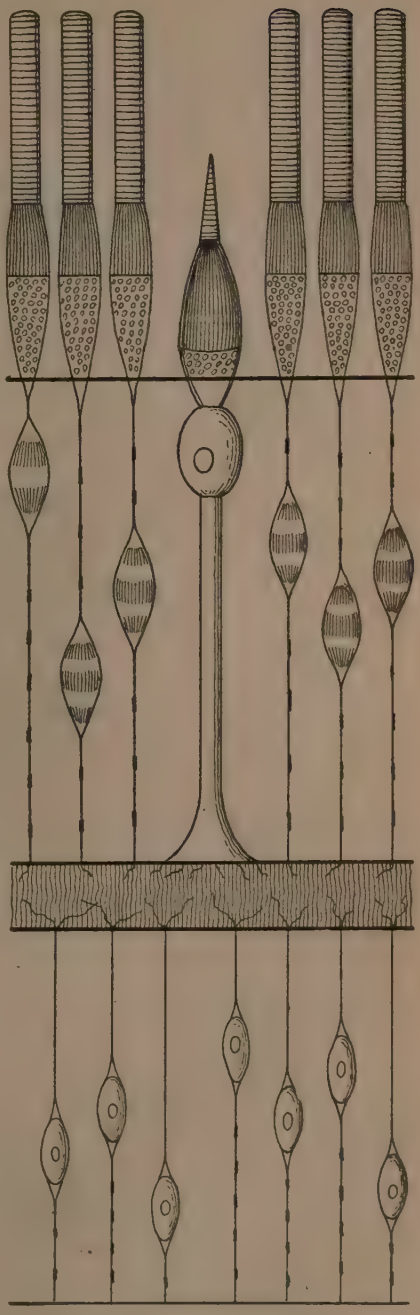


FIG. II.—DIAGRAM SHOWING SIX RODS AND ONE CONE OF THE RETINA HIGHLY SIMPLIFIED AND ENLARGED

Coursing throughout this mazy labyrinth are delicate blood-vessels the scarlet stream of which is almost transparent in so shallow a bed. If we gaze upon the sky with steady eyes, we can see this amber stream carrying its corpuscular freight like so many pieces of gold hither and thither. No rays of light can penetrate the cavity of the eye except through the pupil. The cavity behind the lens is filled with a transparent fluid called the vitreous humor, which chiefly serves to keep the eyeball expanded and to support the retina. The master mechanic, having now put his machine together, next pours a mysterious fluid in among the multi-million needle-rods, which has the peculiar chemical function of becoming purple in the darkness of sleep and of bleaching white when bathed in light. When the eye looks upon a landscape, the identical scene is pictured upon the retina just as a lantern throws a scene upon the screen, or the camera upon the ground glass. If we take the eye of an owl and look through it at a window, we shall see an inverted image of the window scene upon the translucent retina. If such a retina, after brief "exposure," be placed in a solution of potassium alum four per cent., this picture can be permanently "fixed." Photographs have been made from the beetle's eye, which is like a hemisphere of glass sidewalk, with every glass a lens.

Thus far our little journey into the realms of the visible world has been over highways with plainly marked sign-posts; but now that we reach the question of how the retina can send to the brain such information that in its "visual chambers" the brain can *behold* the outer world in all its light and shade, clearness and simplicity become somewhat difficult.

There is a blind spot in every retina at the place of egress of the optic nerve. (See Figure III) And there is a blind spot in the eye of science when it tries to throw a clear light upon the processes by which the brain receives impressions from eye, ear, nose, and tongue; receiving them all in the form of *waves of vibration,* translating each into a special language which the polyglot brain can understand. The key-note of it all lies in *the translation of vibratory waves;* in the capacity of brain cells to note rhythmic variations so marvelous in their speed, harmony, sequence, and individuality that the mind as a unit cannot grasp their intricacies. We can see the great waves of the sea uplift the mighty ship, or the widening circle as the pebble is thrown into a placid pool; we can observe the heat-waves as they rise from the meadows sweltering in the midsummer sun; we can seem to understand the slow waves of sound as they roll from the organ's double-bass —waves that will rattle the window-pane; and we can feel the painful impact of the cannon's roar: but we can form no picture of the waves of light as they travel 186,000 miles a second. Nor can we understand how the rods and cones of the retina can recognize the myriad differences of light, shade, and color, nor how the brain's secretary of sight can translate them into a picture replete with realism. Its mystery lies in the locked strong box of Nature, with those of telegraphy, phonography, telephony, and wireless telegraphy.

FIG. III.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THAT THERE IS A SPOT IN EACH RETINA WHICH CANNOT SEE— CALLED THE "BLIND-SPOT" (SEE FIG. I)

Hold the page with the square directly in front. Close the left eye, and slowly bring the page to about 10 or 12 inches from the eye: the figure at the right will disappear. Then open the left eye, and close the right: the figure at the left will disappear. The "blind-spot" lies at the place in the retina where the optic nerve enters.

Let us bear in mind the difference between vibratory and transportation waves.

A tidal wave is the genuine advance of a body of water through space. The waves of the wind are a genuine advance of air from one region to another; but ordinary sea waves are almost wholly an up-and-down movement of the surface water. A carpet shaken on the lawn shows undulatory waves which rapidly run from the shaker's hands, but there is no change in the carpet's position on the lawn. Waves of light, of sound, of smell, and of taste are all vibratory, and represent only a jostling of the medium, whether it be ether, air, water, oil, earth, electricity, or nerve substance.

COLOR

If a ray of light from the sun strike the eye, it will appear to be white. If such a ray be passed through a prism, it will spread out into a band of six colors: violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. If these colors be repassed through a double convex lens, they will be re-combined into a white light. Black is the absence of all color; it absorbs all color. White is a compound of two or more colors. Such spectral colors as, combined, make a gray, or shade of white, are called "complementary" colors. They are: violet with yellow-green, blue with yellow, green with purple, orange with green, and red with blue-green. In pigments which are not pure this may not apply. Blue and yellow make green. This point is of importance in its application to painting by color-blind artists.

The retinal nerves—the rods and cones, and the brain cells in the visual center—are able to distinguish all color shades by the character of their vibrations, just as the ear knows the sound of a horn from that of a violin by the quality of the tone produced. In this respect the retina and the brain center of sight are smarter than the brain as a whole, the less is greater than the whole, the secretary is a better accountant than his employer. The master brain is at the mercy of its sight secretaries. In the retina, in its relations to sense of color, lie some of the most remarkable, puzzling, fascinating, beautiful, and unsolved phenomena ever studied.

The most satisfactory and plausible theory of color vision is that the rods and cones are the special nerve fibrils which interpret the vibrations of light and color; that the rods (needles) interpret light in its purely luminous phase (the quantity of white without regard to color); that the cones (pins) interpret colors, and distinguish them by the length of their respective waves; and that the many shades which are the product of mixed colors are likewise recognized by the lengthening or shortening of the wave-lengths. As shown in Figure V, there is a definite length to the vibration waves of the six primary colors. Red, the longest, is $\frac{1}{36000}$ of an inch in length; and violet, the shortest, $\frac{1}{61000}$ of an inch. If a note is sounded on a violin held near an open piano, it will cause the string in the piano which has the same number of vibrations per second—has the same pitch—to sound the same note. So may there be retinal cones which respond to each color wave's individual vibration. When the eyes gaze upon a pure red, 481,000,000,000 waves will beat upon the retinal shores in a second. Change the color to violet, and 764,000,000,000 waves will rush through the open window of the eye. Wonderful vibrations, wonderful mathematics! Between these two extremes, representing 283,000,000,000 different rates of speed, lie all the colors of the rainbow, and by those vibrations must the eye detect each shade. There are 4000 waves per second in the vibrations of the highest string on a piano, and each wave is three and one third inches long; whereas there are 61,000 violet waves in one inch. We can "think" of slow sound waves, but the brain gets overheated trying to follow the waves of light.

What remarkable sensitiveness the retinal nerves must possess, and yet silver and platinum "nerves" are far more sensitive. The eye can see only twenty odd per cent. of the color waves that fly through space. We are all totally color-blind to the remainder. All waves that are longer than 36,000 to the inch (red), or shorter than 61,000 to the inch (violet), are invisible. As shown in Figure VI, there are waves longer than the red, called infra-red, unknown, and electric; and waves shorter than the violet, called ultra-violet, and Roentgen rays, which may be defined in musical analogy as covering three octaves, leaving about seven

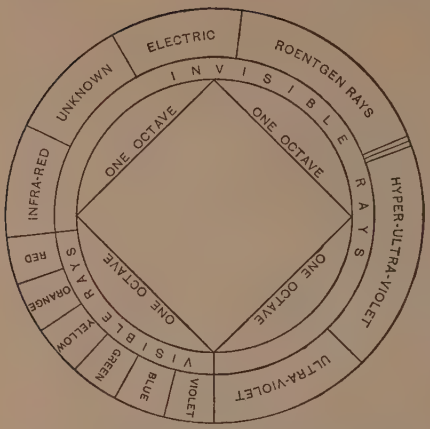


FIG. VI.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF VISIBLE TO INVISIBLE COLORS

The eye can see less than one-fourth of all. Recent opinion extends the invisible rays to nine octaves.

eighths of an octave for the six colors which we can see. Our eyes are to the color scale of nature as the child with its toy piano is to the master musician with a concert grand. Through the fluoroscope, which retards the speed, the eye can see some of the ultra-violet rays; and the infra-red rays can be felt as heat.

There are two kinds of light waves emitted from all objects; color and white waves. Whenever a source of light, as the sun, strikes an object, part of that light is absorbed and part reflected—thrown back. The latter represents such object's "luminosity." The color-blind are never blind to this form of light. A mirror reflects almost all the light that falls upon it. Polished silver reflects ninety-two per cent. of perpendicular rays. Broken surfaces split up such light, and so appear dark. The more luminous an object, the more intense is its effect upon the retina, just as two horns affect the ear more keenly than one. The more intense or stimulating a light, the quicker is the retina exhausted. It becomes temporarily paralyzed in the cones of such a color. Look at the sun, then look away, and you will still see the sun; but its color appears a pale blue, which is the farthest contrast to the yellow-orange of the sun. It is the complementary color. The light of the sun is so intense that it quickly exhausts the yellow-orange cones, leaving those farthest from it (blue, the "complementary" of yellow) least exhausted; hence this after-image of the sun looks blue (actually a pale greenish blue). "After-images" and purely subjective sensations of light and color often fool the judgment center of the mind that relies

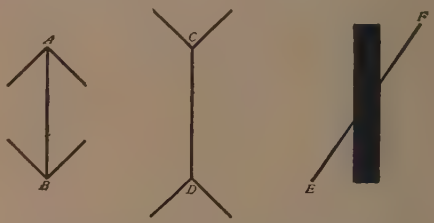


FIG. VIII.—DIAGRAMS SHOWING THAT THE EYES MAY BEAR FALSE TESTIMONY TO THE BRAIN

The line A-B appears shorter than that from C to D, although of the same length. The line E-F appears bent as it passes through the black band, although straight.

too implicitly upon its "visual center"; which partly accounts for many marvelous tales in human experiences. If we look

FIG. IV—(*SEE NEXT PAGE*)—SIDE VIEW OF THE HUMAN EYE, SHOWING WHAT PORTIONS OF THE RETINA CAN SEE GREEN, RED, BLUE, YELLOW, AND WHITE

While the retina can see green as distinctly as red, blue, or yellow, yet it can see it only in the central portion. When looking straight ahead, we do not see any color in objects farthest from the central point of view. If colored cards be brought from the side into view, we shall recognize, after white, yellow sooner than blue, blue sooner than red, and red sooner than green. But we can see all colors in the middle portion where these color plates overlap in the diagram.

FIG. V—(*SEE NEXT PAGE*)—DIAGRAM OF THE VIBRATORY WAVES OF THE SIX PRIMARY COLORS

Just as the strings of a violin vary in the length of their vibratory waves, so do the waves of colors, and the eye recognizes all shades by the differences in these waves. Note that red has the longest and violet the shortest wave. Rays which are longer than red, or shorter than violet, are invisible to the eye. (See Figure VI).

Thirty-six thousand red and sixty-five thousand violet waves measure one inch.

The number of waves of each color per second is as follows: red, 481,000,000,000; orange, 532,000,000,000; yellow, 563,000,000,000; green, 607,000,000,000; blue, 653,000,000,000; violet, 764,000,000,000.

FIG. VII—(*SEE NEXT PAGE*)—DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TEMPORARY COLOR-BLINDNESS CAN BE PRODUCED

Look steadily at the red disk held in sunlight for half a minute, then look at the black spot to the right. The red disk will here be seen, but will appear green. It is an "after-image."

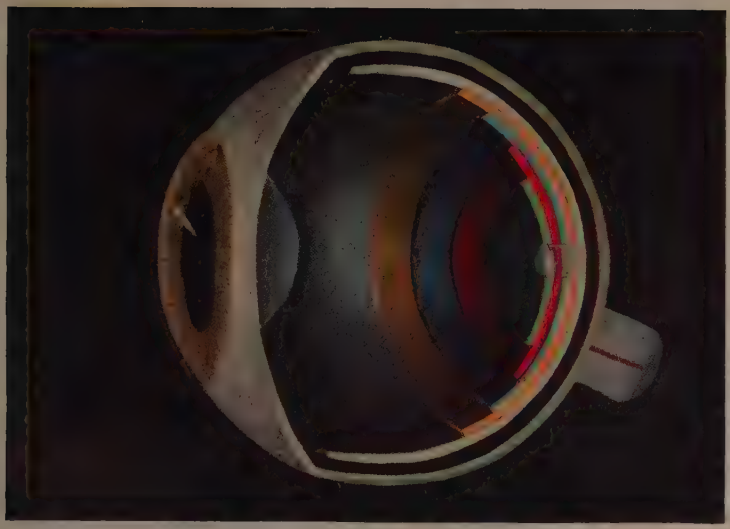


FIG. IV.—SIDE VIEW OF THE HUMAN EYE (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE)

FIG. V.—DIAGRAM OF THE VIBRATORY WAVES OF THE SIX PRIMARY COLORS (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE)

FIG. VII.—DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TEMPORARY COLOR-BLINDNESS CAN BE PRODUCED (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE)

FIG. X.—ROSES AND LEAVES AS SEEN BY NORMAL EYES

FIG. XI.—THE SAME (FIG. X) AS SEEN BY RED-BLIND EYES

FIG. XII.—THE SAME (FIG. X) AS SEEN BY GREEN-BLIND EYES

FIG. IX.—DIAGRAM OF THREE SHADES OF RED, GREEN, AND VIOLET, SHOWING IN THE COLOR-COLUMN TO THE RIGHT HOW THE COLORS APPEAR TO THREE CLASSES OF COLOR-BLIND

FIG. XIII.—A VENETIAN SCENE AS IT APPEARS TO NORMAL EYES

FIG. XIV.—THE SAME AS IT APPEARS TO A PERSON PARTIALLY COLOR-BLIND IN RED

It should be noted that the sky and water are unchanged. Their illumination is so intense that the observer appreciates the red.

long at a bright colored light, say red (see Figure VII), the red-seeing cones will be so exhausted that when we look at other objects we shall see none of the red in them. We are temporarily red-blind.

A mother was sewing a scarlet gown held in the sunlight by the window. Turning to her child, playing upon the floor, she shrieked, believing it was dying. She saw no red in its face, which made it appear corpse-like. Visions, witch-making, religious hysteria, pseudo-insanity, and the attribution of supernatural power are intimately related to this unappreciated law of "after-images."

As pressure on the eyeball will cause the sensation of light, although the eye is closed, so will an over-active circulation of blood in the "visual center" of the brain give the sensation of seeing. The visions of hysteria, delirium, and insanity are often the product of a disordered circulation in the visual center. They are the exaggeration of ordinary dreams, in which the blood sets the machinery of sight in motion, throwing a fanciful aurora upon the heavens of the imagination. Such disorders in a De Quincey set the unguided literary loom in motion. In a Jeanne d'Arc they led a confiding brain into a belief in a divine mission, into an innocent simulation of divinity that inspires a multitude to accomplish "miracles." In Figure VIII the eye tells the brain that the line A—B is longer than C—D. It is an innocent lie, which the brain discovers by the use of a tape-line; but the eye holds to its falsehood.

The retina is a marvelous specialist. It can speak in only one language,—light,—but its vocabulary in this is greater than a hundred Shakesperes in the English tongue. Yet is it just as stupid at times as it is brilliant at others. If we press the eyeball in the dark, the retina will report to the brain that it sees a ring of light. If we stimulate it with an electric current, it will telegraph the brain, "Sudden appearance of a great light," which is an innocent lie. If we bump heads with a stranger in the dark, we may both "see stars."

Harmony in color, like harmony in music, may be defined as rates of two or more vibratory waves that enhance one another; and discords are the reverse. Thus, if two children are swinging in separate swings a few feet apart and in the same direction, they may be said to enhance each other's action when they swing up and down at the same time. If they do not, they will collide and break the rhythm. Two tuning-forks of discordant rates of vibration, set in action close together, will make no sound. It is possible that the harmonies of color waves may some day be reduced to mathematical tabulation.

Complementary colors, while representing the greatest contrasts, are harmonious; they work together in double-harness. Contrasts, properly used, produce a pleasing effect because they relieve tiring nerve fibrils and give exercise to others anxious to work. Do animals see color? A red flag excites the bull and awakens the curiosity of the antelope. A green or a blue flag of equal luminosity does not do so. Anglers know the value of color in the selection of "flies" in appealing to the whimsical appetites of the indifferent trout. Male birds consider their colored raiment of greater value than form and manners in courtship. Many animals take on the hue of their surroundings, and become less conspicuous to their enemies. The arctic fox is white, the Northern rabbit white in winter and brown in summer. The chameleon has in his skin a great number of little sacs filled with red, yellow, and black fluids, which he can expand at will, thus altering his appearance into red, orange, yellow, olive-green, and browns, according to the proportions of color-pots exposed. He must study the color of his surroundings, then decide how many sacs of red, yellow, etc., he must distend to match the shade. He does not always hit the shade at first, but he soon succeeds. Wonderful, is it not? And yet we see full-grown men expanding with velvet-gowned, long-haired egotism over their superiority as "colorists." Lubbock has shown that ants appreciate color. Probably the keenest color sense is possessed by birds. The proportion of cones is greater in them than in man.

Light and heat are the product of combustion, and are much the same thing. Artists call red, orange, and yellow warm colors, and green, blue, and violet cold. There is actually more heat in the waves of the warm trio than in the cold. Langley constructed a "bolometer" that will

measure the heat in each color wave. Violet, blue, and blue-green rest the brain, while the other colors tend to irritate it. The latter over-stimulate, and soon act as a whip on the tired nerves. So in music, it takes a long time to weary of the violoncello, but a Scotch bag-pipe is enjoyed longest when on the other side of the valley.

COLOR-BLINDNESS

The waves of each color excite vibration in their own set of cones in the retina. Let us assume that each of the primary colors has its own set of cones. Various theories are held, one being that only red, green, and violet cones exist, the other colors being the product of mixtures of these three. Let us return to our pincushion simile, and to the fact that of the 7,000,000 cones, 500,000 are devoted to green, 600,000 to red, 700,000 to violet, 1,200,000 to blue, 1,800,000 to orange, and 2,200,000 to yellow. Then there are 130,000,000 rods which see white, or luminosity, the portion of light not absorbed by a color, but reflected. Let us assume that in an eye, in its making, the 500,000 cones which see green are left out. That eye would be color-blind to green. But it would still have its "rods" which would see the white light that is reflected as luminosity from all green objects, and would see this luminosity as so much gray. A totally color-blind eye would see only shades of gray from almost pure white to pure black. This is to some extent the way a photograph shows a landscape, and the gradations of light and shade are the degree of surface reflection of each color independent of its color waves. Yellow is very luminous, and shows comparatively white in the photograph. Violet is very slightly luminous, and appears very dark in the photograph. The eye that is color-blind in green, if it beheld a yellow-green, would see the yellow with the admixture of gray represented in the luminosity of the green, making a dirty yellow. Green would be shown in a photograph by a gray that is about half-way between black and white. If green-blind eyes looked at a slate roof of a shade resulting from the admixture of one portion of pure blue and one of pure green, they would see the product of admixture of one portion of pure blue and one half portion of medium gray, making a muddy blue—white, black, and blue. If red-blind eyes looked at a scarlet coat, they would see the yellow plus red's luminosity—a medium gray, producing a dirty yellow. But generally there is some sense of a color felt; not all the cones of a color are wanting. Then there will be a tinge of such color in the effect. The scarlet coat would show a little less gray and include some red, making a russet-brown. And in proportion to the brightness of its illumination would the sense of red be greater, just as those who are "hard of hearing" catch sounds that are emphasized.

VARIETIES OF COLOR-BLINDNESS

To the totally color-blind all objects appear in grades of black and white, as in engravings, photographs, and black-and-white monotypes. This form is very rare. Where there is total blindness in one or two colors, most of such cases are in red or green, or both. (See Fig. IX.)

There are many whose eyes can discriminate only the decided colors, neutral shades losing their distinction. Such eyes are at their best with the more luminous colors. They are to sight as the ears of the "hard of hearing" are to sound.

Color-blindness has probably existed ever since the time of Adam, but it has been recognized for only one hundred and thirty years. Those who are color-blind sometimes discover the fact through ludicrous blunders.

The first to describe his own case (in 1774) was the Quaker Dalton, a prominent chemist in England. Attending a meeting of the Society of Friends arrayed in scarlet hose, he nearly received excommunication for his rankly offensive affront, and made matters worse when he denied the charge. He was red-blind. When he received from Oxford the "investment of the scarlet gown," he was able to appreciate the honor, but not the gown. It "looked like the trees" to him. He came near having his name given to color-blindness; but he did not quite measure up to the standard required, as he was blind only in one color. A green-blind admiral in the British navy achieved great popularity at a function in Dublin

by appearing in green trousers, which he supposed were brown. He attributed his social success to his personal charm. A red-blind boy failed as a strawberry-picker because he could distinguish the berries only by their form, and picked green ones with insouciant regularity. A red-and-green-blind architect designed a church showing a green roof, copied a brown house in bluish-green, with the sky rose-color and the roses blue; while recognized as possessing original ideas, he succeeded best in monumental designs. A member of Parliament nearly caused a separation by appearing in red at the obsequies of his wife's mother. A man on trial for murder escaped conviction because a distinguished mathematician contradicted the testimony of a woman who stated that she saw the defendant come from the victim's house wearing a red coat. It created "a reasonable doubt." Attention was drawn to the serious relation of color-blindness to railway and marine service in 1875 by a fatal railway accident in Sweden which was due to the color-blindness of an employee.[1]

Red and green are the most important colors used in signals, and are also the most frequently deficient in the color-blind. To-day employees must have their color sense tested before taking service. Color-blindness is generally a defect from birth and cannot be overcome. It may be caused by shocks, jolts, and the over-use of tobacco. Certain drugs cause temporary color-blindness. Santonin causes temporary blindness to violet.

ART—ARTISTS—AND COLOR-BLINDNESS

Artists are as subject to color-blindness as other men. The writer has tested the color sense of a large number of them,—colorists, engravers, illustrators,—and found an average of one in twenty-two color-blind. As a class they are quicker to recognize varying shades, but a green-blind artist will place a brown skein of worsted with the green as readily as a layman. The possession of an "artistic temperament" bears no other relation to the keenness of one's color sense than comes from close observation and use of color. If an artist's eyes at birth do not possess all color-seeing cones in his retina, he cannot develop them by cultivation.

A poor musician once possessed a harpsichord which lacked a number of strings, and being too poor to get new ones, he acquired much facility in playing tunes that least required the absent notes, and even composed harmonies that avoided the soundless keys entirely. Had he been a Paderewski, his renditions would still have been restricted by an imperfect scale. But a perfect analogy to the artist color-blind would be a perfect piano with the musician deaf to certain notes; in which case he could learn to use such notes mechanically, though not hearing them at all. Nevertheless, his work is handicapped.

Many color-blind artists have attained marked success as engravers and as black-and-white illustrators. It is the general impression that they even have an advantage in these fields of art work. A totally color-blind engraver sees everything in shades of white, gray, and black. He sees only the "values," the luminosity, the percentage of reflected white light of all colors. He does not need to translate color into gray, and it is quite a difficult feat to divest the eye of the obtruding color and see only luminosity. Look at a vermilion coat in the sunlight. Its color dances like heat waves in the eye; the stimulation in the red waves is many times more powerful than in the reflected white. Its voice is like the insistent child's yelling in one's ear while we strive to hear the whisper of an invalid. "Any want of harmony in coloring," said a color-blind engraver quoted by Wildon, "is immediately manifest [to me] by a discord in the arrangement of its light and shade—its effect." Another, quoted by Mackenzie, states: "I see objects at a greater distance and more distinctly in the dark than any one I recollect to have met with."

Such testimony is not convincing, as the one class cannot measure just what the other sees. Furthermore, absolutely total color-blindness is so rare that most men would see more or less color, in which case they would neither see the brilliancies of true coloring nor the actual black and white. They see colors mixed with grays, and get graded muddy impressions. A celebrated wood-engraver, found by the

[1] In the next number of The Century will appear an important article on "Railway Disasters at Night" by Professor George Malcolm Stratton of Johns Hopkins University.—The Editor.

writer to be possessed of a perfect color sense, said he believed his skill in estimating luminosity values, once he had learned his art, was enhanced by his color sense. An artist having learned of his color-blindness, can still read the names on his paint-tubes and arrange them correctly on his palette, and so distinguish red from green; but woe be unto him if he forgets his mnemonics! One artist painted a vivid red tree in a landscape composed of June's green meadows and trees. Though actually a blunder, so wide is the latitude to individuality of expression that it was characterized by a prominent critic as "a charming note of individuality."

We must remember that while a complexion or a landscape may express no red to a color-blind, yet he may see that these shades are different from their surroundings, and note the same peculiarity in his red pigments. A red cow might appear olive-green or russet-brown, depending upon the amount of sunlight upon her coat and the degree of the artist's red-blindness. But his pigments, being of lesser luminosity, would not "hit the eyes" as intensely until he had painted a very much redder cow. Nature is speaking with a trumpet, and his pigments in a gentle whisper. Should the artist reverse the conditions of luminosity, and install the cow in his studio grade of light and hold his palette in the sunlight, he would equalize the respective luminosities, and copy correctly. Here, then, is a pitfall that the color-blind artist can scarcely avoid.

We say that red and green may look alike to a red-blind eye. Yes, in a poor light; but in the glare of the sun the green will appear more brilliant, as is easily explained. He sees green as pure green, and the purer any color, the more brilliant and decided its effect; while he sees red as yellow, white, and black mixed, which produces a muddy olive-green that is less brilliant than pure green. In sunlight the majority of red-blind eyes would obtain some sense of red, just as the partly deaf catch words with an ear-trumpet that are otherwise lost. Red would thus appear russet-brown instead of olive-green.

This, then, is the law: Variations in light illuminating colors do not alter color impression with normal eyes, only intensifying the color sense in brighter light; but with the color-blind they alter the shade itself. This is the key to the puzzling question, "How will the color-blind artist be affected in his painting by his defect?" Pigments can reproduce the vividness of landscapes in their darker shades, but they fall far behind when used to match the sky, the moon, and the glowing sun. Let an artist paint a sunset in the most brilliant luminosity possible to pigments; then, if a Brush light be made to shine through the disk represented by the sun, the eye would see nothing but this light. The moon is many hundred times as bright as the keenest silvery white of pigments, and the sun is 620,000 times as bright as the moon. The sun's candle-power is 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. It is 5,300 times brighter than Bessemer steel when at its greatest white heat. Pigments cannot even compete with one candle-power. It thus becomes necessary in all paintings to lower the key greatly, as a baritone must do with a song written for a tenor voice.

The majority of the color-blind will be color-true in observations of bright natural objects, but still color-blind in pigments. They will be in hopeless confusion when trying to reproduce pure spectral colors. Such are the dancing hues of moving waters, the flashing lights that play in precious stones, the iridescences of the peacock and the humming-bird, the opal and the soap-bubble.

To the red-blind artist the American Beauty rose is a dark-blue speck. The tiger-lily is a yellowish-brown. The scarlet geranium is a russet, with all its brilliancy lost in faded youth. Cherries luxuriating in garnet hues are darker than the verdant leaves, and are known by their form. Cherries are ripe when very dark. The red-brown sumac, glory of the autumnal hillside, slinks into the shadows of a Vandyke brown. The rich, warm glow of the rising sun above the snow-capped Alps would gladden his sense of color to the full; but in his pigments its expression would resemble a dingy moon rising in a dusty air.

Should he essay the treacherous realms of portraiture, his victims would appear much like the faces of the ballet who stand in the flood of a calcium green or blue. The old sailor, with his purplish tan, would be the bluest of them all, rival in hue of his dear old ocean blue. The

poetic exaggerations much used in description of beautiful women would need readjustment.

The artist paints what he sees and feels, —emotional products of impressions gained through a pair of material eyes. They have been his interpreter of nature, and if their tongue has tripped in the telling, he has been led astray, and to that extent the expression of his art is no longer true. Few eyes are perfect. They may, like bent mirrors, distort the view, or focus in front or behind the retina, or have yellowish lenses and partial cataracts, or be color-blind.

The expression of color is the function of art; the fulfilment of the beautiful is the purpose of life; and the determination of the beautiful is the privilege of science.

The expression of color to the color-blind is true to them, but only to them. Could our eyes once behold the invisible rays, the ultra-violet and red, the upper and the lower registers of the color scale —rays which no mortal eye has ever seen, which play about us like invisible ghosts, —we might, perhaps, think ourselves more deficient in comparison with the full range of nature's color scale than the color-blind are to us. But while our color range is only a fraction of the scale, it is true in that part, which the color-blind scale is not.

A PAIR OF WALTZING MICE

BY MARY STOCKTON HUNTER

WITH PICTURES BY ALICE F. SCHRAMM

THERE came to me at Christmas-time a small, white pasteboard box, bright with scarlet ribbon and a bit of holly. It bristled with decorative tags. "This side up!" "Open with care!" *"Critters!"* I heard within the scraping, scuffling sound of something alive. "Japanese mice," said my prophetic soul, and my heart sank down to my boots. For what should I do with the beasties? The alarming question of domicile must be settled upon the spot, before the exciting box could even be opened.

An old aquarium, with oblong, bronze frame and thick plate-glass sides, delight of our tadpole days, had long before disappeared—given or thrown away. What a palace that would have been, and what a dancing floor! The wash-boiler being the only thing that suggested itself, into the wash-boiler the two little creatures were tipped, and my spirits rose at sight of the pretty things, my first pair of Japanese waltzing mice.

These Japanese mice are smaller than our ordinary brown house-mice. They are snow-white, with black splotches at head and tail, no two being marked exactly alike. One will have a black spot on each side of its head, with a white parting down the middle, another a black cheek or a black eye. The delicate noses, tails, and feet are pink. They are the gentlest and most helpless of rodents. One does not understand how creatures so defenseless could ever survive. A sudden dash from danger, such as their brown cousins achieve, seems an impossible effort. They cannot, to save their necks, run in a straight line, but must waver or twist, or spin round on all fours.

The foreigners found all sorts of fault with their wash-boiler: it was too narrow for round dances; they could not see the world through its tin sides. They were most unhappy mice. When, in addition to their very evident disapproval, there came a murmur from below that "that b'iler, mum, would be a-wantin' airly Monday marnin'," I went desperately down cellar, and there, from a dark corner, shone out the old aquarium, grimy, cracked, but with not a glass missing.

Did ever a waltzing mouse have a more charming home? At one end was a bed of soft brown goat's-hair, shaded by a

scarf of blue and white Japanese crape. At the other end was food—three small saucers in a row, one for bird-seed, one for water, one for bread and milk. Between lay a glorious dancing floor of two hundred and forty square inches. What more could a little mouse ask?

Like other pampered worldlings, they slept all day and danced all night. About six o'clock in the afternoon the real aim and object of life began. Turvy was given over to circles, Topsy to figures of eight. I have spent long hours in trying to discover their mode of motion—whether the feet alone are used, or whether the tail plays a part. The dancing is so rapid that, seen from above, it gives one the impression of a whirling white ball, edged with black, and surrounded by dozens of flying feet and tails. The ball's black edging is formed by the dark spots on head and tail. The wild exercise is apparently kept up through the entire night. I have often left them at midnight, with the dancing still going on madly. Next morning there would be visible only a mound of brown goat's-hair and a wrecked ball-room, with bird-seed in the bread and milk, and water in both. Lifting up the goat's-hair, one would then find the two, side by side, fast asleep.

During the daytime nothing can be more uninteresting than their behavior. They rarely show themselves except to scuttle out at long intervals for a sip of water or a seed, turn a single pirouette, and hurry back to bed. Their dislike to sleeping in full light is very marked, so a sheltering scarf is always kept over the nest-end of the aquarium. They are instantly aware of the approach of a human being, and up go their delicate pink noses in the air, wriggling with excitement and anxiety. I have seen them sit up on their haunches, with front paws raised in agonized apprehension, until the fancied danger was over. They are always entirely gentle, but never pleased at being touched, backing out of an enclosing hand, if possible. I have sometimes held my fingers wide apart, touching their floor, and so long as they were kept still, the mice would dance in and out between them. But touch the dancers, and the fun was over.

There came a time when Topsy took a deep, dark interest in tearing up her ball-room floor. The bits of paper were most artistically gnawed—as would be expected of a Japanese—into a fern-like pattern, but they made a terrible litter. "She 's growing a nuisance," we said, and cleared up and threw away the labor of hours. Next day and next there was a heap of the same annoying brown-paper hieroglyphs. The goat's-hair bed was lifted, and out tumbled three tiny, bare mouse-kins. Topsy gave a heartrending squeak and rushed toward the nest. We hastily replaced the goat's-hair, and looked at each other in horror. Before one could turn round the mice had had a family!

A warning word had been said about the advisability of removing Turvy at this period, lest he turn cannibal and prey upon his offspring. So he was hustled into a battered green foot-tub, and kept there for six unwilling weeks. It was pathetic to see the poor little fellow doing his nightly dancing stunt alone, with none to admire. He who had kept himself as white as milk and as smooth as satin grew ragged, unkempt, and forlorn.

Topsy, meanwhile, was a changed mouse. No more figures of eight and wild, rollicking nights. Her whole soul was absorbed by the three hidden, squeaking babies. Her only outside interest was in tearing up paper with which to bank the goat's-hair nest. She domed the hair, and stuffed in a thick circle of paper entirely round its base, leaving open only one small entrance at the back, out of which, when hungry, she slipped to snatch a few bird-seeds. These she carried in her mouth back to the nest before eating, fearful that her children might come to harm.

We were told that the babies must not be looked at, much less touched, for two entire weeks; for the scent of a human hand on the young mice would cause the mother to abandon them. These two weeks were stupid in the extreme. Topsy grew wild and shy, nosing the air for enemies and "scalloping" back to the nest at the slightest alarm. We saw neither mother nor children—only the melancholy Turvy waltzing forlornly in the battered green foot-tub. On the tenth day a nursling, fully clothed in black and white, with its beady black eyes wide open, found its way out. It was immediately hustled back into the nest by its mother, who

thereafter sat in her back door, facing the youngsters and ready to put a stop to any further ventures. By the end of two weeks all three children were out and dancing. Their first attempts were comic, the weak legs wabbling uncertainly, and the gentlest collision sending them over on their backs. Often all three were on their backs at the same moment. They began at once to help themselves to seed and bread and milk, sitting up on wavering hind legs and holding the food prettily with their tiny pink fore-feet.

For six weeks they were not wholly independent of the mother and could not safely be taken away from her before that time. I once saw her nursing them after they grew too large for the nest. She lay on her side, with eyes half-shut, and with ineffable content upon her face as she blinked at the three youngsters, who looked for all the world like a litter of miniature fox-terrier puppies. By the time they were a month old the young mice could dance almost as well as their mother. She was no longer careful and tender, hurling them out of the way right and left as she spun. Violent collisions often happened while the four were circling about. Then there would be angry leaps in the air, and shrill, disgusted squeaks. It is curious to see them bring up from a wild whirl with a sudden jerk, without the slightest symptom of dizziness or exhaustion, to eat a seed.

Drawn by Alice F. Schramm

"NOSING THE AIR FOR ENEMIES"

The mice were so interesting that eager inquiry was made as to their origin. Did they exist in a wild state, trooping out of their holes in the evenings to dance, silver-white, by the light of a Japanese moon? That should be a pretty sight! Or had the clever Japanese, by ages of training, selecting, and interbreeding, produced a race of waltzing rodents whose children danced naturally?

Literature on the subject is painfully scanty—merely a few notes and experiments by zoölogical societies and academies of science, very technical, and incomprehensible to a layman.

I asked help of a learned friend. "The Japanese," said he, "have made pets of these mice for centuries, and the story of their origin and development is lost in Japanese antiquity. It is an abnormal condition of the ear-canals that makes them spin. If a certain canal in an animal's ear be cut, its head will keep wagging from side to side. If another, it will tip over backward. If a third, it will turn forward somersaults."

I inquired of an animal-dealer. "Nervous disease, nervous disease," he said shortly, as he thrust a protesting green-and-red parrot into a flimsy pasteboard box, tied it with inadequate string, and hurried it into the hands of a trustful customer.

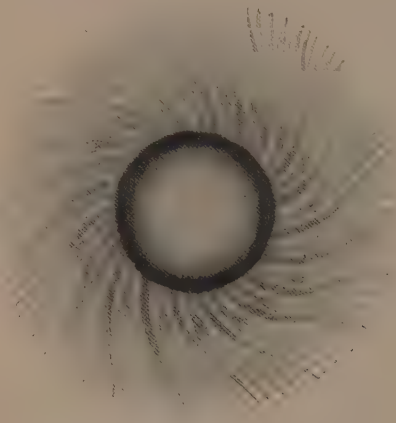
It was incredible that all this wild merriment and apparent enjoyment of life should be due to "queered" ears or to nerves, so appeal was made to the Japanese owner of a bric-à-brac shop. "Oh, yes. I have *my*self collected this little mice when I was young man in *Jap*-an. They are field-mice—live in grain-field. The dance is quite natural, like little pig. You have seen little pig dance so."

This was encouraging, and I went to

a farmer in the big market. Did little pigs ever whirl round and round as if they were on a pivot? Little pigs often did so, especially before a storm, when they were in an excited and playful humor. They would catch a wisp of straw in their mouths and spin like a top, just for the fun of it.

This open-air and common-sense observation of animals by the Japanese and the farmer coincides with my own unscientific but careful five months' study of the mice, and to their opinion I will hold.[1]

Turvy during this strenuous time was such a wretchedly lonely little figure that out of sheer pity I tried the experiment of putting him back with his wife and family. At once a din arose. Turvy rushed at his children and bit all three. Topsy, with the most malignant look I ever saw on an animal's face, flew at her once-loved husband and slit his ear. He was hurriedly removed, amid a chorus of squeaks, and it was hours before excitement died down in the aquarium.



Drawn by Alice F. Schramm

IMPRESSION OF A WALTZING MOUSE

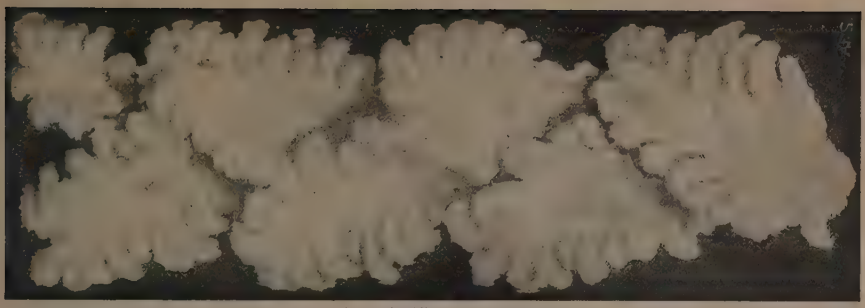
The dependence of the little creatures upon their daily supply of water makes one wonder how the common house-mouse manages always to obtain it. In the morning a single mouse would come scouting from the nest, and finding the water-saucer refilled after the previous night's orgy, would trot back to the others,—"Come, fellows, there 's drink galore,"—and the four would be instantly out. As to food, cheese had no charm, nor crackers nor cake, nor cereals, things with which an ordinary mouse makes havoc. But the seed and soaked bread never palled. Goat's-hair was chosen for bedding because it is loose and pervious to air; cotton or wool will smother the nurslings.

The daily renewal of the pasteboard floor was instantly acknowledged, every mouse beginning to smooth its coat and brush its face, feet, and tail. The tail received special attention, being drawn again and again through the front feet. As a flooring I have tried fine sawdust and various kinds of paper, but on none will they dance so joyously as on a roughish, thick, gray wrapping-paper. It seems to give the necessary hold for the flying feet.

The nearest approach to a tragedy in these happy lives was the sudden appearance of a large black house-mouse. He climbed a neighboring desk in search of the attractive canary-seed, and fell, plunging down among the terrified little dancers. He must surely have been the great-grandfather of all house-mice, so enormous did he look beside the delicate Japanese. Over and over again, in his efforts to escape, he leaped to the very top

[1] Mr. Charles B. Davenport of the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, in response to our request sends us this note on the scientific phenomenon described in this article:

"The inner ear of the dancing mouse has been dissected, and it appears that it lacks the horizontal and one of the vertical semicircular canals. When any vertebrate loses the use of its horizontal canals, it loses at the same time the power to direct its forward movements, and usually it tends to go in loops or circles. A normal person who whirls about several times and then starts to walk tends to go in a curve: the whirling has temporarily affected the working of his canals. He is dizzy, too; but the dizziness is due to the fact that he has canals which are disturbed. An animal that has no horizontal canal will whirl when it begins to walk, but it will not become dizzy. The inability of the mouse to go in a straight line is thus explained by the absence of the balancing and orienting organ. An undirected organism always tends to go in circles or loops, as do men lost in forests or rowing in a fog. Very young animals—pigs, cats, and ostriches—seem to go in circles because they have not yet learned to interpret and follow (unconsciously) the directive signals given by their horizontal canals."—THE EDITOR.



Drawn by Alice F. Schramm

PATTERN GNAWED IN PAPER BY WALTZING MICE

of the aquarium from its floor, a sheer vertical jump of twelve inches, with no preparatory run, while the frightened whites whirled harder than ever. Seeing that he could not quite manage to get over the bronze rim, I found courage to scoop him out with a box-lid, and let him run. For several days after this event the agitation continued unabated.

Even among mice the color-line is drawn. Here were these luxurious whites, every want supplied, filtered water for drinking, bread and milk fresh twice a day, canary-seed shining with cleanliness, and there in the adjoining pantry a trap perpetually set for the obnoxious blacks.

It happened that winter that a club of professional men met one evening at our house. Looking over the third-story balusters, all I could see was a varied assortment of broadcloth legs mounting to the dressing-room. The broadcloth legs hesitated for a moment on the threshold, and then made straight for the corner where the mice were outdoing themselves in wild excitement. Apologies were finally in order in the drawing-room. "Brown, I beg pardon for coming down so late, but I really could n't tear myself away from those funny little animals." "Brown, what on earth do you call those idiotic whirligigs up in the dressing-room?"

As spring approached, the goat's-hair became too cumbersome a bed, so a small pasteboard tube, such as photographs are rolled upon, was given them, with the hope that it might be favorably received, as in the nature of a mouse-hole. After smelling it cautiously all over, as they did everything unfamiliar, the mice decided that it would make a famous plaything. In and out they rushed, round and round after one another, sometimes hopping entirely over it. Then, to please these active searchers after amusement, I arranged two longer tubes as hurdles, each the whole width of the aquarium. The mice seemed to understand at once, hopping over them in turn, backward and forward, until tired out, when they huddled together inside for a nap, a sleepy head out of each end.

When really warm weather arrived, a dealer received my mouse family back again, and I gave up with real regret the merriest, most amusing little creatures for which it has ever been my lot to care.

Drawn by Alice F. Schramm

FAST ASLEEP

THE LONG-FEATHERED FOWLS OF JAPAN

BY BASHFORD DEAN

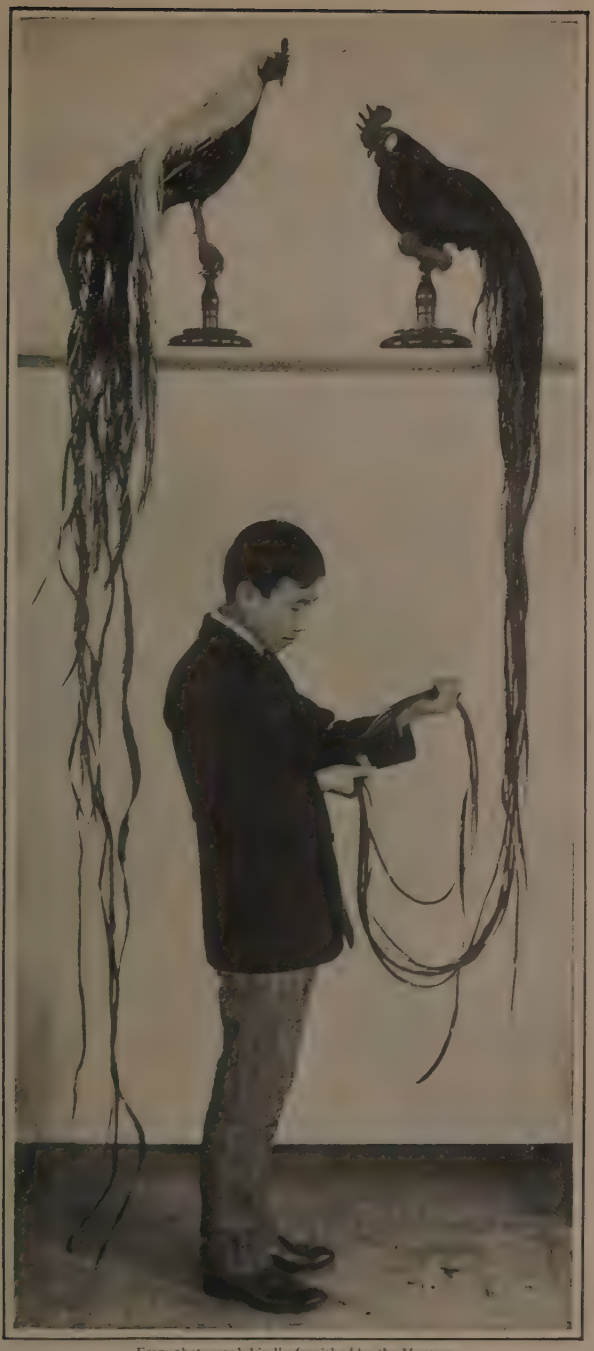
"FOWLS in Japan with tail feathers fifteen feet long? Really, now, you don't expect me to believe *that*. Of course I know the Japanese can raise goldfish with four tails and fruiting apple-trees which one can cover with a hat; but such fowls—hardly! The feathers must be spliced, every mother's son of them!" So said a fellow-passenger homeward bound on a steamer, and I confess I had a good deal of sympathy with the skeptic. I remembered myself a Japanese "mermaid" which obviously was made up of such oddly assorted materials as a mummied monkey and a fish's tail, but so cleverly put together that one could hardly map out the line which joined land and water.[1] And I admitted that when I saw for the first time a feather a dozen feet in length, or eight times as long as a normal one, I took the precaution to scrutinize with a microscope every inch of the rib of the feather to satisfy myself that the monster was an honest one.

These long-feathered fowls, however, are assuredly a fact as far, at least, as the cocks are concerned, for the hens differ in no essential way from ordinary breeds. Occasionally one hears of a poultry show in which there is a cock with tail feathers of extraordinary length, from six to ten feet, and I am told that living specimens were lately exhibited in the garden of a Japanese inn in San Francisco. And at any time one can examine stuffed specimens. Such, for example, one may see in the Cromwell Road Museum in London, and in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. But among the best of all are three superb fowls with tail feathers from thirteen to fifteen feet in length in the Uyeno Park Museum in Tokio. These birds are the winners of first prizes in Japanese poultry shows. In point of longest feathers, I find a record of a cock which found its way into the Imperial Austrian collection whose tail measured no less than twenty feet and two inches.

From the standpoint of a naturalist, the matter of the development of breeds of animals has a special interest. For, in one direction, it is evidently a means of ascertaining to what degree an organism can be modified and to what degree its component parts can be changed through the action of artificial selection. In the case of these Japanese birds it is interesting, too, because the modified structures are brought out only in the male. And here, moreover, the problem of the correlation of parts to the whole is specially noteworthy, the ratio of the increase of one structure in terms of the entire animal being probably unique; for a single tail feather has been made to acquire ten times the length of the animal. Moreover, a feather is so highly specialized a structure that one would hardly predict that it could be still more highly specialized by human agency in the course of a relatively short time.

When I made inquiry in Japan about

[1] The history of these "mermaids," by the way, is interesting. A number of specimens found their way out of Japan shortly after the opening of the country to foreign trade, but for the present they are apparently extinct. Inquiry showed that they were *daimyo no mono* (freely, "curiosities belonging to wealthy collectors"), and that most of them were at least two centuries old! Natural history dealers who are in close touch with preparators investigated the matter for me, and assured me that new specimens are not to be had.



From photograph kindly furnished by the Museum

LONG-TAILED FOWLS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

At the right is a specimen of the breed *Shiro fuji*, at the left one known as *Nikei*. The longest tail feathers measure about twelve feet.

these curious fowls, I learned from my friend Dean Kakichi Mitsukuri of the Science College of Tokio that he, too, had been interested in this breed, but that he had not had the opportunity to examine in detail the matter of its origin and development. He stated that Japanese references to the subject were meager, in view, possibly, of the care which the fanciers have taken to preserve the secrets of their trade. It appeared, he said, that the princes of the province of Tosa had caused the present breed to be developed—*ars magister naturæ!*—for heraldic purposes, for the family crest of these princes had in it long cock feathers, and in feudal times these were used for decorating the ceremonial spears which the retainers carried in their numerous processions. So it came about that, by offers of reward, and by the acceptance of feathers in place of taxes, the farmers of Tosa came to vie with one another in their yearly returns to the feudal chief, and that in process of centuries the length of the feathers gradually increased from five to twenty feet. An interesting outing for me, the Dean concluded, would be a visit to Tosa itself, where I should have the opportunity of seeing the fowls at their best, and of making inquiry as to the means employed in the development of the breed. He arranged, furthermore, with characteristic generosity, that one of the assistants of the laboratory should accompany me.

The province of Tosa is situated on the ocean side of Shikoku, the fourth largest island of the Japanese group. It is fairly out of the way, and has few of the sights which attract tourists. Its capital is Kochi, and to this port a small vessel runs more or less regularly from Kobe. I remember the passage thither, for the reason that the boat was small and crowded, and, as if restive from overburden, it seemed to take a painful interest in rolling suddenly, and in seizing its passengers unawares. Arrived at the wharf at Kochi, my assistant, Mr. Tsuchida, came to me and said, "That is the prince of Tosa standing by the door of the station, and I have learned that he is just on the point of returning to Tokio."

So I looked furtively at the tall, slender noble, who stood there impassive in the midst of a crowd of noisy and hurrying coolies. His face was long and strongly marked, and of the Korean stamp; he was dressed in a light-blue kimono, plain almost to severity. I glanced at his sleeve, expecting to see there, in the usual spot, his family crest of the long feathers. But it was missing. For, in a traveling costume, he had evidently taken a less conspicuous one of the badges of his family. Here, in a moment, then, I had found the man in all Japan who could give me information at first hand as to the object of my visit, and I thought regretfully that I was not to meet him, for the lighter came back from the boat, and my lord Tosa went on his way.

The city of Kochi proved larger than I had expected,—thirty odd thousand,—but it resembled most Japanese country towns I had seen—a long street full of low-browed houses. At one end, on a veritable acropolis, stands the castle of the prince, which, however, since the time of the rebellion of 1868, has been taken over by the city, and it is now used as a town library and its grounds as a public garden. From the base of the building there is a charming view over hill and sea. In the main hallway of the castle, bare enough at present, there had, I have no doubt, been brought many superb Tosa fowls during the past centuries. Within the town itself suggestions of long-tailed fowls were not wanting. Along the main street there were several little butcher shops where some fine specimens of long feathers were shown me. They were rolled up and hung like coils of wire from odd pegs, relics of birds which had been taken apart in the customary way, muscle by muscle, for the local market. So, too, in our inn there were some life-sized colored drawings of these fowls, showing the various breeds, and making a rich decoration for the low-toned screens of finely finished and unvarnished wood.

On the following day we visited the kencho (town hall) and presented our letters from the Imperial University. Incidentally it was my wish to secure some specially good specimens for the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The governor of the province, whom we first met, regretted, like ourselves, that the prince had just left the city, but through some of the gentlemen

From a print by Hokusai in Mr. Samuel Isham's Collection

THE PRIMITIVE FORM OF LONG-TAILED JAPANESE FOWL

of the city office we were able to make our inquiries and meet several fanciers, professional and amateur. Subsequently, as an official courtesy, and herein blessed are the Japanese, we were sent the records of Kochi with regard to the fowls. Talking with the local experts, I was soon told a reason why the breed was developed exclusively in Tosa, for not merely were rewards given for its development there, but there were severe penalties for those who sent the long feathers or fowls from the province. I also learned that the method of rearing the fowls was kept secret, so that the virtue of the breed should ever remain at home.

To one elderly gentleman, Mr. Ota, I am indebted for valuable information as to the practical work of the fancier. He had himself been for many years an amateur, and, like every one else, regretted that the breed is fast deteriorating, since the incentives at the present day are not sufficient to cause a general interest in the selection of birds. From him I learned of the great labor necessary to rear a specimen with well-grown feathers. For at least two years one must give much time to the proper feeding and care of the birds in order to secure the desired length of feathers, and few outsiders are willing to compensate a professional fancier adequately for his time. Added to this difficulty is the risk the fancier runs of the loss or breaking of the best feathers during critical periods of growth.

There can be little doubt, I believe, that Tosa fowls represent an off-shoot of a Korean variety which was derived at an early date from the jungle-fowl of southern Asia. It is possible that it was introduced into Japan not long after the time of the invasion of the Koreans under Jimmu Tenno, the divine ancestor of the present emperor; that is to say, about seven centuries before the Christian era. I am told on good authority that in a drawing made prior to 1000 A.D., a long-tailed fowl is represented as perching on the "Drum of Remonstrance," which was carried in the progresses of the early emperors, to be sounded by any person who wished to declare a grievance. Thus was symbolized the good government of the country, since the drum was so seldom struck that it came to be used as a perching place for birds.

From a print furnished by the Imperial Museum of Tokio

PRIZE SPECIMENS OF JAPANESE LONG-TAILED FOWLS

THE legend in Japanese states: "To-maru (long-tailed cock). A remarkable specimen from Shinowara village, Nagaokanori, Tosa, of the variety known as the Shinowara. In the period of 1830–43 this race was reared in great numbers. The present specimen belonged to Torabé Shimaouchi of Minami Shinomachi, Kochi. Its tail measured 13 feet 5 inches, and had about 20 feathers of nearly equal length. A certain treatise describes the same type of fowl as Korean, but the tail is not so long—3 to 5 feet. . . . The present text is written by Fusatané Tanaka, assisted by Yoshio Tanaka. Drawing by Kiyosen Nakajima. June 12, 1880."

That the long-tailed fowl was early in Japan is credible from the legend, evidently of abysmal antiquity, of Ama Terasu, the Sun Goddess, who, having retired into a cavern, to the intense discomfort of the world, was nearly enticed out again by the crowing of a long-tailed cock,—to remind her, no doubt, that it was her usual hour to appear. Another somewhat ghostly evidence of the antiquity of the breed has been cited in the ho-o bird, which was pictured in Japan as early as the eighth century. This fabulous bird resembled both pheasant and peacock, but it has clearly the tail, and very luxuriant one, of the fowls of Tosa, in which every feather, as the poetical Japanese remarks, resembles a leaf-blade of the mystical bamboo.

As far as I could gather from records, the Tosa breed *pur* does not date earlier than the mid-time of the Ashikaga shoguns, about 1400 A.D., but it is not improbable that the crest of the Tosa family may have been long established before special means were employed to develop the length of the feathers. As far as the distribution of the breed is concerned, it appears that along the Inland Sea, both on the northern and southern sides, it is not difficult to obtain fowls in which there is a tail length of three or four feet; and occasionally, as at Hiroshima, one of eight feet can be found. Whether these, however, represent the source of the special breed of Tosa, or whether they are modern derivatives of it, is a difficult matter to determine.

The common stock of the breed appears to be that which most closely resembles the jungle-fowl—small-bodied, small-crested, and with neck feathers of a rich golden-brown, with reddish back and sides, and with black wings and tail. From such an ancestor the commonest of the three Tosan breeds of long-tailed fowls was doubtless the earliest offshoot. This is the form, called by the Japanese fanciers *hikei* (the flame-colored fowl), of which one sees good examples in Kochi and in the neighboring Inomachi, of Agawa prefecture. Here also is a sub-va-

riety, Naganaki, named from its long-sustained crowing. From this first breed was reasonably derived a form with white back and neck, in which the feathers at the base of the tail droop down on each side in long, white strands suggesting the blooms of *shira fuji,* the white wistaria, after which the form is named. This occurs at Shinohara, Oshinomura, and Takaoka prefecture, and the third variety, which is a pure albino, is called *sagawa* or *shiro* (white). This occurs notably at Sagawa, Takaoka prefecture. Other and numerous sub-varieties occur, I find, but they are readily referred to one of the three foregoing breeds. Specially variable is the coloring of the feathers. In the first race it is the tail feathers themselves which attain the great length; in the second, it is the feathers at the base of the tail; and in another sub-variety it is the feathers in the region of the back of the neck, wing, and wing-coverts which become long.

Of major interest to the fancier is the exact mode by which these varieties have been obtained. It is easy to see how the white variety has been derived as a pure albino type of the first; so, too, it is easy to understand how a partly white and partly dark variety has been developed by crossing. The puzzling feature is always the means of obtaining such extraordinary length in the feather. The following solution is, I think, the most satisfactory one.

It is known that in many kinds of birds certain feathers continue to grow until they are lost by molting, and in all birds it happens occasionally that a feather may be molted at an irregular time. Accordingly, it follows that if fowls can be secured which are irregular in their period of molting, let us say, the tail feathers, these will continue to grow longer for the reason that they have had a longer time in which to grow. From this beginning it is now possible to infer that by a process of carefully selecting and breeding from those fowls in which the molting season is suppressed in certain parts of the body, it would be possible to obtain a variety in which the tail feathers would be much longer than in other fowls. A second but very important part of the process consists in feeding the bird to the maximum degree, in order to stimulate the growth of the feathers. At the same time, the bird should not be allowed to dissipate its energy by leading an active life, or to run unnecessary chances of breaking the constantly growing feathers. Thus I learned from the fanciers at Tosa that it is customary to confine the birds in relatively small cages, and to feed them often and with peculiar food. Details of the latter I was unable to secure, although certain hints were given me as to the virtue of boiled unhusked rice, of an occasional scrap of eel, and of *daikon* (giant radish) leaf. I fancy, though, that any kind of poultry food may be used. But in this regard one is cautious in drawing a hard-and-fast conclusion, because it is known that feathers are subject to modification in various ways dependent upon food. Thus the color of the feathers of certain parrots have been strikingly changed by the South Sea Islanders who feed the birds upon the fat of a peculiar fish. And canary-birds are given a reddish color under special conditions, as by the fanciers in the Hartz Mountains.

In many cases, in order to avoid accident to the long feathers, each fancier finds it, I am told, convenient to coil up the longest feathers, and wrap and tie them carefully in soft paper, so that the bird runs a minimum chance of breaking them. High perches are emphatically advocated. I have been told, not on the best evidence, however, that in some cases the bird is confined in a tight cage so that it is not possible for it to shift its position. In this cramped way, with the tail hanging down behind, a bird is said to be kept penned up miserably for periods of months. Certain it is that under favorable conditions the growth of the tail feathers can be forced by the fancier. Under ordinary conditions, a cock whose tail measures five or six feet will rarely grow longer feathers. For, by active life, it is probable that a gradual molting of these long feathers takes place. On the other hand, molting is more apt to be suppressed by the unwholesome living of a bird during the process of overfeeding. If, accordingly, a cock whose tail feathers are of the normal maximum length is taken in training by a skilled fancier, he can, I am told, stimulate a growth in these feathers at the rate of about six inches per month.

As far as the hens and young are concerned, the long-tailed breed closely resembles the common Japanese one. They are quite normal in matters of activity, laying, and setting. As a dish, however, they are more highly esteemed.

The first growth of the tail feathers occurs in the cockerel at the end of the first year. At the end of the second, the tail measures about four feet in length. At the end of the third, under conditions of active life, the tail may measure as long as seven feet; but after this time a greater length is obtained only through the process of forcing as above noted. The species seen at exhibitions are about six years old.

The beauty of the fowl in the eyes of Japanese critics depends to a large extent upon the number of long feathers which have been obtained. Thus, a cock having twenty tail feathers of twelve feet is of greater value than one which has four feathers of fifteen; and if a longer growth of both the tail feathers proper and the tail-covert feathers can be obtained, the judges are proportionately impressed. On the whole, the variety most highly prized appears to be the pure white one above described; and there is still fresh in the memory of the fanciers in Kochi a matchless bird of this variety which was exported to Paris about 1880.

GUARD-MOUNT

BY JOHN FINLEY

THE night has come, and forth I fare
To post the sentries of my prayer,
Their silent watch to keep where'er
My waking thoughts would be.

Two more shall stand beside their door
Who gave me birth, and two before
Her hut who lights an alien shore
With her love's ministry;

And two shall nightly vigil keep,
To bring us word who nightly weep,
If they do wake from their long sleep,
Beneath the linden-tree;

To every door two more shall go
Where trouble threats, or lurking foe
Waits but the deepening dark to throw
His dart of misery;

And one in silent round I send
From prayer to prayer, his aid to lend,
If there be special need to fend
Against the enemy.

Forth to your posts, my sentinels,
Till matin prayer's reveille-bells
Give you relief, and daylight tells
Where evil shadows flee.

TONNY WONDY

BY ANNIE E. P. SEARING

IT was in connection with business that had to do with the wild lands of the Catskills that I came to stay for a time at Ritchie's in Lost Clove. Ritchie took boarders in summer and made hoop-poles in winter, but kept the post-office in all seasons, whether the wind blew Democratic or Republican. That was by virtue of a comfortable arrangement of family politics, his daughter being of one party, he of the other, and the appointment made accordingly. Every other day when the mail came in—or, rather, was slung in—through the door in winter, by way of the open window in summer, Ritchie and Laura were used to empty its contents on the floor and sit comfortably down to a leisurely consideration thereof, while the stage-driver snapped his whip and swore.

"If here ain't Prissy Slade writin' home to her mother from where she went to work over Pine Hill way, and says on this postal she 's gittin' ten dollars a month! Don't believe it. She ain't wuth it." "I swan to man, Laury, old Slattery 's be'n a-dickerin' with them Philadelphy folks we hed last summer—he would n't never git no letter from that fur off less he 'd wrote. Bet he posted his'n to Big Indian, that last time he went down, so 's we would n't see it."

This would go on until the man on the buckboard had roared them into some semblance of haste. It was on such an occasion that I first came to Ritchie's and saw Tonny Wondy. Arriving at "sortin' " time, and finding myself quite disregarded, I dropped my traps on the front porch, and wandered off up the mountain-side to where a huge wood-pile towered in the air. From behind it came the sound of chopping at deliberate intervals. Rounding the corner, I sat down on a log and watched the man with the ax. He made no response to my greeting; never even looked up. He was tall, gaunt, lantern-jawed, with lackluster eyes and long, straggly hair that curved around behind his ears toward his bristly chin. Although the day was warm and sunny, he had on a coonskin cap, with the flaps turned down, and a worsted muffler wound several times about his neck. He wielded the ax with the regularity of an automaton; but every once in a while he would stop, rest on the handle, and leaning forward, look down the valley with that strange, unseeing expression that had at first arrested my attention.

It was a glorious prospect, all the vivid color of the tree-clad mountain-sides softened into mystery by the pulsing haze, and, threading in and out in the distance, the gray ribbon of the road. Through the stillness, faint and far, came the roar of the stream in the depth of the gorge. Something of the beauty of it all I was moved to express to my neighbor. He answered me never a word, but spat carefully on each of his hands, and resumed his chopping.

At dinner, attended by the dimpled red-haired girl, who was "help," I remarked on the taciturnity of the wood-chopper. Perhaps he was deaf?

"Oh, *him,* Tonny Wondy! No, he ain't deef, he ain't *right.* That 's what 's the matter of him."

The family straggled in one by one, and I found myself seated next the host at the end of the table. Opposite me, on his other side, was the wood-chopper, shirt-sleeved, clean-washed, his gray hair brushed sleek and smooth down on both sides of his face.

"He 's my brother," said Ritchie, with

the casual air of necessary introduction as he gravely tied a bib about the neck of the passive person so described. Indeed, there was a certain air of lofty dignity in the meek abstraction of the man's gaze even in his absurd position, and Ritchie's treatment of him was as inconsistent with the situation. All the choicest bits in the dish he was dispensing seemed to be reserved for Tonny Wondy's plate, and he cut up the food as if it were for a child, helping him generously to vegetables, and finally spreading his bread. At last he pushed his knife and fork over to him, and poked him sharply.

"Now go on and eat, you fool!"

Throughout the meal Ritchie continued to ply his brother with the best there was on the table, accompanying it with a running comment of half-tender abuse, spiced with mild profanity. As for Tonny Wondy, he did not speak a word during the entire meal, nor did he begin to eat until his brother's rough command, nor leave the table till Ritchie untied his bib, wiped off his mouth for him, and started him toward the door.

"What the devil!" Ritchie cried out suddenly, catching sight of the fur hat and muffler. "Come back here! What you got them things on for? and on a hot day like this!"

The man that "was n't right" shuffled vaguely back at this order, and submitted like a puppet to being unrolled from the muffler and unhatted. When more suitable head-gear had been substituted, he appealed to his brother.

"Be I warm?"

"Lord, man! you 're sweatin' like a tinker! 'T ain't winter!"

Tonny Wondy smiled wonderingly, and made a kind of gurgling noise of apology.

"Kinder thought 't was," he said.

The next day I was up before dawn and out on the mountains. I did not get back till after four in the afternoon. Ritchie was away, they said, and going into the kitchen to remove my muddy boots, according to the code of household etiquette, I found Tonny Wondy warming his hands over a lighted candle. Mrs. Ritchie's voice floated in from the milk-room scolding vigorously about something gone wrong. The red-haired girl came in with a pan of milk, which she set carefully on the back of the stove as an initial step toward cheese.

"When Jenny gits them fretty spells,"—Jenny being the mistress—"and Ritchie 's away, it just sets the fool more 'n ever off his base. Such a day as we have had!"

"And what 's up with the house of Ritchie?"

"Well, after Tonny Wondy 'd eat his dinner, he must have got it into his fool head that it was supper he 'd had,—sometimes he gets the time mixed up that way,—and he went up-stairs and went to bed. That would n't have mattered if he 'd stayed there, but by and by down he comes all dressed, and insists on its being morning, and wants his buckwheat cakes. No one can't get the notion out 'n his head but that it 's the break of day. I wish to goodness 't Ritchie 'd come on home and Jenny 'd shut up!"

Poor Tonny Wondy made me think of nothing so much as a ship dismantled and without a rudder, adrift. It must once have been a staunch, brave craft, too, for it still preserved in its wreckage a touch of beauty and strength. It was Ritchie who steered and guided him, watching over him like a second self when he lost his moorings. If the sound of chopping ceased for long and Ritchie failed to locate him, disaster was pretty sure to follow. In the middle of the morning the *tink-tank* of cow-bells might come sounding through the woods, and Tonny Wondy come driving the cows home for the evening milking. Then would Ritchie wake the echoes with his oaths of protest, and deepen the blue haze with the color of his language, as he turned back the herd and set the fool on his true course again. Thus might he behave in the guidance of his derelict, but so might no one else! Not even Jenny, in one of her "fretty spells," or his daughter, tried by the exigencies of her duties as post-mistress, could show impatience toward his fraternal fool without an immediate outbreak on Ritchie's part to which the thunderings of Jove would seem but the patterings of raindrops.

Tempted by the red-haired girl and a spirit of mischief indigenous to youth, I finally committed a folly against Tonny Wondy that caused me keen contrition. I liked to tease the red-haired girl, to make her dimple, and bridle, and toss her head.

Engaged in this occupation one day, a sudden impulse prompted me to say, "Why in the world don't you get married?"

"Nobody 'd have me, would they?"

"There 's always Tonny Wondy, you know."

"Well, ask him,"—this with a peculiarly coy toss.

I lost no time in getting an answer from the client in question, but it required heroic effort to capture his attention. He seemed to come back from a distance slowly, and then he fixed his pale blue eyes on me.

"Married—get married?" he said wistfully. "Yes, that 's just what it was I was goin' to do—get married."

Without more ado he dropped his ax, went straight to the house, and shuffled up to his room.

Ritchie came by and by, and we sat about the stove talking and smoking. Night was falling, and the nip in the air promised frost. We had forgotten all about the offer of marriage when suddenly the red-haired girl, turning in her journey from table to stove, and back again, gave a wild giggle and stood transfixed.

By the hall door stood the idiot, attired in an ancient black broadcloth suit, a high hat that went out of fashion in the sixties and looked as if the calf had licked it, and on his hands a pair of kid gloves that had once been white, but were now yellow with age.

"What the—where you goin'!" shouted Ritchie, as he looked. The figure in the doorway seemed fired with a new resolve, his face between the stringy locks beaming with something like intelligence, and he answered without stammer or hesitation:

"Goin' to git married!"

"God's sake!" Ritchie spoke with a kind of awe at this new aberration of his brother. "To what?"

"To her," with a nod toward the red-haired girl.

The girl at this point gave a shriek of mingled laughter and terror, and fled to the back shed. And well it was that she did, for such a storm of wrath and vituperation as now broke over the house bade fair to annihilate all who came within its range.

Later, when the moon had risen over Slide and was pouring a flood of white light down the valley, I made my peace with Ritchie. It was out by the woodpile, on my favorite log, where we were sitting, while Tonny Wondy, restored to his old clothes and his usual vacuity of mind, made sounding reverberations with his rhythmic choppings.

"'T ain't so much his bein' an idjit," Ritchie reflected, as he knocked out his pipe and prepared to reload from my pouch, but he wa' n't that way when he was young—no more 'n you be." I scanned his face to see if any sinister meaning spiced his remark, but he appeared guileless. "Fact is," he went on, "he was the brightest of the lot of us till he 'd been to the war. Yes, young man, that 's what he done, 'listed 'mongst the first, and fit in twenty battles. Next time you want to laugh at Tonny Wondy think of that! Twenty battles! He wa' n't no shirk nor no fool then—'cept about his girl. He 'd went and got engaged, it seemed, to a kind of skittish piece out to that place where he worked—place 't gave him the nick-name 's stuck by him ever since."

"Tonawanda?" I suggested.

"Call it what you blame please," Ritchie waved impartially, "and when he come home from the war, he could n't hardly wait to get back there to marry the girl. He got himself fixed to kill, went the hull figger when he 'd drawed his pay—new black suit, stove-pipe hat, and all. When he got out there he found she 'd went clean back on him—married somebody else, and then gone to the bad. Seemed to break him right up. He come on home and slouched round a spell, and then one day he went over there to the ravine and jumped off the deepest place. Did n't seem to kill him—only kind of concussed his brains, and left him like you see."

Ritchie and I puffed awhile in a silence that could be felt. Tonny Wondy had stopped chopping, and stood leaning on his ax. He appeared not to have heard one word of what his brother had been saying. His cheeks were shiny with unwiped tears, and he was gazing off over Hemlock Mountain into other worlds.

"That 's where 't is," said Ritchie, as he spat reflectively at a protruding stick in the pile; "'t ain't even 's if he 'd be'n born a fool. That 's why I won't stand no monkeyin' round him. This ain't no *funny* business! Poor ol' boy!"

FROM SLAVE TO KING

HAYTIAN RUINS THAT TELL OF THE REIGN OF CHRISTOPHE THE CRUEL

BY ERNEST E. JOHNSON

WITH PICTURES BY E. C. PEIXOTTO, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WE were to have a military escort! So imposing did this sound that instantly the ship's official household grew envious. New interest attached to the expedition to the interior of Hayti, now that it was known that the government had imposed an armed guard upon us. Obviously it must be an undertaking beset with unknown dangers. Perhaps brigands lurked in the island fastnesses, ready to pounce upon the expedition and to hold it for ransom.

But once we got a look at the escort, the conviction came that it was not a military display about which there was reason to boast; nor did it appear so formidable as to afford protection from the perils of brigandage. There was reason to suspect, indeed, that the government was resorting to this official exaction for the sole purpose of extorting a few American dollars, and this suspicion was not allayed by the later discovery that the furnishing of military escorts to foreign travelers desiring to explore the island was one of the presidential perquisites.

The escort was composed of a single barefoot negro, so black that he fairly glittered, rigged up in the remnants of gaudy military trappings that appeared to be on the verge of dissolution, and carrying an old Springfield rifle the like of which is rarely seen outside of a museum of war relics. It probably had not been fired in forty years, and if that military escort had had the hardihood to indulge in such a hazard there surely would have been a vacant place in his ranks. The Captain strongly advised him to try the merits of the ordnance relic, but he modestly declined, probably having a family dependent on him for support.

Our destination was Melot, a small village twenty miles from Port-au-Prince, where our ship had put in. As near as we could gather from the natives, the trail led almost directly toward the interior. We had been informed that scant courtesy might be expected from the semi-savage natives of the interior, and therefore we carried four days' rations. We were provided with a sort of improvised presidential passport, informing any inquirer that we were two citizens of the United States, and that the object of the expedition was to explore the ruins of the palace and citadel of King Christophe—the only real king, by the way, that has ever flourished on this side of the Atlantic.

We set out at five in the morning in light marching order, with the tatterdemalion military escort making the pace. His bare black feet seemed peculiarly adapted to the sandy trail, and, as the day was hot, he carried us forward at rather a faster rate than we relished. Our route took us through half a dozen straggling hamlets, and the natives, to the last man, woman, and child, turned out for inspection. The military escort informed us that many of the pickaninnies were probably getting their very first peep at a white man. The matter of styles in clothing did not worry them. As we passed through one village, an ebony little chap trotted along in our

wake, under a huge straw hat, but otherwise unhampered by conventions of raiment. To us that hat made him appear to be vastly over-dressed, when compared with the other small villagers.

It was late in the evening when we marched into Melot, weary and foot-sore. There we spent the night with a kindly French priest, who was a reservoir of Haytian history, though confessing that, in the absence of records, he had found endless difficulty in drawing the line between authentic history and native traditions surrounding the ruins we had come to see. In the mellow tropical moonlight he pointed out the dim outlines of the king's palace "Sans Souci" on the plateau to the west of the village. The huge stone gate-posts at the entrance to the palace grounds stood out like ghostly sentinels. The next morning, at four, accompanied by the friendly priest, we set off for the citadel, which could be faintly seen, perched on a mountain peak five miles away and three thousand feet above the level of the tropical valley. As we clambered up the steep mountain path, the path sometimes narrowed down to less than a foot in width, and a misstep meant certain death on the jutting rocks far below. The military escort had a distinct advantage over us, for his bare feet clung safely to the shelving rock. We flattened ourselves against the rocky wall, and crept along with the utmost care, not daring even to look over the edge. Once the escort knocked a loose stone and a bit of earth over, and our hearts stopped work as the dislodged fragments clattered ominously on the rocks hundreds of feet below us. The Captain said afterward that he was morally certain the Haytian "army" had fallen overboard.

Among the natives there is a popular belief that this narrow and perilous path up the mountain to "La Ferrière" was originally a magnificent boulevard up which the black king, in the heyday of his reign, was wont to drive in a coach-and-four, and that an earthquake which shook the island seventy or eighty years ago all but buried the royal boulevard under a rocky avalanche. There is no record on the island to support this tradition; but the trail must have been considerably wider in the beginning, for the heavy guns in the citadel were all hauled up by this route.

Once at the top of the peak, we came sheer against the crumbling, vine-clad walls of the stronghold, which is called "La Ferrière," in memory of the French military engineer and architect who planned it nearly a hundred years ago, and then forfeited his life to the barbarous king because of his knowledge of the secrets it sheltered. It was there that Christophe meant to take refuge when hard pressed by an enemy. He believed it to be impregnable, and, indeed, it must have been well nigh so in his day.

Little or nothing is known of the early life of this savage monarch who in 1807, three years after the assassination of President Dessalines, proclaimed himself Henri I, King of the North. He was a full-blooded negro, and began life as a slave in the service of a French nabob at Port-au-Prince. In his youth he became valet and confidential agent for his master, and in this capacity picked up what little education he had. Half a dozen West Indian towns lay claim to his nativity, among the persistent claimants being St. Christopher and St. Croix. He was probably born at Grenada, British West Indies, in 1767. His biographers make the most divergent statements about him. A French writer has him a soldier in the American Revolution, but this seems to be a mere flight of fancy, for Christophe could not have been more than nine or ten years old at the beginning of that war. On the death of his French master, he was sold to a tavern-keeper at Cape Haytien, who installed him as a cook.

Christophe had hardly more than got his pots and pans warm before there came, in 1790, the uprising of the blacks that was destined to put an end to French domination in Hayti. With the first outburst, Christophe threw off the yoke of slavery and ran away. Joining the straggling and unorganized insurgents, he fought in the ranks as a common soldier, but not an inconspicuous one, for he stood six feet four. It was a sort of guerilla warfare, and in this he was not long in demonstrating his skill. Toussaint L'Ouverture, the revolutionary leader, one day sent for the giant soldier and conferred on him the rank of brigadier-general. Up to this time he had ranked

only as the leader of a small band of ragged insurgents. He was now placed in command of a force of 3000 men at Cape Haytien, and soon demonstrated to L'Ouverture his skill in the art of making war. When the town was attacked by a superior French force under General Leclerc, brother-in-law of Napoleon I, Christophe made a stubborn defense against big odds, and then showed his genius by sacking the town and evacuating it in the night, leaving the enemy to "hold the bag." In 1803 Christophe allied himself with Dessalines, who had succeeded L'Ouverture in leading the revolt when the latter was captured and taken to France as a prisoner of war. More than three years of conflict followed before the insurgents succeeded in freeing the island from French rule. In 1806, Dessalines was chosen first president of the new republic and Christophe was placed in command of the army. Dissensions speedily arose, and in 1807 Dessalines was assassinated. Christophe, who was immediately chosen to succeed him, is said to have employed the assassin.

But the title of president could not satisfy the cravings of the ex-slave. He had visions of a Western empire over which he would rule with an iron hand. There was to be an end of revolution under Henri I, "King of the North." He waited only until he had his forces well organized, and then proclaimed himself king. He made the crown hereditary in his family, and instituted a hereditary nobility; for his was to be no mean little monarchy. He saw to it that it should have all the tinsel and splendor of the ones he had heard of across the seas. In 1812 he was solemnly crowned and began the organization of his court, which was to be modeled after that of the French kings. He created noblemen galore,—princes, dukes, counts, and earls, —one of them being the "Duke of Marmalade," who, a few years later, yearning for greater things, took the lead in a conspiracy that put an end to the little monarchy and sent Christophe to his fathers.

It must not be understood, however, that this tinsel king was wholly destitute of the qualities that go toward the making of a monarch. Cruel and half-savage as he was, he worked for the betterment of his little kingdom. He did what he could to promote education in the island, and proclaimed the freedom of the press. He even framed a code of laws, which he dignified with the title of the "Code Henri," following closely the lines of the "Code Napoléon."

It is to the overweening ambition of Christophe that the Western world owes those two remarkable ruins, the palace of Sans Souci at Melot and the mountain citadel of La Ferrière. He summoned M. La Ferrière, a French military engineer who had landed on the island some years before and had joined the revolutionary forces under L'Ouverture. Tradition says that Christophe took La Ferrière up the steep mountain overlooking the sea, and asked him if a citadel could be built there that would be able to resist all the armies of the world, and that the engineer replied that it was not impossible, but would require the labor of five thousand men for at least two years.

"Then let the citadel be built," replied the former valet right royally.

It mattered not that the building of the palace at Melot had more than beggared the royal treasury, for Christophe levied on his subjects at will, and compelled them, under penalty of death, to toil for him as slaves, sparing them only the name. So the blacks fell with a will to the building of the fortress. La Ferrière first clipped off the peak of the mountain, and the thousands of tons of rock thus obtained were used in constructing the outer wall, which is twenty feet thick in most places, and more than a hundred in height. This outer wall slants inward so as to continue the contour of the mountain cone. The peak was cut down until there was a level space on top of about three acres and nearly circular in shape. Then began the real work of construction. La Ferrière's original plans had been approved by Christophe, but, fearing these might be slighted, the king assumed personal direction of the work.

At the gateway of the citadel we were met by the "garrison," a gaudy Haytian general, with a quantity of brass and other hardware hanging about his person, and two barefoot soldiers armed with antique muskets. The garrison was quite as imposing as our military escort when the general commanding marched out of

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE HAITIAN VILLAGE MELOT, AS SEEN FROM THE RUINS OF "SANS SOUCI"

In the foreground are seen the massive pillars of the gateway, and the walls of the circular ball-room.

the sally-port, a-clatter with his trappings, to meet the expedition and inspect the passports. Behind him stood his black army, looking as if it was badly scared about something. This sally-port is the only means of reaching the interior of the citadel. Its heavy doors are of logs of native hardwood. They are six inches thick, and are studded with huge iron bolts, so as to resist an attack with battle-axes. Inside the doors is a great circular vestibule, within the dark stone walls of which were concealed small cell-like retreats with loopholes. If a hostile force had succeeded in gaining entrance through the great doors of the sally-port, the hidden riflemen could have annihilated it speedily; for they had complete command of the vestibule. In the rear of this, another huge door swings open upon a wide court, and through this is reached the citadel proper. There a dry moat and a medieval drawbridge, long since fallen a rotten ruin into the moat, tell the story of how Christophe expected to save himself from an enemy who might succeed in silencing the twenty heavy guns commanding the mountain-trail approach in front of the sally-port and in breaking down the outer doors of his stronghold.

Across the moat and wide court is reached another vestibule, and it is from this that galleries lead to the batteries in

the outer wall. Access to the citadel proper and its terre-plein can be had only by way of these galleries and battery-rooms. From them run many narrow, winding stairways, all loopholed and arranged for a stubborn defense in case an enemy should ever succeed in penetrating so far. Beneath the stone floors of the galleries are the store-rooms in which Christophe is said to have kept provisions sufficient for a thousand men for three years. They are hewn out of the solid rock, and are as clean and dry to-day as they were in the days of the slave king's reign. The northern half of the structure is occupied by great cisterns to hold the rain-water collected from the roof. These have a capacity of hundreds of thousands of gallons, and even now they are well filled with fresh, clear water.

Christophe's secret room, where he might seek final refuge from an attacking enemy, is beneath the terre-plein. It has no windows, but there are three doors, one of which leads to another small room carved out of the solid rock. This was the king's treasure-room. Remnants of heavy, iron-bound chests still litter the floor, and these have given rise to the popular belief that somewhere in the citadel lies hidden a vast royal treasure. This accounts for the fact that the government thinks it necessary to maintain a garrison there—the general and the two soldiers.

In the center of the terre-plein stands the stone sepulchre that Christophe built for himself. Whether his body found its final resting place there must ever remain a mystery, as must also the manner of his death. The priest said there was reason to believe that Christophe was assassinated in 1820 by some of his own royal guard during a mutiny in the citadel, and that his body was cast over the parapet. A tradition of the island holds that the king, fatally ill, deserted by his best men, and in momentary dread of

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE RUINS OF CHRISTOPHE'S PALACE "SANS SOUCI," NEAR MELOT, HAITI

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PART OF THE NORTH WING OF LA FERRIÈRE, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SLAVE KING

The building in the foreground with the cross was built for Christophe's tomb.

assassination, put an end to his own life. According to this, he had himself placed in a bath of red pepper in order to muster up strength and courage for the deed. With this nerve-preserver inspiring him, he is said to have shot himself through the heart. A few credulous Haytians add to this the belief that the king's body was dumped into a shallow grave from which wild animals soon dug it up. But there is nothing in the fragmentary records of the island to give the slightest tinge of truth to any part of the tradition.

If it be true that Christophe was hurled over the parapet by mutinous soldiers, it was truly the irony of Fate, for on the day the citadel was completed he had La Ferrière thrown from the highest point of the outer wall. It is said that he summoned the engineer-architect to him as he stood on the parapet overlooking the valley far below. With the king was a detachment of his most trusted guards.

"What would happen to a man if he were to jump from this parapet?" the monarch is said to have asked.

"He would be dashed to pieces on the rocks," replied La Ferrière.

"Then try it—jump!" instantly came the royal command. When the Frenchman refused, the soldiers seized him and pitched him from the wall. A score of others were hurled over the parapet and their bones left to bleach on the rocky shore, for Christophe was determined that no living man except himself should know the secrets of the citadel.

The priest took us through the great battery-rooms, and showed us more than three hundred heavy guns of the type in

rogue among world powers a country of many ages. They were molded of brass and bronze—chiefly the latter—by English, French and Spanish makers. Where and how Christophe came by them must remain a secret of the crumbling walls where they lie. It is known, however, that they were transported from Cape Haytien to the citadel at a frightful expenditure of human life. Even yet these ancient guns look warlike and formidable, with their shape of solid silver just back of their curious muzzles.

The general and his garrison kept a sharp lookout as to the movements of strangers through the sally-port of the stronghold until the starched sun and stunted palms of the mountain could no longer be seen. They appeared to be vastly relieved by our departure, and were at the gate to speed our feet. The priest explained that too many white men were permitted to behold the ruin lest they might hasten its decline and perhaps carry off the sapphire treasure that rests by Christophe. That would not help matters any, for government did not favor a movement to have a mountain spirit come to watch the garrison and see that it did not make way with the hidden gold.

After an ascent in the valley of Milot most travelers visit the ruin of Christophe's palace at Sans Souci, a majestic ruin looking down from a grassy plateau; below it the straggling cabins of a hamlet that is strangely out of keeping with its regal neighbor. Walled in on three sides by tree-clad mountains, the columns, terraces, and galleries of the noble old ruin stand out a dazzling white against the tropical green of the forest. The roof is crumbling in, columns have been riven by earthquakes, and cracked walls honeycombed by the wild vines and weeds of the tropics. The four massive stone towers at the entrance to the royal demesne are deeply seamed and starred with age, but they still stand firm on their foundations. The main part of the palace is rectangular in shape and three stories in height. In front of this is a wide porch with an imposing flight of steps at each end, and supported by a broad stone arch beneath which is a fountain that, in the days of Christophe, was fed by a never-failing mountain stream. To right and left of the main part of the palace are flanking wings two stories in height, paved floor and rear with huge stone columns. To the left, and a little in front, is a great circular building connected with the palace by a covered way.

"That was Christophe's state ball-room," explained the priest. One could almost fancy he heard the ghostly ragtime beloved of the Haytian king and his court in the stone floor.

A SALUTE WITH THE OLD CANNON IN THE FORTRESS LA FERRIÈRE

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

I

A CRISIS in the financial world of California kept the men who were employed in the Palmas Valley Bank of Valdivia hard at work for several hours after the usual closing time. Nathaniel Mar never came home in these days without bringing a black leather bag full of papers, to work over in the dining-room.

He had his big desk in there, because Mrs. Mar thought it out of place in the parlor, though the parlor was the quietest room in the house, and the least used, whereas the dining-room was the most frequented quarter of the modest establishment, and the very place where both the big desk and the big man who sat before it were most in the way.

For here the family not only ate their meals, but here, in Mrs. Mar's rocking-chair, the screams of the infant daughter were drowned in milk or overcome by sleep; here the two small boys were taught letters and manners; here, on their mother's work-table, was reared the ever-renewed mountain of "mending," and here were the walls that oftener than any other looked down upon the struggles of the mistress with the "single-handed help," a succession of Irish or Scandinavian girls who came, saw, conquered some of the china, and departed.

This concentration of family life in the dining-room was not peculiar to the Mars. Valdivia, all California,—indeed, all the States,—were full of houses where the shut-up parlors bore dumb witness to a social habit that was become mere tradition.

The forebears of these people, especially those German, French, or Spanish, had need of a room where they might receive their friends and talk to them at their ease; but in their descendants this much-chastened need had taken on the air of an indulgence, and was shrinking out of sight.

It is true that even the less well-to-do, summoning all their strength, sometimes "gave parties," but few houses encouraged the cheerful custom of having friends "drop in." So there was no more useless room in any dwelling than the parlor. Yet so great was the power of this tradition of a lost hospitality, that people who had almost nothing else over and above the grimmest necessities, still had their parlor. Discomfort and cramping of every kind were stoically borne that the sacred precincts might be preserved inviolate. For what? Nobody ever asked.

So, then, in the dining-room sat Nathaniel Mar even on this fine Sunday afternoon, when, as a rule, the desk was shut and the owner gone to potter in the garden. But the exigency was great, and for once even the Seventh Day had brought no rest. As he sat there, bent over the desk, the light fell with such harshness on the man's foreshortened features under the unkempt mop of prematurely graying hair, that one would not easily have believed him to be under forty-odd.

He was not yet thirty-five. The deep line that dropped from the side of each nostril, to lose itself in the heavy dark mustache, gave to his face a stricken and weariful air. Besides, he sat crooked, with one [illegible] than the other. You saw the reason of that when he got up to shut out the [illegible] fire-irons that came in through the inch of open door opposite the one leading into the hall. Before rising, Mar had felt for his walking-stick, and any one who noticed how heavily he bore upon it, in

limping over the worn carpet, knew why it was that one of his great shoulders was pushed awry.

In returning to his seat, he made the same detour that had carried him to the kitchen door, carefully cruising round the pitfall presented by half a yard or so of extra dilapidation in the yellow-brown carpet. If you looked closer at what his avoidance made more noticeable, you would see that a less faded piece had been tacked over a part hopelessly worn and mended, and how even this newer square had despairingly let go of the tacks that held it, and had been kicked up by some foot less considerate or more courageous than Mr. Mar's. The superimposed piece sat now, in a frayed, ragbaggy condition, gaping with despair, ready, like some beggar *in extremis* by the way, to lay hold on the first unwary foot that passed.

The entire room wore that indescribable air of settled melancholy for which no one thing in it, not even the carpet, seemed quite ugly or uncomfortable enough to account. The furniture was heavy and old. Upon the walls, besides two or three reconnaissance maps, were some inoffensive prints. A "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" hung high between the two windows, and underneath, in oval gilt frames, were companion pictures of Mar's mother and of his father, for many years pastor of Valdivia's First Presbyterian Church.

On the opposite wall a good engraving of Lincoln was flanked somewhat incongruously by a photograph of a buxom young woman, with a group of girls behind her—Mar's wife, in her school-teaching days, with her class. Besides these, an old view of the Lake of Geneva; a print of Cromwell; and, on the wall behind Mar's revolving-chair, an engraved portrait, bearing underneath it the inscription: "John W. Galbraith, President Rock Hill Mining Co."

Even if these adornments were of a very mild description, they at least covered several feet of the marbled yellow paper, which apparently had been chosen (and chosen a good while ago) to "go with" the hideous grained woodwork. That it did "go with" that peculiarly perverse soiling and smearing of inoffensive surfaces may not be denied. It went far. It arrived at such a degree of success that all the little room irradiated a bilious yellowness, "clawed" with muddy brown.

The very atmosphere was not left as nature sent it in at the window. It halted upon the sill and changed color, like one who gets wind of ill news. The moment it penetrated beyond the holland shades it turned sick, and overflowed the room in dirty saffron.

It might well be wondered why any creature who was not obliged to, should come here. Yet the defeated-looking man at the window did not lack high companionship—sunset and the dawn, the call of the winds, clouds of majesty, and mists of silver; and not these alone. Day-dreams penetrated the sullen walls. Here, where the rudest immigrant would not long abide, fair visions made themselves at home—"exultations, agonies"; a field here for the unconquerable mind no more unfit than many another for the long battle men call life.

On this particular July afternoon Nathaniel Mar had no sooner shut out one order of disturbance than another penetrated the room from a different direction.

"Sigma!" a loud, clear voice was calling from the region of the stairs—"Sigma!" and again, "Sigma! Have you set the table? Sigma-a-a!"

Nathaniel Mar wrote on.

The door opened suddenly, and in came a brisk, rather handsome, dark-eyed woman, with an infant on her arm. Singularly enough, the child seemed to be as little interrupted in its occupation of sleeping as the father in his writing. There were certain sounds to which both were inured: among others, Mrs. Mar calling "Sigma" or "Kate" or "Jane." But when she stopped short near the threshold and asked, "Where is that girl?" Mar, without raising his eyes from his paper, made a little motion toward the door he had just shut. "I should think," he said quietly, "she was probably breaking up the kitchen stove."

Before he finished speaking, Mrs. Mar had opened the other door, and again called "Sigma!"

"Yes—yes." In rushed a little, white-headed Swede from fourteen to fifteen years of age, her sleeves tucked up, her coarse gown tucked up, her fair skin showing vividly a sooty mark across her

forehead, which she had smudged down her nose and finely shaded off into the red of her cheek.

When Sigma was calm and collected, she walked the floor as if it were a ploughed field; when she was agitated, she did not walk at all. She plunged. Sigma was agitated now.

"Coom!" she said, lifting a bare elbow toward the kitchen as another person might point with a finger. "Coom!" and turning heavily, she was about to plunge back into her special domain.

But Mrs. Mar arrested her: "Why have n't you set the table? Look at the time." She pointed.

Sigma paused and thought. Following the index finger, she recognized the clock; looked inquiringly from it to the lady, and then suddenly felt she understood, a thing of almost exciting infrequency. She scuffled good-naturedly across the room, picked up the heavy timepiece, and was in the act of handing it to Mrs. Mar.

"Let the clock alone! Put it down, I say! What will she do next? The table—table"—she beat upon it briskly with her one free hand,—"*supper!*"

"Oh, soopra!" said the girl, setting down the clock and lurching hurriedly toward the kitchen.

"Stop! Don't you understand you have to set the table earlier to-day? Before—you—go—out—your evening. Understand? Your friend calls for you at six." She indicated the hour on the clock's face. "Takes you—Heaven knows where. *She* does n't forget, if you do. *Your evening out.*" As Sigma only stood and stared dully, Mrs. Mar dropped into the rocking-chair with: "I foresee this girl will drive me demented."

Sigma embraced the opportunity to shuffle toward the door again.

"Where you off to now?" called Mrs. Mar. "You can't go till you 've set the table. Here!" Still with the well-inured infant sleeping on her arm, Mrs. Mar, remarking in a conversational tone that she was "certain she should go mad," pulled open the sideboard drawer and took out the table-cloth. "Put this on—*straight,* for a change. Then the mats."

The mistress's eye falling suddenly upon that deplorable place in the carpet, she was forcibly reminded of the little copper-toed boots that had wrought the havoc.

"What are they at now?" she said half to herself, as she crossed the room; and, craning her chin over the sleeping child at her breast, she guided the toe of her shoe under the tacked bit, stroking down the darned tatters underneath, before she straightened and trod flat the outer layer. Each time thereafter that she crossed the troubled area, her foot, half-impatient, half-caressing, encouraged the patch to lie still. "What keeps those children so quiet? Don't you understand? Little boys—Tren and Harry, and Jack Galbraith—where are they?"

"Oh, Yack! He—" Sigma, with great action of hip and elbow, splurged over to the window, and motioned away across an empty lot.

"What, *again?* Here,"—Mrs. Mar wheeled upon her husband,—"you must hold the baby a moment. If I lay her down, she 'll wake up and scream."

As Mrs. Mar hastened out through the kitchen, you could hear that she paused an instant to exclaim aghast at something she found there.

Mr. Mar had accepted the charge with a curious tranquillity, making the infant comfortable in the hollow of his left arm. Then he went on with his writing.

Sigma returned to the intricate task of setting the table. She did it all with an excited gravity, as if she were engaged in some spirited game, putting down plates, knives, and forks with an air of one playing trumps, and yet not quite sure if it was the right moment for them. When she had placed the straw mats with mathematical precision, she drew off proudly, to get the full splendor of effect. When it came to dealing with the sugar bowl, she glanced at Mar's bent head, and helped herself to a lump, became furiously industrious upon the strength of that *solatium,* and plunged after spoons and cups. Whenever she made a clatter, she stopped sucking, and glanced nervously toward Mar, as if she expected him to rise and overwhelm her.

He, with unlifted head, wrote steadily on. The child slept.

Sigma put a worn horsehair chair at head and foot of the table, two high chairs on one side for the little boys, and an ordinary one on the other. As she did this last, her eye fell on the four cups. She paused uncertain, till she had noise-

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MAR'S EYES LOOKED OVER THE LITTLE BOY'S HEAD INTO SPACE" (SEE PAGE 923)

lessly counted five on her stumpy fingers. Then: "Oh, Yack maa ha' en," she reminded herself, lurched away into the kitchen, and reappeared, wiping a cup on a dish-towel one end of which she had tucked in her apron string. As she was about to deposit the fifth cup, she glanced at the man bent over the desk, and put her disengaged hand again in the sugar bowl. Mar turned suddenly in his squeaking chair. Sigma started, and meaning to drop the sugar, dropped the cup instead. She stared an instant, open-mouthed, as at some unaccountable miracle, and then with a howl flung up her bare arms and fled round the table on her way to the kitchen, caught her great foot in the carpet-trap, and measured her length on the floor.

"Look here, you must go into the kitchen to do that," Mar said. "I can't have you doing it here."

Sigma was still "doing it," so far as howling went; but she was also scrambling up, with her elbow held over her head, as if she counted on a thumping. From under her bare forearm her streaming eyes looked out at Mar. Whether the man's quiet face, in the midst of the uproar, astonished or calmed her, she gaped, letting the rude lamentation die in her throat.

"Men—Meesis Marr-rr!" she said under her breath, picking up the cup.

Mrs. Mar's husband held out his hand for it.

"It 's only the handle," he said, and set the cup down on the writing-table, that he might change the position of the fretting child; for his long-suffering daughter was at last roused to protest.

The little maid-servant wiped her eyes, and with the air of one who is willing to let bygones be bygones, shuffled a step nearer to the desk.

"Me—Gif Sigma," she said, and held out her red arms.

Mar looked up, understood, and handed over the baby.

The opening of the front door, and voices in the hall (above all, one voice ordaining that certain persons should go up-stairs and *wait for her*), made Sigma pause, listen, and then, still holding close the pacified infant, she beat a stealthy retreat, shutting the kitchen door behind her with a softness incredible.

Mrs. Mar, upon her reappearance, was seen to be ushering in by the shoulder an anxious little boy of eight or nine. As, with some force, she conveyed him across the room, his foot caught in the same place where Sigma had met defeat. But Sigma had not been sustained by Mrs. Mar's hand. The lady merely unhooked the boy with an extra shake. Then, with her free hand, she pulled his chair out from the table, and thrust him into it.

"Now you 're to sit right there, and then I 'll know that at least till supper-time you won't be getting my children into any more mischief."

Mar had looked up upon their entrance, seemed about to speak, and then dropped a discreet head over his work.

"Where 's the baby?" demanded his wife.

"Sigma—"

"This precious protégé of yours," interrupted the lady, again straightening the carpet with the toe of her shoe—"this precious protégé of yours has pulled up a plank out of the side-walk, dragged it across the field down to the duck pond, and there I found him, using it as a raft."

"*I* had n't used it—not yet." A world of lost opportunity was heavily recalled.

"Oh, no, *you* were n't using it."

But the irony was lost.

"Vere was n't woom for all of us, so I let Twen and Hawwy go ve first voyage. I 'm vewwy kind to little boys."

"Oh, indeed! So kind you preferred to risk other children's lives while you looked on."

"Looked on? Oh, no, ma'am; did n't you see I was workin' like anyfing?" He glanced across at his ally. "It was a steamship, Mr. Mar. I was ve injine. I 'm a most glowious injine—"

"Yes, if you please," Mrs. Mar broke in. "He 's been propelling the plank all round the pond with those two poor little innocents on it. The greatest wonder they were n't drowned."

"It was very wrong," said Mr. Mar, gravely. Then, under his breath, to his wife: "But the water is n't much over a foot at the deepest."

"Quite enough to drown any wretched baby that might fall in. But of course you defend that boy, no matter what he—"

"Not at all; not at all. I don't approve in the least of his—"

"And our two little boys, mud and dirt from their heads to their heels, looking like a couple of chimney-sweeps—"

"No, ma'am," said the young gentleman from the horse-hair chair in a conciliatory tone; "Twen and Hawwy ain't black, only just bwown."

"Brown, indeed! I 'll brown *you,* sir, if you ever do such a thing again while you 're staying *here!* Harry with his stocking quite torn off one leg. And Trennor's only decent breeches"—

"Vere was a nail in vat board," Jack explained conversationally, putting a finger through a jag in the knee of his own trousers.

"Small matter to *you,* if you do ruin your things;"—Jack began to swing his muddy feet; it was gloriously true—"but you 've got to remember that other children's clothes don't grow on gooseberry bushes."

"My pants did n't neever," returned Jack, sturdily.

"Keep your feet still and your tongue, too."

"Yes, 'm."

Mrs. Mar was in the act of turning away after a further slight attention to the carpet-patch, when her eye fell upon the handleless cup on the desk.

"Did you do that?" she demanded.

Mar cleared his throat, and Mrs. Mar for once, not waiting to hear the horrid details, sat down in her rocking-chair, despair in her face, and the broken cup in her hand.

"I never saw anything like it. The grate in the kitchen range has just collapsed, too."

"Really? That 's bad."

"It 's worse than bad; it 's awful."

"We must let the stove people know—"

"How are you going to do that on Sunday?"

"Oh—oh—well, it matters less, I suppose, on Sunday than if it happened on a week day."

"It won't matter in the least, of course, to have no hot water to wash the clothes in, Monday morning. Perhaps *you 'll* think it matters more when it comes to eating cold things for I don't know how long."

"I think you 'll find I shall be able to put up with—"

"Yes, it 's perfectly true, I always find you readier to put up with disaster than to struggle against it."

"How would you propose I should struggle against a broken stove?"

She turned her flushed face from him.

"Did n't I tell you not to kick the table?" she demanded of Jack.

"Oh, yes, 'm. I forgot." He curled up the disgraced foot underneath him for a reminder that it was to keep still.

"The furniture," Mrs. Mar went on, looking round the room, "is quite dilapidated enough without *your* making it worse."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose I must go and attend to those children and the supper. But don't let him kick the furniture, Nathaniel, even if he is the son of your adored Galbraith. The owner of all that Rock Hill Mining property did n't trouble himself much about *you.*"

"Yes, he did. He was a very good friend." Mar made a slight movement, as of one clearing a space in the air before setting to work again.

His wife, in her progress to the door, halted mechanically in the middle of the patch, as though the momentary weight of her presence there would leave behind a subjugating effect. But she murmured absently: "I *must* have another hunt for—" then, turning with sudden animation: "Is it you who 've taken away my tack-hammer?" she demanded of Jack.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, understand," she went on precisely as though he had admitted his responsibility for the disappearance of the tool—"understand you 're to sit there till supper, and this is the last of your playing about that dirty duck pond."

"I forgot it was Sunday," he said penitently.

"Sunday or any other day—never again."

Jack gasped with incredulity and then said slowly: "You don't weally mean we 're never to go to ve pond for ever and ever!"

"Well, just you try it! And you 'll find yourself going back to school to spend your holidays with the janitor."

In the pause that followed this awful threat, Jack murmured:

"Never go a 'sploring any more!" and

then sat as one paralyzed by an awful and unexpected blow.

Mrs. Mar replaced the handleless cup upon the table, and took up the corner of the cloth to determine the extent of a damage wrought in the last washing.

"Everything we possess seems to be giving out at once—like the different parts of the 'One-Hoss Shay.' It 's exactly"—she turned her bright, dark eyes toward the writing-table, and spoke with a sudden access of vigor—"exactly as if there was a law that allowed you for months and years to patch and tinker, to bolster up your rickety furniture, to darn your old carpets, to reseat your old chairs, to make over the clothes, to solder the saucepans, and keep things going generally—up to a given moment. But when that moment comes,"—she lifted her finger sibyl-like in the air,—"every blessed belonging begins to crack, or fray, or creak with the pangs of approaching dissolution. Are you listening to what I say, Nathaniel? There is n't a thing in this house that does n't need to be renewed." She spoke with a directness that seemed pointedly to include her husband among the dilapidations. He, half-absent, half-speculative, looked round upon objects familiar to him from childhood.

"Who 'd ever think," pursued his wife —"who 'd ever think that we 'd been married less than eight years? But this is what comes of not furnishing new when you first set up housekeeping. If you don't get nice things when you marry, you never get them."

"Some people," said Mar, "seem to like old furniture."

"Let them have it, then!" Her quick gesture presented the entire contents of the house to the first bidder. "*I* say for young people to begin life with the battered belongings of their fathers and mothers is a mistake."

"Well, my dear," returned her husband, with some dignity, "it 's a mistake you had no share in. But," he added hastily, "we 've had no choice."

"No," she said bitterly, "We 've had very little choice."

"We did once—" In the pause she looked down at the patch on the carpet. "And we ignored it," he finished.

"Oh, if you are going back upon that old foolishness." She turned abruptly and set down the broken cup.

"You did n't think it so foolish when I first told you about it."

"Oh, did n't I!"

"No. It made just all the difference then."

"What difference I 'd like to know did it ever make?"

"It made you say 'Yes' after you 'd said 'No.' "

"The more fool I," she said, and left the room.

II

The big man and the little man sat and looked at the patch on the carpet till for one of them the ragged place disappeared. A big tear splashed on the grimy little hand. But out of the mist, a voice:

"Can't you think of any safer sort of games, little man?"

The balked navigator sniffed audibly, and with the back of his hand he made a dirty smear across his wet face.

"We don't any of us seem to care much about vem, if vey are too safe," he said.

"H'm." With a faint smile Mar resumed his writing.

Jack Galbraith sat quite still (for him), with the disgraced foot tucked under him. But Mar, without raising his eyes, was aware as a woman might have been of the frequent journey of the small hand across the eyes, and now and then the more efficacious aid of a sleeve employed to clear the watery vision. Presently the child went on:

"After I 'most dwownded ve childwen, I expect she would n't let me wead my twavel-book. What do you fink, Mr. Mar?"

The gentleman addressed laid down his pen, but still looking at it he said cautiously, "Well, I don't know." Whereupon Jack Galbraith gave way openly to tears.

"You 're not going to forget," said the man, with no great show of sympathy—"you 're not going to forget that however much a boy's father leaves him, America has n't got any use for an idle man."

"It 's Mrs. Mar makes me sit here doin' nuffing," the child replied, indignantly defending himself.

"Oh, for the moment, yes. But when

the time comes to choose what you 're going to do, Jack, if I 'm not at hand to talk it over, think about civil engineering. It takes a man about, and on more intelligent terms than my profession."

"Yes," Jack threw in upon the ground swell of a heavy sob; "I should n't like sittin' countin' money in a bank," and while he caught his breath, he looked about drearily, as if already he saw himself an imprisoned cashier.

"Sitting in a bank is n't the profession I chose, either. I am—I was a surveyor," said Nathaniel Mar.

"O-h —h?" inquired the child, in his surprise, forgetting to continue the celebration of his private misfortunes. "Did *you* use to go all over everywhere wiv a spy-glass and a chain?"

"Yes; the members of the scientific corps are expected to go 'all over everywhere.'"

"Clear wound ve world?"

"Well, *we* did n't go round; we went the other way—the way that takes you to the top."

"Did you get clear to ve vewwy top of ve world?"

"Nobody's ever been clear to the top."

"Why has n't anybody?"

"'T is n't easy."

"Was it hard to go where you went?"

"It was n't play. Some of our work lay quite near enough to the Arctic Circle."

"But I expect you liked it a lot better van—" he paused, looked about, and felt gloom return upon him. If Mar was thinking, so was Jack Galbraith. Again he dragged his rough sleeve across his hot little face. "Ain't it perferly awful sittin' still?" he observed.

"Yes, it 's pretty awful," agreed Mr. Mar, glancing out of the window.

"Was it up vere you found ve parlor bear-skin and Mrs. Mar's white fox?"

"Yes; it was up there."

"You 're sure, if I 'm a' engineer or a surveyor, *I 'll* be able to go up where you found—"

"Certain to be able to go somewhere."

"Why can't I go where you did?" he asked querulously. As Mr. Mar did not answer at once, he added: "Is n't vere any little fing left to be done up vere?"

"Oh, lots! But, you see, I went there in '65, going on ten years ago, when people thought they 'd like to have a telegraph line between Asia and America. So some of us went to survey the Alaskan part of the route,—only it was n't called Alaska then,—and decide the best course for the line that was to meet the one coming across from Siberia." Again Nathaniel Mar studied the end of his pen.

"Yes," said Jack, blowing his nose with an air of faintly reviving faith in life's possibilities—"yes; and vere you met ve bear, and Mrs. Mar's white—"

"We got some furs and truck, but we did n't get the telegraph line."

"Why did n't you?"

"Well, you see only a few years ago people laughed at the idea of an Atlantic cable; but while we were hard at it up yonder, surveying and clearing, and setting up telegraph-poles, did n't some other fellows prove the possibility of an Atlantic cable by just going and laying it? So we were recalled."

"But you had got pwetty far, anyhow."

"Yes, we got pretty far."

"You got to where ve foxes turn white and ve bears—"

"Yes," said Mar, reflectively; and then there was a pause.

Jack looked at him: "Could n't you tell me about when you got vat bear or"—in the tone of one grateful for small favors—"or how you found Mrs. Mar's white—"

"I don't seem to remember anything specially interesting about the bears or the foxes." His far-off look gave the little boy a sudden feeling of being abandoned by his one friend. He stood it for a moment, and then suddenly twisted his lithe body round, and buried his face in the crook of the arm that rested on the chair back. Mar raised his eyes, and seemed to come home from some vast journey.

"Something curious did happen to a man I knew up there," he said in that friendly tone Jack knew so well—"a fellow who was knocking round the Russian Redoubt at St. Michaels, with the rest of the scientific corps, waiting for the revenue cutter that was to take us back to San Francisco. We got pretty tired waiting."

"Pwickers in your feet?" Jack interrupted suddenly. Mar stopped short; for although Jack had uncovered his face to listen, he was engaged in making the

most surprising grimaces. "I 've got awful pwickers myself," he said.

"Prickers?"

"Yes. Oh, oh, my foot 's full of champagne!" Gingerly and with further contortions of countenance he stretched the cramped foot out.

"Champagne?" Mar had echoed. "What do you know about champagne?"

"Once—papa's birfday—oh, oh, my foot 's full of it!"

"If it 's gone to sleep, you 'd better stamp," recommended his friend, gravely; and Jack applied the remedy with apparent relief, after the first awful shock. He stood cautiously twisting about to restore circulation while Mar went on: "Yes, we got pretty tired hanging round St. Michaels, and one day two of the party took a boat, and went off to an island to get birds' eggs. While they were out, a storm came up. An awful storm," he assured his inattentive listener; but Jack was still gloomily twirling about trying his numb foot, and not taking any stock apparently in a story that did n't boast a bear in it, nor even a white—

"I never in my life saw anything like it," Mar went on. "The gale churned up the sediment of Norton Sound into a boiling yellow froth. The sleet gave up trying to come down, and took to shooting horizontally, as straight as a charge of musketry; and wherever it hit bare flesh—" He shook his shaggy head at the memory.

"*I* would n't mind a little fing like vat," said Jack, loftily.

"Well," Mar accepted the implied criticism with meekness, "what they minded most was that they could n't steer a course. It was going to be great luck if the boat lived at all in such a sea. She was driven northward first. Neither one of the men knew just where it was they 'd got to; but any kind of land was a pretty good sight. They were almost as glad to get near it as they were to get away from it."

"Why did n't vey like it?" Jack did n't so much as pause in his twirling to inquire.

"Well, it was n't a very pretty place for landing purposes."

"Ho!" said the young gentleman, with careless superiority, "I don't mind where *I* land. One time I landed wight on top a earfquake!"

"Ah," said Mar, gravely; "that was pretty daring. But you may depend it was n't in as bad a place as the one I 'm talking about—horrible steep cliffs sheer down to the shore; boulders piled helter-skelter. Could n't see much through the dimness of the sleet and the dazzle of the spray; still, they saw enough to know it was n't the harbor they were hoping for. But to get the boat out of that boiling surf alive—no, it was n't easy."

Mar caught the first look of keenness that crossed the tear-stained face—the sudden taut aspect of the slim little body, and he knew perfectly well that the modest young navigator before him was saying in his heart: "Ah, now if *I 'd* been there." Thus encouraged, Mar went on: "The situation was bad enough out in the open sea, but here you were being driven straight on the rocks. And the wind—you don't know anything yet about what the wind can do when it tries."

"What kind of fing?"

"It cut the top off those great waves as clean as you can slice the peak off a hillock of ice-cream; and the water was hurled at you, not in spray, but in masses, you know—masses that never broke till they struck the men or the boat, except when the wind veered, and then the water masses were flung clean up on the cliff, as neatly as you could throw a bottle of soda on our roof here, and never see a drop spilled till the glass burst on the slates."

Jack nodded, and seemed to forget his twirling, though he stood with his body slightly askew, ready to begin again.

"They 'd never have got out of that boiling caldron alive if the wind had n't changed." Mar wagged his head in a final sort of way, and turned in his revolving-chair to pick up a fallen paper.

"Is vat all? And vey did get home—"

"No, that 's not all, and they did n't get home. Only one of them got anywhere." Mar bent his big body slightly forward, and clasped his hands round the good knee. The other leg was stretched straight out in front of him, stiff and lifeless-looking.

"They kept afloat for several hours," he went on, "only to be wrecked, after all, a mile or two beyond an ugly-looking cape called Nome."

"W'ecked! Were vey weally w'ecked?"

Mar nodded. In an emergency so great Jack did not scruple to turn his back on the stool of penitence. He came and planted himself on wide-apart legs, directly in front of Mr. Mar, and stood there waiting. But Mr. Mar seemed to be thinking less about Jack now, and he stared steadily at the hole in the carpet.

"What happened to ve little boat?"

"The little boat was rapidly converted into little flinders."

"Ven how could ve men get away again?"

"That 's what one of the men would have liked somebody to tell him."

"Were n't vere any people vere on vat land?"

"Not a soul."

"Where was ve ovver man?"

"He had been washed out of the boat. He—it was hard to say where the other man was."

"Did n't his fwiend look for him?"

"Not just then. The first thing the friend did was to tear up his shirt."

"Gwacious! was he as mad as vat?"

"No, he was n't mad; but he wanted some strips to tie round a wound he 'd got."

"Oh! And when he 'd done vat?"

"Then he went up on the tundra."

"What 's ve—"

"The tundra is the great, rolling plain. They call it 'the steppes' in Siberia. A few inches below the Arctic moss that covers it, it 's frozen even in summer as hard as iron. And it never melts. It 's been frozen like that for millions of years."

"Why did ve man want to go up on ve—ve—"

"Well, he seemed to think he 'd like to go to sleep. So that 's what he did. He slept a long time. When he woke up, he went down to the beach, and the first thing he saw was his friend. It looked as if the friend had been sleepy, too. He was taking his ease, down there, on the sand in a tangle of seaweed. His face was hidden. The other one went down to him as fast as his wound would let him, and he called several times. Then he took hold of his friend's shoulder and shook him. But the friend never stirred. He was dead. Up there above the line of seaweed and driftwood either he or the surf had flung his rifle, the butt rather battered, but nothing a handy man could n't put right. Only a rifle is n't much good without cartridges. By and bye the live man dug a grave for the dead one in the sand up above tide-line; and when he had buried the body, he sat down and wondered how long it would be before the end would come for himself. While he sat there tinkering at the rifle, a couple of natives came down the coast."

"Cannibals?" In his excitement, Jack dropped on the floor like a small Turk, with his legs curled under him. But he had steadied his precipitate fall into that position with a hand on his friend's leg, and, as ill luck would have it, not the good leg, but the stiff, forbidding member that poor Mar dragged about the world with the help of his stout walking-stick. Now, to touch that leg would have been like touching the leg of a table, if somehow it had n't been more like touching a corpse. Jack's friend did n't seem to mind; but the boy felt the contact the more keenly for the fact that Mar felt it hardly at all. That was the horror of a wooden leg—that it could n't feel. Jack snatched away his hand as if it had been burnt. But Mar was saying calmly:

"Cannibals? Oh, no. Eskimos. Quite good fellows. They must have seen white men and firearms before, for they took a deep interest in the rifle. The castaway made them understand he was hungry. They nodded and pointed back the way they had come. The white man got up, and hobbled away with them."

"What made him hobble?"

"Oh—a—it 's quite common after a wreck. You 'll notice people usually hobble for a while. Well, they went along the beach till they came to a place so rocky it drove them up on the edge of the tundra; and up there the white man saw across the plain to the north'ard a low line of hills streaked with snow. And there was one bare peak in particular that stood out very plain. It looked only about eight or nine miles away, and you could see quite well there was something curious about it. Yes, it was queer."

"What was ve matter wiv it?"

"It had a curious-shaped top. Even from the coast it did n't look natural. You' d swear it was a monument of some kind. The natives did n't seem to know

anything about it. There was a river flowing down from the hills through the tundra to the sea, and all the mouth of it was choked with driftwood, though there was n't a tree in sight, and had n't been all along. Beyond the driftwood, a long sand-spit ran out into the sea, and spread itself right and left, parallel with the coast, and on this sand-spit were a lot of little driftwood huts, skin boats drawn up, and people in fur standing round a fire. The two Eskimos took the white man across in a boat, and told the other Eskimos about him. And they gave him some food—fish. Everybody took so much interest in his rifle that he had to sit on it. They talked a good deal, but the white man did n't know what it was all about. So he ate and slept, and ate and slept, always with his rifle under his arm. When he got tired of eating and sleeping, the castaway sat and looked at the sea. Never a sail. And sometimes he would turn and look at that queer peak over beyond the tundra. He gathered that these native people did n't live here on this sand-spit; they were only camping—kind of Eskimo summer resort. No, they could n't take him to a white settlement; they knew nothing about any white settlement. Then he would show them, he said. Let them bring down their best boat, and he would give his gun to them if they 'd take him off there to the southeast to St. Michaels. They shook their heads, and bustled away. The white man saw with horror signs of a beginning to break camp. Where were they going? Over to the hills? No; on up the coast by sea. When? Mar pantomimed their answer—placed his two hands palm to palm, laid his head down on them sidewise, and shut his eyes; opened them briskly, and took hold of his stick as if about to start on a journey.

Jack was grinning with delight. "Was *vat* ve way vey said to-morrow morning?"

"Just like that. They were going off the very next day."

"Not goin' to leave vat poor man all alone vere, were vey?"

"No, they seemed quite ready to take the castaway and his rifle along. But,"—Mr. Mar looked so grave that Jack came closer still,— "to go up yonder, with them to their underground winter home, seemed to the castaway almost as horrible as to be left behind. Well, he had a day, anyhow, to think it over. His wound was still pretty painful, but he felt, whatever happened, he ought to go over the tundra to that queer hill and take a look at the situation from the top. He must have been feverish or he 'd have realized that he was n't fit yet for hard exercise, and that there was n't a ghost of a likelihood of a settlement on the far side, since these natives knew nothing about it. Then, you see, there was the awful danger that on this last day a rescue-party should sail hopelessly by while he was away, or a whaling schooner pass that he might have hailed. But, no. He had got it into his head that if he could only reach the top of that glacier-carved height, all his troubles would be at an end. But he did have the sense to guard against the natives making off in his absence. He got one of the boys to come along with him."

"How old was vat boy?"

"Oh, a—about your size, but four or five years older, and very clever at throwing the bird dart. No, I 'll tell you about that another time. They set off across the tundra. It was n't easy walking. It was n't walking at all. It was jumping from one moss knoll to another or wading to the knees in the spongy hollows. But he 'd look up at the peak and say, 'Once I 'm *there*—' All the same, he had to call a halt several times. He 'd find a dryish place, and he 'd sit down and stare about him. They had long lost sight of the sand-spit; even the sea had disappeared. To right and left, as far as you could see, tundra, tundra, nothing but tundra; a few pools shining in the hollows; and acres of sedge and moss and low-growing 'scrub-willow.' Nothing else. Just this featureless plain, till the land met the ocean, and the ocean met the arctic ice. Suddenly, 'What 's that?' says the white man, and he pointed sou'west. The native stared. The light plays you queer tricks on the tundra: you often see lakes and ships and cities that are n't there. But this did n't look like a mirage; it was too simple, too distinct—just two sticks stuck in the tundra. They might be one mile away, they might be ten. But there those sticks stood, as clear against the blue sky as a couple of beanpoles on a prairie farm."

"Vey *were n't* bean-poles," said the prescient listener.

"No," agreed Mar. "The white man decided it must be some driftwood contrivance of the natives. Only the remarkable thing about it was that he had n't noticed it before; for a thing like that is apt to strike you in a country where there was n't a tree for a hundred and fifty miles to the south'ard, and not one between you and the Pole. Well, he felt he 'd know more about those sticks, and he 'd know more about a lot besides, when he 'd got to the top of the hill. So they went on. But the hill was a good way off. The 'little white patches' turned out to be vast fields of rotten snow. You went in up to your waist. The native jabbered, and seemed to be pointing out that it was better to go the long way round. There was less snow, and there did n't seem to be such a chaos of talus,—broken rock, you know,—tumbled down from the peak. And the peak was n't a peak. It was more like a queer-shaped flat stone set on a rock-pedestal. 'It 's all right,' the man kept saying to himself, as they pushed on; 'I shall feel it was worth it, once I 'm on the top.' And they went on and on. All of a sudden the man looked up, and realized that the feeling that had been haunting him was justified. The rock up there was like a giant anvil. So like, it was almost uncanny to think nature could have carved a stone with such whimsical exactness. 'Just wait till I get up there,' he said again, half-laughing to himself: 'see if I don't hammer out *something!*' And he forgot his wound, and how it hurt him to walk, and he jumped across a water-hole to a higher knoll, and saw that the ground on the other side fell gently down to a shallow valley. And the valley held a little stream in its lap. The white man realized, when he saw that, how thirsty he was. He had n't dared to drink out of the standing pools on the tundra, and he went as fast as he could away from the anvil, and down the slope to the running water. He saw a dash of something white on the edge of the bank as he hurried down to the creek, and he knew in the back of his head that it was a little heap of weather-bleached bones that shone so, off there in the grass. But he never stopped till he stood by the bed of the stream. He took up the water in his doubled hands and drank. It was good water, and he 'd never been so thirsty before in his life. But the water spilled away through his fingers, and he felt he should never get enough. So he balanced himself over some stones, and he lay on his stomach, and reached his lips to the clear stream. He drank and drank, with his half-shut eyes fixed on a spark of mica that caught the light, and was shining like a diamond under the water. No, it was n't mica. He saw plainer now. He leaned over a little farther, and picked the bit of pyrites out of the wet gravel. The Eskimo boy saw the white man stand up as suddenly as if he 'd been stung. But he held on to the thing he had taken into his palm, and he lifted his hand, like this, several times, and he turned the thing over and over, weighing it. One place in the stained, brassy-looking thing had been scratched, and every time the light caught that new abrasion, it glinted. The white man took out his knife and cut the substance. It was gold."

"*Weal* gold?" said Jack Galbraith, gathering up his sprawled-out body with a squirrel-like quickness.

"Real gold," answered Mar. "'Any more stuff like this about?' the white man asked. The native looked at the nugget, and shrugged indifferently. The white man dug about in the gravel with his hands and a sharp stone, and then he sat down and thought, with his eyes on the place where the nugget had been. The Eskimo boy got out his bird-dart and went off a little way after a jack-snipe. The white man knew he ought to make a miner's assay."

"What 's vat?"

"That 's 'panning.' If he 'd had a round pan like Sigma's bread-pan, he 'd have put some sand and gravel in it, and he would fill it to the brim with water, and he 'd wash the sand and gravel round and round, picking out all the stones, and letting off the water, little by little, with a circular motion—so. And all the lighter sand and stuff would get washed out; and by and by, if the miner knows his business, any gold that may have been in that sand, every particle, is left behind in the bottom of the pan."

"Gwacious! Vat *would* be luck!" said Jack, with enthusiasm.

"No it is n't luck. It 's skill and specific gravity."

"Why did n't ve man twy it?"

"He had n't any pan. He had n't even a shovel. I 've seen it done very cleverly with a shovel. I 've seen it done with a saucer. He had nothing. How was he going to find out if there was any more of that stuff there? Had this one nugget by any chance been dropped? No; that was absurd. Who could have dropped it? But he looked up the bank where the bones shone, and out of the coarse grass a skull grinned at him. Not a wolf's skull or a deer's as he 'd thought —a human being's A white man's, perhaps. Had the nugget belonged to him? Had he brought it from some valley far away, and lost his bit of gold as well as his life here under the shadow of the great stone anvil? The graver the man got down there by the water, the broader the one on the bank seemed to grin. Suddenly the living man got up, and ran toward that heap of bones as if he could n't rest till he 'd found out what the joke was the dead man was laughing at. He picked up the skull and he saw it was a white man's."

"How could he see vat?"

"He looked at the teeth. They were splendid—good as any savage's—all but one. One was filled. When he saw that, the castaway knew that probably this white man who had been here before him had dropped that nugget in the creek, or it had been washed down there after the wolves had torn the dead man's clothes. But who could tell? 'Look here,' the live man asked: 'What *did* happen?' But the other would n't say a word, just went on grinning in that irritating way of his. So the live man got two stones, took out his big clasp-knife, and he went at that skull with might and main, sawing at it with the knife (which was no good at all), and hammering with first one stone and then another, working away like one possessed."

"Did he weally fink he could make ve skull tell him someffing?"—Jack Galbraith laughed aloud at so foolish an adventurer.

"Seemed as if he thought he 'd get *some* satisfaction out of it, from the way he kept on. By the time the Eskimo boy got back with the jack-snipe, the white man had hammered away everything from that skull except the round basin of the cranium—this part, you know. The Eskimo boy was horrified, and made signs of disapproval.

" 'Just you wait,' said the white man. He took the bone bowl down to the bank. He filled it full, and three times he 'panned' the gravel of that creek. And every time he got gold."

"Gwacious!" said Jack, in an excited whisper.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Mar. "When he saw colors the third time, he just poured the stuff wet into his handkerchief, and told the Eskimo boy he was ready to go now. As he went up the bank, he passed the bones again. 'I wonder if he knew,' the castaway thought; and as he went on, he thought more and more, and he got solemner and solemner. He said to himself: 'A gold mine will do me just about as much good as it did Old Bones, if I have to stay up here with the Eskimos. We 'll go back the other way,' he called to the boy. And the boy did n't think much of the plan. But the white man kept looking all round in every direction to see if there was the least little trail leading anywhere, or the smallest human sign; but there were only those bones shining so white down there on the bank.

"The castaway went on, feeling pretty sick and anxious, till he looked straight up, and saw off there, against the blue, that great anvil, plainer than ever. The nose quite sharp and finely cut, the top as flat as that dining-table, and the waist gouged in exactly as a real anvil is. 'Well, I won't give up going to the top,' he said out loud, 'and if there *are* any settlements—'

"It was a crazy thing to do, but he did it; and when he got to the top, he saw something he would n't have seen in time if he had n't climbed Anvil Rock."

"What did he see?" Jack gathered together his sprawled-out body, and sat up.

Mar's eyes looked over the little boy's head into space. "No settlements. Beyond the creek, barren hills to the north. No hope that way. East and west the tundra stretched to the horizon-line level as the ocean. No hope right or left. He turned round and saw off there to the south the coast where he 'd been wrecked, and the sand-spit the Eskimos were mak-

ing ready to leave, and beyond that, against the horizon, *what was that?* He nearly fell off the rock. For a two-masted schooner was lying a couple of miles off the shore. Two masts! It flashed over him those were the two poles he 'd seen sticking up out of the tundra, several hours before. Well, he got down off that rock double-quick, and he nearly killed himself tearing back to the coast, and signaling the ship. He was only just in time. They were weighing anchor."

"Well," said Jack, with a long breath of relief, "it *was* a good fing he climbed vat funny hill."

"Y—yes," said Nathaniel Mar. His tone was hardly satisfactory.

"Did n't he get back to his fwiends all wight?"

"Oh, yes, he got back all right."

"What did vey say when he told vem about ve gold?"

"He did n't tell anybody about that just then."

"Why not?"

"If he had, somebody might have rushed there and cleaned the whole creek out before he had a chance."

"Oh. How soon did he go back and get it?"

"He—he did n't go."

Jack sat there wide-eyed. "Why did n't he?"

"Well, you see, he had a pretty bad time with that leg of his."

"Oh, it was his leg, was it?"

"A—yes—his leg. He kept waiting for the doctors to cure it. Instead of curing it, they kept cutting off little bits of it."

"Ow! Well—and after vat, when it *did* get well?"

"It did n't."

"And was he lame always, like you?"

"Something like me."

"Why did n't *he* get a store leg, too?"

"He did, I believe—ultimately."

"And was n't it any good?"

"It was n't quite the same as the one he 'd lost."

Oh, no, Jack realized that, with a creep down his back. He could still feel the dreadful touch of it on his fingers. "But I suppose he sent somebody else up after vat gold?"

"N—no."

"Well, what *did* he do?"

"He got married."

"Oh—h. And after vat?"

"Then he got a post of some sort—not easy to get, still harder to leave."

"And—"

"And then he got some children. Oh, he was always getting things, that fellow! Once it was intermittent fever. Anyhow, he had to stay where he was."

"Ven who got ve gold?"

"Nobody. Not yet."

"Ve gold is waitin' vere now?" Jack jumped to his feet with dancing eyes.

"So—a—so he says."

"Oh—*oh!*" Then with an air of fiery impatience: "What you say vat man's doin' now?"

"He, well—I understand he 's hanging on to that post."

"Hangin' on a post!" Jack colored as Mar laughed, and added hurriedly: "Just waitin' to see if vat leg won't get better, I spose."

"Waiting for—several things."

Jack came closer: "Oh, *does n't* he mean to never mind his leg, and go back some day?"

"I would n't be surprised if he had times of thinking he would go back *somehow*. After he 's educated his children, and got them off his hands, and can afford to take risks. Or, if the worst comes to the worst, his sons will go one day."

"Or *I* might go," said Jack, quickly.

Mar smiled, and fell silent. Jack walked away with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his eyes big with dreams. The opening of the door made them both start.

"Did n't I tell you not to get out of that chair till supper?" Mrs. Mar demanded. She stood there with the butter-dish in one hand, the milk-pitcher in the other, snapping her bright eyes at the culprit.

He, for his part, had turned about sharply, and he fell from the infinite skies with a bump.

"I—I—" he stammered, backing against the book-case.

"It 's on the lower shelf," said Mar, calmly—"the heavy brown book." Jack turned again, utterly bewildered, but following the direction indicated by Mr. Mar's walking-stick.

"That 's Franklin's 'Second Voyage,' next the dictionary. Yes, that 's what I

want. I think," he went on to his wife, as Jack stooped to obey him—"I think I must always keep a small prisoner in here to hand me things out of my reach."

She answered nothing as she set down the butter and the milk, but she kept her eyes on Jack.

"Oh, yes," he was saying hurriedly, "Vis is Fwanklin." He carried the book to his friend.

"Fwanklin!" repeated that gentleman, with affectation of scorn, as he opened the book. "It 's ridiculous for a boy of your age to be talking baby-talk."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, getting very red as he returned to his place.

After supper, while Mrs. Mar was putting Trennor and Harry to bed, Jack Galbraith looked everywhere he could think of for his book. No, Mr. Mar had not seen it. "Here, I 'll lend you mine. You 'll understand some of the chapter about—" and he turned the pages till he found the place, and he put in a slip of paper. "There. Franklin did n't find what he was looking for, but he 's written the best travel book I know."

"Oh, fank you, sir." Jack took the big volume in both arms, and was making off with it.

"And look here, Jack—about that other fellow, the man who did find something up there, you and I won't tell anybody about that."

"Oh!" he stopped and nodded at Mar over the great book. "All wight. But I may speak to *you* about it sometimes?"

"When we 're alone."

"All wight. Has n't he,"—Jack lowered his tone to conspirator's pitch,—"has n't he ever told anybody but you?"

"Oh, he 's told one or two; but in confidence, you know—people he can trust."

Jack pulled himself up proudly. "I can keep secrets like anyfing." But again he lowered his voice, smiling delightedly. "What do vey say," he demanded, with lively anticipation—"Vose ovvers, when vey hear about it?"

Mr. Mar did not answer instantly.

Jack drew nearer, still clasping the great book. "Oh, *do* tell me what vey say."

"They—they think he dreamed it."

"B—b—but," Jack stuttered with indignation, "does n't he show vem ve nugget, and ve handkerchief wiv ve—"

"No," said Mar, sadly. "He lost that handkerchief somewhere on the tundra."

(To be continued)

THE GAMBLING MANIA

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

MY work takes me traveling a great deal from October to June. One is everywhere impressed by very substantial realities. From Philadelphia to Chicago, and farther, the railroads are glutted with freight. The one problem of the managers is how to handle the business of the roads: it is not solved yet. Every town is prosperous; every man willing and able to work has his hands full. But when I wanted to be quiet in my car, a party of traveling farmers would crowd into the adjoining seats, intently discussing the crops—not those that grew on their fields, but crops that had not yet been sown, and the rise and fall of them in a market of futures, of chances, of plain gambling; or the profit on stock, on cattle yet unbred, on iron that might or might not be found in hills a thousand miles away, which they had never seen. In a certain town that

has seen one boom and was then in the middle of another I found the "society" women coldly gambling on chances of finding ore in a range recently opened, as other women play bridge whist. It was the oil country in the seventies over again, the scenes I witnessed there, with all the reckless haste to make money and the even more reckless haste to get rid of it.

When in the evening I settled down in a chair in the hotel lobby, all about me was the din of the stock-market and the wheat-pit. On 'change the ticker was long silent, but out here its clamor was more urgent than ever it was in the feverish city I thought I had left behind. Crowds of old men and young men and boys stood about the slot machines and fed them with nickels. The favorite was the poker machine, which gives you cigars for a lucky hit. I watched one young man, evidently a commercial traveler, feed six dollars in nickels to it at one sitting, in a determined attempt to "beat the game." Beating a slot-machine is something like trying to "beat policy." "The house" gets all the money and the player all the experience.

I live on Long Island. More than once in summer the time-tables on my local railroad have been upset by the crowds clamoring for transportation to the race-tracks at Brighton Beach and Jamaica. A man need be in them only for the briefest of rides to find out that the one thing that propels them is the betting. They seem to think of nothing else; they certainly talk of little else—the chances of this horse being "doctored" or that one being "pulled in" by its jockey. The expectation of crookedness is all over it, and is taken as a matter of course. It seems to be part of the game, properly, for the game is gambling undisguised. The horses are nothing. Perhaps there was a time when the out-door aspect of it, the breeding of fine horses, justified the description of horse-racing as a gentlemen's sport. I think there must have been. But I am sure the pretense is all there is left of it as far as New York race-goers are concerned, and the purpose it serves is not good.

Gentlemen's sport! Read this in to-day's evening paper that comes in as I write with an account of the swamping of an old and trusted bank by directors who "plunged"—in the stock market I suppose. This other thing went on the while at the race-track:

> What a taint of savagery is in the average modern crowd to be sure! It cropped out after the first race yesterday in which the Boston Stable's 3-year-old gelding Harry broke down so badly that he had to be shot. Harry had been heavily backed and was just making his run in the race, close up with Tristesse and Osgood, when suddenly he faltered, threw up his head and fell back rapidly to the rear.
>
> "Harry is cut down!" arose the cry of the experienced grandstand crowd.
>
> "I wish he 'd break his neck!" growled a burly fellow just back of the press stand who had bet on the horse.
>
> "I 'm not kicking!" shouted another man, gleefully, as Osgood romped home, followed by Our Nugget. "If he had n't broken down he 'd have beaten Our Nugget sure, and I bet on Our Nugget for place."
>
> By this time McCafferty had dismounted and Harry was hobbling about pitifully on his two broken fetlocks. His trainer led him away to the paddock and a few moments later the gelding was shot to end his sufferings.
>
> "I can't lose any more money on that dog anyway!" growled the burly bettor.

Gentlemen, forsooth! Gambling is by instinct and nature brutal, because it is selfishness in its coldest form. Any crowd swayed by it reverts to savagery by the shortest cut when its interests are opposed. On that level it could not help it.

Am I prejudiced? Judge for yourself. Twenty-three years of my life were spent at the New York Police Headquarters, where the final results of the race-track are checked off in the case of those who lose, and, often enough, of those who win, too. I have seen the thing work from the time the office boy caught the contagion and "swiped" stamps at the office to bet at the pool-room, ever conveniently handy to down-town business, to the day when, a man in years, he was taken to Sing Sing, handcuffed, for stealing his employer's thousands. They had gone the same way as the stamps, into the coffers of "the house" that ran the game, and there was left the poor thief, the wrecked manhood, and the desolated home.

One man I knew personally for many

years, who, up to the day when he went to Coney Island and on a bet of five dollars won $650, was a decent, industrious man, and a good father. From that day he was a ruined man. Within a year he robbed his friend and employer and deserted his wife and children. The gambling devil had him and had him for good. The detective office could fill a book with such cases, and have enough left for sermons for every preacher in the land. Don't fear I am trying to preach one. I am merely telling you my reasons for saying that horse-racing now serves no good purpose, whatever it once did.

One of the reasons: How much has it to do, this spirit that seeks ever to get something for nothing—something that has not been earned—with the corruption of the young, even in the street, where shooting craps is the game of the gutter; with the more than doubtful ways that make old business men shake their heads these days; with the "grafting" which District Attorney Jerome says is virtually universal? Ask yourself. How much has it to do with the bribe-giving and bribe-taking that is our national curse and peril? How much with the dicing habit in politics that sits on the fence waiting to see "which way the cat will jump" before making up its mind,—that is, "afraid of throwing away its vote" by casting it for the right when that is in peril of losing,—that sacrifices good government, principle, party, to "coming in a winner," and boasts of it as if it were the aim and end of citizenship just to win. Reason it out and see if you do not think there is a connection, and a very close one.

This evil thing is gripping us tighter every day. In corrupting the pleasures of the young, it is laying a heavier mortgage on the future of our people than any nation can well stand. How are we to shake it off? We need to be about it without delay unless this people,—chosen of God, as I verily believe, to water and tend His tree of human freedom, which underneath all crudeness and all error has somehow in it the germ of the divine, of the ultimate life,—is to end instead as a nation of gamblers.

THE NEW LIFE

BY WITTER BYNNER

PERHAPS they laughed at Dante in his youth,
Told him that truth
Had unappealably been said
In the great masterpieces of the dead.
Perhaps he listened, and but bowed his head
In acquiescent honor, while his heart
Held natal tidings: that a new life is the part
Of every man that 's born—
A new life never lived before,
And a new expectant art.
It is the variations of the morn
That are forever, more and more,
The single dawning of the single truth:
So answers Dante to the heart of youth.

A COUNTY THIRTY-ONE YEARS IN REBELLION

BEING THE STORY OF A RURAL COMMUNITY IN MISSOURI WHEREIN A PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PRIVATE CALAMITY

BY FRANK WICKIZER

WHEN a candidate for a county judgeship in St. Clair County, Missouri, makes the race for office, he does so with the understanding that, unless he would spend the time in jail, he must put in his term of office skulking in the brush, a fugitive from justice. This is because he will be in contempt of the United States court. For thirty years the Federal tribunal has been trying to compel St. Clair County to pay interest on bonds issued in 1870 to assist in the building of a railroad. The road was never built, and the county declines to obey the court's mandate, not believing in paying for goods which were not delivered. For almost a third of a century the county has been in open and successful rebellion against the Federal authorities.

Meanwhile the people, through their officers, are paying the penalty of their rashness. The county is virtually bankrupt. Here public office is a species of martyrdom. Still, there is no lack of competent candidates, and even the county bench, upon which falls the brunt of the burden, has never been without its full quota of three judges. Without inquiring deeply into the ethics of the situation, there is a refreshing quality about the unselfishness with which they obey the will of their constituents; right or wrong, they display something which is not far removed from heroism.

The position in which St. Clair County finds itself is the sequel of a State law passed just before the war, the purpose of which was to encourage the building of railroads. Under this law a county court was privileged to bond its county, in order to subsidize a railroad project, without submitting the proposition to a vote of the people. During the first decade after the close of the war the courts of one hundred and seven counties in Missouri availed themselves of this new prerogative. Of these counties all save three—Knox, Dallas, and St. Clair—long since canceled their obligations. Many of them were swindled by the promoters, but, the bonds being in the hands of "innocent purchasers," they paid because the Federal court compelled them to pay. Knox County, it is understood, is willing to compromise with the bondholders as soon as certain pending litigation is closed. As to Dallas, the debt it owes the bondholders exceeds by several hundred thousand dollars the total valuation of all property, personal and real, in the county, and the creditors long ago dropped all negotiations looking to a settlement.

There was a time when St. Clair County was by way of being a mining community. Silver was discovered, and it was known that the hills contained deposits of some of the baser ores; but, as a step preliminary to the development of these resources, it was necessary to secure railroads.

Railroad-building throughout the State was then almost a craze—the reaction from the stagnation of war times. Besides, river traffic was on the wane. Osceola, the county-seat, once at the head

of navigation on the Osage River, with fleets of steamers from St. Louis and Kansas City at its ports, and with a great tributary region in Arkansas and the Indian Territory for which it was the natural trading-point, felt that its commercial importance was declining, and a master-stroke was required to reëstablish its connection with the outside world. The time was ripe for the leading citizens to listen to the voice of the tempter, and his visit was not long deferred. He came in the spring of 1870, and his scheme was to build a railroad from Clinton, a short distance northwest of Osceola, to Memphis, Tennessee, which would put Osceola on a direct line of road between Kansas City and Memphis.

It sounds almost like travesty to say that the court selected April 1, All Fools' day, as the date for entering its memorable order directing the county treasurer to take stock in the venture; but it is the solemn truth. By the court's ruling the county was bonded in the sum of $250,000, and the treasurer was instructed to deliver the bonds to the projectors of the the Tebo & Neosha Railroad Company "when the contract is let."

The contract was let a few months later, and the promoters received their bonds. There were some preliminary surveys, and a gang of laborers went to work in the northern part of the county, piling up earth for a "fill." The bonds were sold to "innocent purchasers." Taxes were levied to pay the first year's interest; then one day the construction train pulled out with a gang of laborers, and was never seen there again. A mile or so of fill, with some rotten ties and rusted rails, now remains as a monument to the short-sightedness of the county judges who wrote, "to be delivered when the contract is let," instead of "when the work is done."

During the years following the transaction the feeling against the railroad swindlers grew daily more bitter, and the determination to resist payment became more deeply rooted. But the "innocent purchasers" were clamoring for their dues, and July 14, 1875, they secured a judgment in the Federal court.

The succeeding steps followed in quick succession. The county court was ordered to make a levy to pay the claim; it declined to comply. The Federal court issued a mandamus; it was ignored. The county court was cited for contempt; it disregarded the summons, and United States marshals were sent to arrest the recalcitrants.

This procedure has been observed many times since, but then it was new: the limitations of the higher court were not so well known then as now. The citizens of St. Clair began to have misgivings as to the outcome, and to feel the necessity of doing something to appease the powers. A conference of the wise ones was called, and immediately afterward it was announced that a plan had been devised to meet the bond interest without taxation. Each property-owner was to be requested to contribute of his personal effects according to his means, one giving a horse, one a cow, and another a hog or two—all to be put up at public auction at the county-seat on a certain day. A formal notice of this sale, with a statement as to its purpose, was sent to each of the "innocent purchasers" and to the Federal judge at Kansas City.

But it seemed to take a long while to collect the personal property, and the date of the sale was postponed from time to time until nearly two years had elapsed. Then, the vengeance of the court being imminent, the auction was advertised for the last time. The day arriving, cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep were received in most gratifying numbers. The scene on court-house square suggested a live-stock exhibit at a county fair. The auctioneer rang his bell and shouted himself hoarse, and the assembled farmers and the few non-residents took a most active interest in the proceedings; but yet the sale was not a success, as success at auctions is usually computed. No one seemed to want to buy. The auctioneer's clerk stood ready, with pencil poised above his book, but not a single bid did he record.

There are those who have the hardihood to hint that this was the exact situation contemplated by the conferees when they planned the "sale." The non-residents, of course, were not in the secret, but it is explained that they were easily won over to the native way of thinking.

This fiasco was a great shock to both bondholders and Federal judges. It served to make the marshals more zeal-

ous, and to send the value of the bonds down at a phenomenal rate. Within the next six months they dropped to twenty-two cents.

One side-issue of the "sale" is worthy of mention here. After the live stock had been corralled in the square, it was checked off to determine if all freeholders had contributed their share, and it was found that, among others, one Sam Peden of Doyle township was delinquent. The sheriff forthwith rode out to Peden's farm to demand his tithe, and there found assembled half a dozen of the most rabid partizans of repudiation.

"You 'll have to dig up a critter er two, Sam," he announced.

By way of answer, Peden threw his rifle to his shoulder and ordered the sheriff off the place.

This act of rebellion not only served to foist Peden upon the county bench at the next election, but to keep him either there or in some other county office for nearly twenty-five years. He has been arrested several times, and has spent much of his time in jail, but it is said that his experience has served only to strengthen his faith in the rifle as an arbiter of vexed questions.

Not long after the bogus stock sale,—to be exact, on May 20, 1879,—a gang of masked night-riders called at County Treasurer Wonacott's residence at midnight, and forced him to go to the court-house and turn over to them the tax-books. These books contained the delinquent tax-lists for railroad bonds and other purposes, covering a period of ten years. The next morning the charred remains of the books were found among the hills south of Osceola.

It would seem to one not in sympathy with the prevailing spirit that the county judgeships would go begging at election time; yet the opposite is true. They are the most eagerly sought of all the offices within the gift of the county. The people say to the aspirant: "Your duty will be to refuse to make a tax levy to pay the bonds; if chased, to hide in the brush; if caught, to lie in jail. As to your salary, it will be one hundred dollars a year in discounted treasury warrants and such glory as falls to the lot of martyrs." This seems to satisfy them.

As well talk surrender to a Patrick Henry as compromise in St. Clair County. The story of this stubbornness can be read everywhere between the lines of its history, retarding education, reducing wheat and corn acreage, frightening away foreign capital, depressing property values, paralyzing business, and keeping its treasury in a perpetual state of deficit. No county in the State, perhaps, is so blessed with natural wealth. Its hills are rich in lead and zinc ores, oil has been found in paying quantities, and there are virgin deposits of mineral paints; yet all these resources are undeveloped, or virtually so. The people themselves are too poor to develop them, and foreign capital, having been bitten once, will not venture again. So the population contents itself with stock-breeding, a desultory kind of agriculture, and—defying the Federal court.

To evade the United States deputy marshals, the county judges have had to place themselves in some extraordinary predicaments, not all of them consonant with judicial dignity. "Hiding out" was the regular order of business. Judge Thomas Scott, shorn of his long white beard, remained under cover for a year, thereby winning the sobriquet of the "Swamp Fox." Every stranger was a suspected sleuth, and every loyal citizen a "stool-pigeon," his duty to inform the fugitives of the stranger's movements. So the judges spent most of their time in the brush.

Belated farmer lads, groping through the woods at night in quest of strayed cattle, have chanced upon the court in session on a fallen tree. With an arsenal of small arms as their square and compass, without light save such as was reflected from the masked lantern by which the clerk wrote his minutes, the judges here performed the humble rites of their office, being always alert to adjourn and scuttle into the brush should a twig break or the foliage of a bush stir suspiciously.

Again, when the wind caused trouble with the clerk's papers and lantern, or when it was feared that deputies prowling in the neighborhood might be attracted by the light, these farmer lads have seen four shadowy figures—three judges and a clerk—struggle through a tangle of shrubbery and disappear in the mouth of a cave. In such cases the approaches

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A VISIT FROM THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

ST. CLAIR COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, OSCEOLA, MISSOURI

were invariably guarded by volunteer sentinels.

Nevertheless, the marshals were quite as resourceful in the expedient as were the judges, and showed themselves willing to take extraordinary pains. Take for example the case of Joseph H. Graham, a deputy marshal of St. Joseph, and his co-worker, Henry W. Pyatt of Joplin. Being newly appointed officers, and unknown in the region, they were assigned to work on the St. Clair County case. This was in May, 1901. They met in Kansas City and agreed upon a plan of campaign.

Pyatt's case was made easy by the fact that he had a married sister living in Osceola. Through the influence of his brother-in-law, he secured a position as helper at the 'Frisco depot, and at once took up his residence at the home of his sister. Graham had to work out a more elaborate plan. Deciding finally to palm himself off as a commercial traveler, he secured the necessary trunks and cases, and laid in a line of grocery samples. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about the grocery business, and realizing that his ignorance would be detected by the first retail dealer that he approached, he set out resolutely to take a primary course in the theory, practice, and technic of commerce. He haunted the wholesale houses of Kansas City to acquire the language and manner of the trade; he fraternized with drummers, studied price-lists, schooled himself in the late novelties of the grocery market, and finally took a graduate course of one week on the road with a veteran drummer as master, all at his own expense.

Pyatt in the interim had kept him posted as to conditions in Osceola. "On the 8th of May," he had written, "the judges will hold court openly in the court-house, relying for safety on the fact that they are known to no one save the natives. This will be our chance."

Graham arrived a day in advance, put up at the Commercial Hotel, and began canvassing the local grocery-stores. It must be that the schooling stood him in good stead, for it is not of record that his inexperience was detected. During the evening he had an opportunity to consult with Pyatt. The latter had gathered some information as to the personal appearance of the two judges in contempt, Sam C. Peden and James M. Nevitt (David Walker, the third judge, not having fallen under the ban of the Federal court), and the details of the attack were arranged.

By nine o'clock next morning farm-wagons began to arrive from every point of the compass, and by ten court-house square was hedged about with a compact rank of them. Farmers, stockmen, county officials, and townspeople stood about in knots, engaged in conversation; and in one of these groups, the deputies knew, were the men they sought, but to pick them out by applying the loose verbal description Pyatt had received was no easy task. Peden had been designated as "tall, lank, and swivel-jointed, with a drooping blond mustache"; but half the men in the yard seemed to answer to this. And the description of Nevitt as a man "not quite so tall as Peden, but heavier and with a stoop to his shoulders," was not less indefinite.

Graham and Pyatt stood in the entrance of a dry-goods store, selected as a point of reconnoiter because the clerks were too busy waiting on a crowd of women to notice them. It was agreed that they should stay there until court opened, when the judges, they thought, would disclose their official identity by taking their positions on the bench. They would then swoop down, each entering by a different door, and arrest all three. Later they could ascertain which was Walker, and release him.

At the sheriff's "Hear ye! Hear ye!" the groups converged upon the picturesque ruin used as a court-house. Graham, meanwhile, acting on a happy impulse, had caused a report to be circulated among the women in the store that a marriage was about to be solemnized. He had seen the bride, and she was beautifully dressed. In the next five minutes not less than twenty women, remembering that they had occasion to speak with their husbands or fathers, sauntered with studied leisure across the street, all their faculties alert to catch a glimpse of white organdie and nun's veiling.

Carefully gaging their speed, to give the women exactly time to reach the court-room and no more, the deputies followed. It was as they had expected: St. Clair County being essentially Southern in sympathies and gallantry, there was a mighty moving of chairs and shuffling of feet as the masculine wing of the assembly hastened to find seats for the late arrivals, and the confusion served to mask their own appearance.

At the end of the room farthest from the doors thirty or forty men stood closely massed about a table. Realizing that now was the time and this the place to strike, the deputies charged for the crowd. Instantly a clarion voice hushed the whispers of chivalry and the drone of business, and a pair of brawny arms seized Pyatt about the waist from behind, pinioning his arms to his sides. Some one else essayed the same form of attack upon Graham, but he broke away. "The deputies! The deputies!" screamed the voice. Pistols flashed into sight, and there was a rustle of skirts as the women whisked out into the corridor.

Meanwhile Graham had succeeded in drawing his own weapons, and, with a revolver in each hand, he plunged into the crowd about the table. Behind that human rampart, he believed, sat the judges, and it was his business to arrest them before they had time to mix with the rabble.

He was surprised at the ease with which he accomplished it. The crowd separated before him like the Red Sea under the rod of Moses; the clock on the wall had ticked less than five times since the alarm was given, and there, serenely occupying the chairs which stand for the "county bench," sat his quarry.

"Gentlemen, you are my prisoners!" he cried. "Throw up your hands!" And then to the crowd: "Men, move back and give us room! Stand back!"

But there was no occasion for the latter part of the command, for through the entrances into the corridor and through the windows opening upon the veranda the crowd was melting as if by magic. There was something ominous about the facility with which the program had been carried out: it was not exactly in keeping with the community's reputation, this display of the white feather without even a show of resistance, and when Graham looked into the faces of his prisoners it was with a sinking sensation that he recognized he had been duped. Two were farmer lads, mere striplings scarcely out of their teens, and the third was a mulatto.

A few of the late audience looked back over their shoulders in departing to mock him with derisive laughter and sal-

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from photographs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

TRIBUNE CAVE

SALT CREEK CAVE

Salt Creek cave is the largest cave in the St. Clair County region. The main chamber, after a depth of forty feet, branches off into several minor passages, which also subdivide into smaller cavities. Tribune Cave overlooks the Osage River near Osceola. Until recently its mouth was concealed by wild grape, and other vines. Both of these caves have been favorite refuges of county judges.

lies of bucolic wit. Only two remained; these stood at a window looking out upon the street. Pyatt had disappeared. Graham glared at the nondescript trio before him, weighing the question as to whether he should take them into custody for aiding Federal prisoners to escape; but an instant later the sound of pistol-shots in the yard below helped him to decide. There was, perhaps, bigger game afoot. The pair at the window became suddenly perturbed at what they saw, and bolted for the stairs. Graham followed.

Having reached the lawn, he saw, just outside of the inclosure, a crowd of excited farmers and stockmen about a lumber-wagon. On the spring-seat in front sat two men and a boy; standing in the rear of the wagon, his pistols trained upon the other occupants, was Pyatt. The crowd about was sullenly demonstrative and rapidly growing. Graham, his weapons still in hand, charged them, firing a wild shot or two as he ran, by way of moral effect.

The incidents of the next few seconds

followed each other so swiftly that no two accounts agree. Some blows were struck with clubbed weapons; one or two knives were flashed; a revolver was discharged; there was a chorus of shouts, a tangle of legs and arms, and then two things happened: Graham, having fought his way to the front wheel of the wagon, popped his pistol into the face of the nearest occupant. In the same breath the other adult occupant leaped to the ground and ran, Pyatt after him, while the boy, too terrified to move, sat dumbly holding the reins.

Again Graham repeated the standard formula of the arresting officer: "Judge Nevitt, you are my prisoner!"

This was the critical moment of the scene. A shrewd tug from behind must have tilted Graham off the wheel and given the prisoner at least a chance for his liberty, but the rabble let it pass unimproved, and the next instant suffered the humiliation of seeing the bracelets clicked upon the wrists of the presiding judge. A groan, a hiss, some smothered imprecations and muttered threats, and the incident was closed.

"I was sitting on the piazza of the Commercial Hotel about five minutes later, Judge Nevitt by my side," said Graham, in telling the story, "when Pyatt came sauntering up from the field with Judge Sam Peden in tow. Both were splashed with mud, and had about them other evidences of a hot burst of speed. The judge's 'swivel-joints' had not disqualified him for the sprinter class. It seems that one of the features of the chase had been the leaping of a six-rail snake-fence, an obstacle which both had cleared at a bound. As they approached the piazza I overheard their conversation: they were talking about other hurdle-races they had known."

"How did you get on to their judgeships?" I asked Pyatt, aside.

"Why," said he, "when that fellow grabbed me in the court-room, I dallied with him a while until I had him where I wanted him, and then sprang a wrestling trick on him. It worked, and I wriggled loose. About this time every one was bolting for the doors. I tried to get back where you were, but three or four husky chaps got me in front of 'em, and hustled me out. When I reached the foot of the stairs, I saw quite a crowd around a lumber-wagon. They were boosting two men and a boy up into the spring-seat, and while one man untied the team, two or three others were hooking the tugs. They were all laughing—seemed to be tickled half to death about something.

"Of course I supposed all this time that you had nabbed the judges in the court-room, as I saw you had the drop on the three fellows in the chairs; but when I saw those two men on the spring-seat reach down to shake hands with some one in the crowd, I got a hunch that you had barked up the wrong tree, so I fired a few shots in the air and swooped down on 'em. Well, you know the rest. Gee! but that fellow Peden is a sprinter!"

After the first six months, Peden attempted to secure his freedom by resigning his office as county judge, but the ruse was only partly successful. He was kept in jail until within a few weeks of the expiration of his term. Judge Nevitt served out his time without a murmur, and upon his return to Osceola was given an ovation.

Deputy marshals came into the county in all manner of disguises. They came as insurance, book, lightning-rod, and patent-medicine agents, as mining engineers, as government surveyors; and one, who had some gift of locution, turned temperance lecturer and stumped the county in the interest of total abstinence. Spurious buyers of live stock would haunt the principal towns for weeks, talking nothing but cattle, and bogus land speculators took long drives, encouraging meanwhile the conversational talents of their guides. But all such invariably tipped their hands before leaving, usually by making a bold attempt to arrest some one supposed to be a county judge. The result was that every visitor, for at least the first six months of his stay, was under suspicion.

The wealthier and more substantial citizens profess to believe that, in electing the present judges, the county took a step which is the beginning of the end. They maintain that the present incumbents of the county bench represent a higher order of intelligence and business sagacity than their predecessors; that there will be no more skulking in the brush, no more cita-

tions for contempt, and no further clashing of authority; but that the court with becoming meekness will submit to the people a proposition to compromise with the bondholders on a basis of $231,000, the face of the original bonds minus $19,000 which has been paid, the interest to be eliminated. The county judges admit that they have some such plan in view. However, it is thought in some circles that this project is "loaded"; that in its essence it is like the stock "sale" of the '70's; and that as no one would bid then, no one will vote now. But of course that would not be the fault of the judges.

Weight is given to this theory by the fact that the bondholders have inadvertently admitted the weakness of their position. About two years ago several of the heaviest holders issued circulars to their comrades in misfortune, the purpose being to call a meeting to discuss the St. Clair County case and to arrange for the passage of a bill by Congress enabling Federal courts to enforce collection of claims against towns, counties, and other unincorporated communities.

"Experience with the St. Clair County case," the circular added, "shows how helpless are the United States courts in this respect."

One of these circulars, by hook or by crook, found its way to Osceola, and within a week news of its contents was in the mouth of every taxpayer. Naturally they exulted in this admission of their strength, and its effect will not be to hasten compromise.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, WHERE KINGS WERE CROWNED

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

I

NOTRE DAME of Rheims looks the royal part that fell to it among the cathedrals of France. From the first moment that you see it springing up from the blur of houses in the plain, it makes "a great figure," as even Arthur Young, whose eyes were usually keener for turnips than for cathedrals, was startled into admitting. His first view of Rheims, from the top of the hills four miles away, was magnificent, he said, and this is the first view you can have to-day, if you journey to Rheims by road, as you will, if you are wise. But if you must keep to the train, you cannot entirely escape the magnificence. Notre Dame is the biggest thing, the most beautiful thing, in as dull and ugly a plain as you can find in France. It has been compared to a great sphinx brooding over the Champagne, and always gazing out to the west. But it is in no need of comparison. It is its own standard of greatness and mystery. It can suggest nothing more marvelous than itself, as it towers there, triumphant, above the commercial town of unlovely factories and tall, bare chimneys, as when of old it towered above the town consecrated to kings and ruled by bishops hardly less royal than they. It wears its honors with the stateliness and sumptuousness they impose.

II

IT happened that for me this distant view was reserved until I had become familiar with the cathedral from many others. On the first of my several visits, I got to Rheims so late in the evening that there was time only for a hurried, vague impression of clustered pinnacles and mammoth buttresses before I went to bed. It was the next morning—a hot, blazing

August morning—that I first really saw the cathedral, and then it was not more than a stone's throw from my hotel window. The *place* where it stands is far too closely shut in by small and insignificant houses. But the strongest light, the meanest surroundings, could not lessen the marvel of so marvelous a church, and magnificent is the word that occurs to one on the threshold, as to Arthur Young on the distant hilltop. There is no cathedral in France that can equal it in wealth, in extravagance, in gorgeousness of ornament. The façade of Notre Dame of Paris, while something like it in general design, is of Puritan simplicity beside the façade of Notre Dame of Rheims. No other west doors are more deeply recessed, more richly charged with sculpture, row upon row, tier upon tier, some statues being as unexpectedly Greek in character as others are Gothic. No other sculp-

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

WEST FRONT AND TOWERS OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE THREE PORTALS OF THE WEST FRONT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

tures are on so large and imposing a scale. No other gables over the doors soar upward in such high, acute angles; no others show such an entanglement of figures and traceries. And the great, tall windows above, and the rose between, are so beset with ornament that hardly an inch of bare stone remains about them. In the gallery of kings the statues stand under carven canopies, intricate, delicate, lacelike in their elaboration. The tall central gable, fretted and flamboyant, reaches up still higher; and on each side of it the towers, with the long lines of their arches and windows, seem bent on carrying the glory of it all to the very heights of heaven.

Nor were architect and sculptor less lavish when they turned from the west front. Everywhere it is the same. The buttresses stand firm, a mass of arcades, niches sheltering wide-winged angels, and tall pinnacles; or they go flying across aisles in as light, graceful, and ornate a flight as if beauty were its only object. They are the most beautiful buttresses in France, Fergusson says; the grandest pinnacles, Mr. Moore declares, and both are right. The transepts are only new spaces for new ornament, the apse is only a new motive for a new arrangement of buttresses and pinnacles. The gargoyles, somehow, seem more monstrous than those that look down from other cathedral walls, and round the top of the apse, perched on a high balustrade, are grotesques,—owls, mermaids, griffins, unicorns,—strange beings that come of the same family as the devils of Notre Dame in Paris; only the grotesques of Rheims are where they can be seen from below, where they serve in the decorative scheme, breaking the horizontal lines of the balustrade with the effect of still another row of pinnacles. I have wandered for days about the cathedral without coming to the end of its inexhaustible detail. It is almost incredible that one church could be so covered with ornament, that its walls could bear upon their surface such a rhythmical confusion of sculptured stone.

Indeed, there are people who think the exterior of Rheims overdone, barbaric in its profusion. The ornament, they say, is out of scale, the statues too large, the pinnacled buttresses too high, the sculptures too liberally scattered: the cathedral cannot be seen because of the decoration. But I have never felt this. The cathedral remains grand and impressive for all its detail. No loss of repose is the price of its richness, no loss of grace the price of its complexity. The proportions are so fine that the intricate sculptures only add to the dignity of the façade, where the insistence upon ascending lines—in the gables, in the windows, in the towers—emphasizes, even exaggerates, the height. The pinnacles and buttresses, the balustrades and beasts, are only in keeping with the splendid scale upon which the building was planned. Stern simplicity would be as out of place here as florid redundancy at Chartres. The sculptor was working in perfect accord with the architect through the long years Rheims took in the building.

The miracle is that unity should have been maintained not despite multitudinous detail, but despite the fact that this building spread over more than one period, as periods go in architecture. The cathedral was begun just a little later than Paris and Chartres,—1211 or 1212 is the date, to be exact,—and though before fifty years had passed it had been carried far enough for consecration, it was not finished in its complete royal splendor until the early part of the fifteenth century. Perhaps the real, the great miracle of all was its ever getting on so far and so quickly as it did. For the century when the builders were most active was the very century—the thirteenth—when cathedral and town were at war, when the archbishops fought their own flock from fortified castles, and the flock defied their archbishops from behind barricades made of stones just brought from the quarries for the new cathedral. In later ages, the revolt of the people has usually been a signal for the pulling down or the dishonoring of great churches,—you can see only too plainly what the Revolution did for Rheims,—but in those incomprehensible days popular agitation was apparently an incentive to pulling them up in their beauty. In Laon and Soissons, and more than one other French town, church and commune grew and prospered together, even while one seemed trying hard to destroy the other. At Rheims the fight was a stiff one, for the archbishops mostly had the king behind them, and, in

THE NORTH TRANSEPT

consequence, the delays were more frequent. The work did not go with a frenzy of zeal, as at Chartres, for instance. Between the beginning and the finishing of the cathedral there was time for styles and standards in architecture to change. But never did the delays, never did the change, bring about discord, as at Le Mans; never did it mean a long interval when the church was left standing a melancholy fragment, as at Clermont-Ferrand. The cathedral was completed as the thirteenth-century architect designed it. If anything, it gained for not having been rushed through by the medieval builders, who, when left to themselves and not too much distracted by politics, were "hustlers" long before the American invented the word. The Gothic architect, as time went on, grew more confident, readier to let himself go, and therefore the splendor of Rheims only expanded with the years, and the ever-increasing flamboyance of ornament spread over just those visible portions of the cathedral where it belongs by rights. But, if it did not belong there, if the cathedral bore its burden of decoration less nobly, I would not have that burden lightened by as much as one figure, one bit of tracery. The church where the kings of France were crowned could not be too rich, too extravagant, too gorgeous.

There is no disappointment, no anti-climax, when you go into the cathedral.

THE NORTH AISLE LOOKING EAST

The interior also has a regal air. It also is royal in its stateliness and sumptuousness. It may not have the power of impressing, as Pater wrote, if the impression you seek is one of fervor and devotion. I cannot imagine anybody "praying well" at Rheims. But, then, who would ever think of it as a church to pray in? The surprise there would be to come upon the miraculous shrine of the rich treasure of holy relics. If it seems formal, that is what one expects of it as the stage for the highest ceremonial in a land of ceremony. And the formality is of such fine perfection that it produces its effect before one stops and asks why. One feels the interior to be immense, without searching the guide-book for actual figures of length and height; one feels it to be splendid, without looking at the detail of the pillars with their gilded capitals, the lofty vaulting of the roof, the choir spacious within its simple grille, the windows burning with royal fires,—fires lighted in the thirteenth century, when stained glass reached its full beauty,—the tapestries glowing even in their faded glory.

These tapestries always seemed to me the distinctive feature of Rheims, the last touch of magnificence to a cathedral already magnificent. They hang all along the aisles on each side of the nave —Gobelins tapestries, Perpersack tapestries, tapestries rarely seen anywhere nowadays save safely stored in museums. It is like the sumptuousness of Rheims to display them as if they were as entirely a part of itself as the sculptures of the façade, the angels and monsters of the apse. The medieval architect never meant to leave the interior of his church bare and

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

A GLIMPSE OF THE CHOIR FROM THE TRANSEPT

gray. Sometimes he used paint to get the color he was not afraid of; but if the result then was as crude and restless as in the churches modern restorers have painted according to their idea of what medieval decoration ought to have been, I am thankful the last traces and flakes of blues and reds and greens and yellows have faded and peeled from the gray stones. It may be we would have thought the tapestries crude in their first brilliance, but I doubt it, just as I doubt whether a Viollet-le-Duc-painted chapel looks in the least as the medieval decorator left it. As it is, though dim shadows of themselves, the tapestries of Rheims have not lost the gorgeousness in harmony with the royal pageant for which they were the background. How gorgeous they are, one does not quite know until one sees them, as I have seen them, the background for the church pageant, the ceremonial the cathedral continues to conduct with more than common state and dignity even when only a few old women and a few tourists make up the congregation. The procession through the aisles of canons in scarlet and purple —the scarlet the canons of Rheims are privileged to wear—and priests in glittering vestments, and acolytes in white surplices, amid incense and solemn chants and flaming candles, awakens for one all the old associations with Rheims, as nothing else in the cathedral can. One seems to be watching that larger procession—the procession of kings, one after the other, journeying from Paris to be crowned, as later they were to journey to St. Denis to be buried. Banners float and

wave through the clouds of incense; the clang of armor breaks upon the sacred chant, everywhere gold gleams and silks shine in the lights from the burning windows above and from the flaming candles below. It is the irony of history that in this spectacle of royalty at Rheims, this review of kings from Clovis to the last-crowned Bourbon, not one figure to-day stands out so vividly as that of the little peasant girl, Jeanne d'Arc, her work done, begging the "Roi de Bourges," whom she had made King of France, that she might lay aside her armor and go back in peace to her flocks and pastures. They seem to have felt this at Rheims, for hers is the statue they have set up in front of the cathedral, where all men can see it, while

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CHOIR OR EAST FRONT

the kings stand meekly in a row, well out of the way, under the niches of their high gallery below the towers.

III

As a rule, I neither climb cathedral towers nor follow cathedral guides, unless they alone have the key to doors kept locked. But at Rheims, as at Paris, one misses something if one does not mount to the roof at least, and let the guide lead where he will—and can. One gets a curiously intimate impression of the cathedral up there, wandering in the lofty regions between the vaulting and the roof, along the outer walls, in among the strange beasts and birds, with now and again a wide outlook over the town and the plain, and an unexpected, almost indiscreet command of the archbishop's palace. One sees a good deal the builder did not mean one to see from below, where people, who went to church in his time, were supposed to stay. But one loses no illusions: one is only more impressed than ever with the sumptuously colossal scale upon which the great building was designed. A big church could be stowed away in what is virtually the cathedral attic, with room to spare for the priest's house beside it. One feels a pigmy among the beasts and birds watching from the cathedral peaks, and peering down over the cathedral precipices; one is put to shame as an idler before the enthusiasm of the artist who never shirked his work, even where its beauty was only the most minute, an almost invisible detail in a great decorative whole. Other cathedrals are as elaborate in parts as Rheims, but not one I know is as magnificently elaborate everywhere.

All impressions of the cathedral, no matter where one may go for them, bring one back to this sense of its magnificence. I almost believed sometimes that the town had been made ugly and shabby purposely to set it off. *Une cité gloricuse*, Rheims may have been in St. Bernard's day; but there is nothing glorious about it now. It has not lost the importance for which it was always noted, and the bottles and biscuits in endless shop-windows would tell you why, if you needed to be told. But it is important without the picturesqueness age retains in towns like Troyes and Le Puy, without the pretentiousness modern prosperity brings to others like Lille or Lyons. In whatever direction I might walk, after I had seen the remains of its Roman grandeur, the old church of St. Remi, a few timbered houses here and there about the market square, the Place Royale, elegant in its eighteenth-century way, I had exhausted all that Rheims could show except streets of second-hand shops and boulevards of houses that, at the best, are a poor reëcho of the Paris least worth reechoing. Had they gone about it deliberately, the people of Rheims could not have given greater distinction to the cathedral than it owes to the chance that reduced the town to colorless commonplace. It is only with the sudden view of the cathedral—now the east end above the gay flower-market, now the towers at the turning of a mean street—that the town becomes beautiful. Pictorially the cathedral still rules Rheims as politically it did during many hundred years from the remote days when St. Remi baptized Clovis there, and the dove flew down from heaven with the oil by which kings were to be annointed as long as there were kings in France.

If the people of Rheims rejoiced when this political supremacy was over, they were hardly to be blamed. It was no light matter for them when their spiritual shepherd was their temporal lord, more at home with sword and armor than with crozier. But, rather than that the cathedral should lose by an inch, by a touch, the beauty created under the rule of the archbishops, I should prefer to see them again the powerful, cruel lords they were, defying the people from their strong castle, sending out a blight upon the land with their interdicts and sentences of excommunication. This, however, is entirely a matter of personal prejudice, which is not shared—for the moment, anyway—by the French Government. As things are now, it is far more likely that there will be no archbishop at all when next I go to Rheims. The cathedral will remain,—cathedrals are national monuments,—though in what condition eventually I do not like to think, when I remember the restorations already completed and the scaffolding I saw on the southern tower and over a

part of the north transept. But fortunately the old architect did his work so well that it will take many revolutions and many restorers to destroy it altogether. For generations yet to come the cathedral will rise royally magnificent above the unlovely factories and tall, bare chimneys of the town, the rich tapestry of the sculptor's figures and traceries spread over its walls without, the rich tapestry of Gobelins and Perpersack hanging on its walls within.

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NORTH SIDE OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

THE PARTING

BY W. E. DAVENPORT

AFTER so much of art, pictures, statues, rich and towering churches,
And nature's infinite splendid sights, my south Italian mountain towns,—Agnone, Sala, Acri, and Cosenza,—
Sticks in my mind one simple scene, of cheerful fond intent—befitting not the expense of many lines:
A teacher scarcely old, a traveler, seer of sights and observer of men and their ways,
By a group of youths at eve in the open street surrounded.
Of these—their pleased looks, their manners, easy, free, full of cheerful resolve;
Their wit, brightness, mirth, courtesy, confidence, outstretched hands, with or without words—
And he, the elder, pleased just as much, easy and confident as they,
Toward dusk in the street, before the hotel, bidding good-by;
Saying only, "Good night, good night, we shall see each other again."

From a photograph by Skeen & Co., Colombo, Ceylon

LOWER BRANCHES OF THE SACRED BO-TREE, AT ANURADHAPURA, 2195 YEARS OLD

THE CITY OF THE SACRED BO-TREE

MARVELOUS RUINS UNEARTHED IN CEYLON

BY ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON

AN American traveler, Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, having recently visited the remarkable ruins of the ancient city of Anuradhapura, Ceylon, has prepared for the readers of THE CENTURY, by permission of the authorities, the following illustrated account of the results of the official excavations now in progress on that historic site.—THE EDITOR.

IN the heart of the jungle in the north central province of Ceylon, the remains of the wonderful city of Anuradhapura are being excavated by the British Government. Mr. H. C. P. Bell of the Ceylon Civil Service, and the engineers who are working under his direction, have unearthed palaces and temples which were built fifteen hundred years and more ago. One of these temples has been estimated to contain enough material to build eight thousand one-story houses, each with a frontage of twenty feet. These would form thirty streets half a mile in length, constructing a town the size of Yonkers, New York, or Mobile, Alabama. The same material might be used to line an ordinary railway tunnel twenty miles long, or build a wall one foot thick and ten feet high from London to Edinburgh,

or from New York City to Richmond, Virginia.

STUPENDOUS RECANTATION

THIS stupendous temple, the Jetawanarama, was built A. D. 330 by King Maha Sena to celebrate his recantation of the Wytulian heresy. Although the chronicles do not tell us the exact tenets of this heresy, the probabilities are that it was the result of an attempt on the part of the Brahmans of India to supplant the worship of Buddha in Ceylon.

In the days of his youth, King Maha Sena was tutored by an eminent heretic, and when he came to the throne he treated the followers of Buddha with such severity that large numbers of them fled. He destroyed more than three hundred monasteries and other buildings, and used their materials for the erection of shrines to glorify his new religion. This caused him to become so intensely unpopular that finally, to avert a general insurrection, he sacrificed Sanghamitra, his tutor, to the wrath of the people, rebuilt the buildings he had razed, recalled the priests he had driven away, and built many monuments to Buddha, the most gigantic of which was the Jetawanarama.

A LEAF FROM THE SACRED BO-TREE

A sheet of gold had been placed on this leaf by a worshiper. (See page 954)

It is the most massive ruin in Anuradhapura. Originally it was 316 feet high; and its height is still 269 feet. Great trees have wrapped their roots about the stones from base to summit, debris to the depth of thirty feet has accumulated about the dome, the chapels which originally stood on the four sides of it have fallen to pieces. A skeleton tree waves its gaunt arms where priests once knelt around the chapel altar, and wild beasts have recently roamed unmolested over its sacred sides.

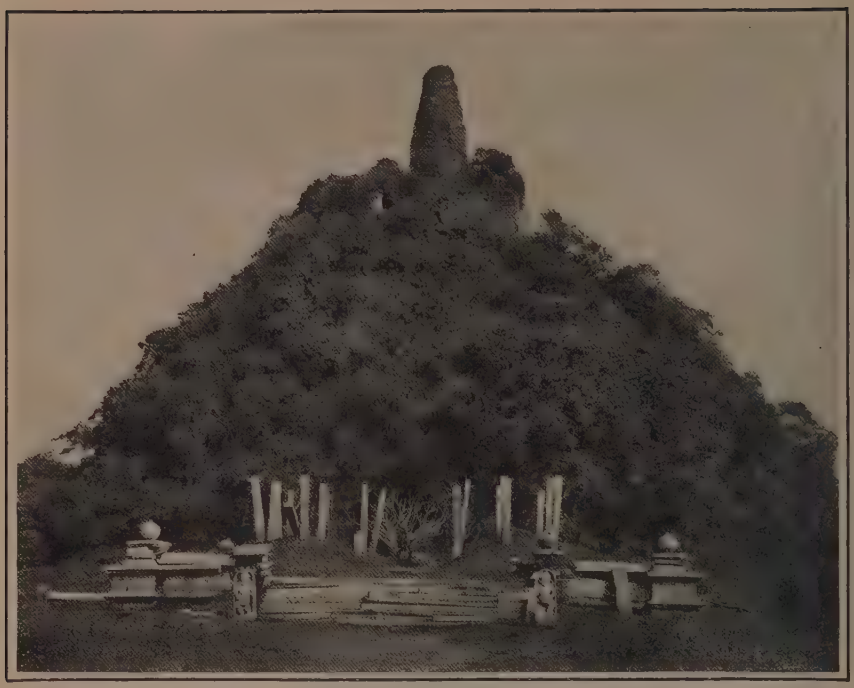
In looking at the Jetawanarama as it now stands, nearly covered with trees and underbrush, it is easy to understand how this and the other great dagobas of Anuradhapura came to be thought natural hills. Man's neglect began the work of destruction, and soon the wonderfully rapid jungle growth, assisted by the winds and the birds, enveloped them.

The masonry in this temple begins about two hundred feet below the present ground level, and reaches to the spire on top of the tee which surmounts the dome.

Sir Emerson Tennent has estimated that "the cubic contents of this dome and the platform on which it stands exceed twenty millions of cubic feet; and with the facilities which modern invention supplies for economizing labor, the building of such a mass would at present occupy five hundred bricklayers from six to seven years, involving an expenditure of at least a million pounds sterling."

The wedge-shaped bricks which face the dome are of the same length as those in the Great Wall of China.

Each of the dagobas, as these dome-shaped temples are called, stands on a triple terrace of masonry that can be clearly seen in the Mirisvetiya Dagoba, which is being restored at enormous expense by a prince of Siam who recently came on a pilgrimage to Anuradhapura, and undertook this restoration in order to show his devotion to the Buddhist faith.



From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

RUINS OF THE JETAWANARAMA (SEE PAGE 947)

This temple compares in size with the great pyramid of Cheops

AN EXPENSIVE APOLOGY

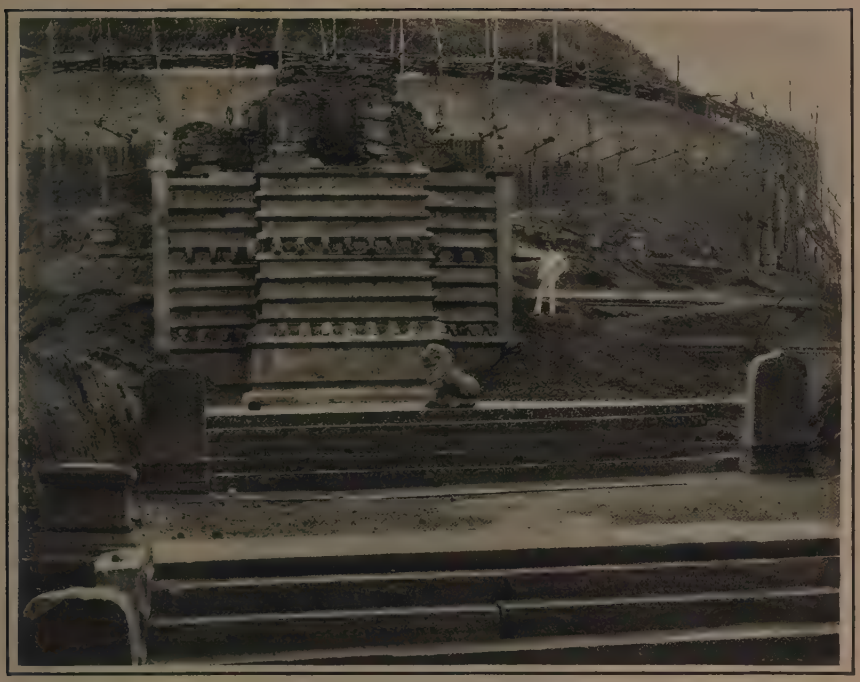
THIS dagoba was erected by King Dutugamini in the middle of the second century before Christ, and the reason for its erection gives an interesting glimpse of his character. One day while meditating he remembered that on a certain occasion he had taken some food, consisting of curry and chilli, known as Wetiya and Miris, and, contrary to the custom among pious Buddhists, had neglected to offer any to the priest. Greatly disturbed by the recollection of this omission of duty, and anxious to atone for it, the monarch at once began to build a shrine in honor of Buddha, and named it after the food which had occasioned the sin.

The well-preserved altar on the west side is an excellent specimen of Singhalese architecture. The first impression one receives on looking at it is the evident pleasure of the workman in his work. The gargoyles, one of which has been placed temporarily on the steps, represent some bland, well-fed mythical creature; the animated procession of beasts under the cornice shows the greatest diversity of treatment. The beautiful foliage design on the pilasters is full of grace and elegance, and the conventionalized row of heads across the center heightens the effect of the lifelike elephants' heads, lower down, each of which has a little touch of individuality in the position of its trunk, the tilt of its head, or some other variation.

The brickwork on the top of the chapel formed a niche in which an image of Buddha was probably kept.

THE OLDEST TEMPLE IN CEYLON

ANOTHER interesting temple is the Isurumuniya, which is a monument to the reign of King Dewananpiya Tissa, and is the oldest in Ceylon, for it dates from the year 300 B. C. It is hewn in the face of a cliff, and its shrine is approached by two terraces. These, as well as the steps and



From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

THE MIRISVETIYA

This temple, which had been overgrown like the one shown on the previous page, is being restored by a prince of Siam

janitor stones, are well preserved. The wall of the upper terrace is ornamented with separate stones, on which are carved in low relief a remarkable series of figures, while on the face of the rock to the right of the entrance there is a figure in high relief holding a horse. Farther down on the rock are a number of elephant's heads.

The carving around the door is very beautiful, and was originally protected by a roof, now entirely gone, but the deep cuts in the rock made to support the beams on which the roof rested are very noticeable.

The figure of Buddha inside the temple, the pedestal, and the surrounding ornamentation, are all cut out of the solid rock.

A REMARKABLE FIND

Among the remarkable "finds" in Anuradhapura is a stone canopy which was discovered by Mr. Burrows of the Ceylon Civil Service. By great good fortune all the parts were found, and as they had been buried face downward, the sunk paneled moldings were in an excellent state of preservation. The stones forming the frieze that ran along the outer edge of the roof are delicately carved, and bear representations of the Buddhist window surmounted by the figure of a mythical beast. Mr. Burrows notified the Governor of Ceylon of his discovery, and His Excellency ordered an immediate restoration.

The work was enthusiastically undertaken, although the only appliance on hand for raising the heavy stones was a piece of old chain, and the three roof stones weighed over twenty tons. It was finally decided to set the pillars up on the platform, fill the space between them, and build an incline of earth from the top of the pillars to the roof stones. These were then gradually worked into position by means of crowbars and wooden rollers, a method which was, very likely, the one by which they were originally raised to

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

THE ROCK-TEMPLE ISURUMUNIYA, THE OLDEST TEMPLE IN CEYLON
(SEE PAGE 948)

their places. The earth was then removed from between the pillars, and the perfect restoration is an archæological delight.

Not far from the canopy are the remains of what was probably the entrance-hall to a palace, and there is a charm in the silence around these pillars and this flight of lonely steps which leads one's imagination to draw pictures of the life which once teemed in these places, where now the lizard lies lazily in the sun.

Another flight of very beautiful steps is that which leads to what is thought to have been the queen's palace. The steps are decorated with lotus petals and supported by stooping figures of dwarfs leaning forward between bundles of wheat, and resting their hands on their knees. The curly locks, the jeweled earrings, bracelets, and anklets on the dwarfs are in many cases as clearly cut as if fresh from the sculptor's chisel. At the foot of the steps is a moonstone, a form of step peculiar to Singhalese architecture, and so called from its shape, resembling a half-moon. The outer border is of lotus petals; next comes a procession of elephants, Brahmany bulls, with their humped backs, lions, and horses; and the next half-circle is composed of an arabesque design. Then comes a succession of the *hanza,* or sacred geese; and the inner half-circle represents lotus petals.

MOONSTONES

MANY of these moonstones have been found, but no two are exactly alike; the widths of the borders vary, and on some the plump geese are daintily carrying in their bills lotus stems from which the heavy-headed flowers hang gracefully. The attitudes of the individual animals differ, although they keep the same relation to one another. The expressions of the animals are very diverting, for the lions and elephants look positively frivolous, the horses look dignified, but amused, while the bulls seem to take themselves quite seriously.

ORIGIN OF THE CITY

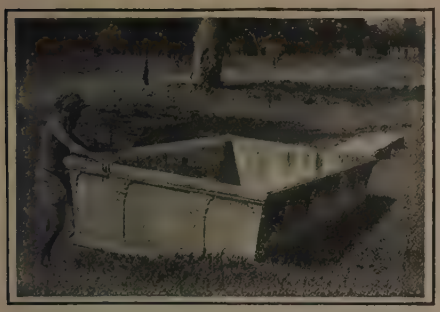
THE palace to which these steps led is one of the few buildings which the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society have been unable to identify, for a faithful account of most of them is given in the "Mahawanso," or "Genealogy of the Great," a reliable compilation of records begun by Mahanamo, a Buddhist priest, in A. D. 460.

His work covers the period from 543 B. C. to A. D. 301, and the record was brought down by successive Buddhist priests to the beginning of British rule in Ceylon in 1812.[1]

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

STONE CANOPY AFTER RESTORATION
(SEE PAGE 949)

[1] The first translation of these annals was made by Mr. George Turnour of the Ceylon Civil Service in 1826.



From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

RECEPTACLE, CUT FROM A SINGLE STONE, TO HOLD FOOD FOR PILGRIMS

According to the "Genealogy," Wijeyo landed in Ceylon in 543 B. C. His followers were called Singhalese because he was the son of an Indian prince, Sinha Bahu. Wijeyo conquered the aborigines by the important aid of Kuweni, one of their princesses, whom he married; but after securing a firm foothold in the country, he repudiated her, and took an Indian princess to share his throne.

He reigned thirty years, and his successor, a nephew, Panderwasa, also married an Indian princess, who was accompanied to Ceylon by her six brothers, each of whom built a city. So by 500 B. C. the political connection between India and Ceylon was closely established.

One of these brothers, Anuradha, founded Anuradhapura, which soon became the capital. Eventually the city was destroyed by war; but in spite of its desolation, it has been the Mecca of the Buddhists, and its dagobas will forever remain wonderful monuments to a great religion.

Bountiful provision seems to have been made for pilgrims, as a number of public-food receptacles of generous proportions have been found. Most of them were hewn out of single blocks of granite. One of the finest which has been found is ornamented with pilasters in bas-relief; its date is about 160 B. C. Since it has been excavated, the residents of two korales, or native districts, have pledged themselves to fill it with rice for the pilgrims who came during the June full moon.

Near it is an oblong stone which is called a panduorua, or dyeing vessel, at one end of which is a deep circular hollow and at the other a small raised platform. This was used exclusively for dyeing the priests' robes. To this day Buddhist priests wear robes of the same dull yellow hue, which, they say, being the color of the earth, betokens humility.

Anuradha and his sister, Queen Bhoda-Kachana, were the grandson and granddaughter of Amitodama, who was an uncle of Gautama Buddha. In 307 B. C. the sacred relics of the right collar-bone of Buddha and the bowl in which he received alms were brought to Ceylon.

The Thuparama was built to enshrine the bone, and is declared by Fergusson to be "older than any monument now existing in India." It was built by King Dewananpiya Tissa in 307 B. C., seven years later than the Isurumuniya. It stands on a circular platform, and tapers gracefully to the top. It is the smallest of the Anuradhapura temples, being only sixty-three feet high; but its symmetry is perfect, and the columns around it are so delicate and artistic that one can easily believe the sculptor fashioned them to resemble the tall and slender areca palm-trees. They stand in three rows, and are one hundred and twenty-eight in number; the monolithic columns are surmounted by octagonal capitals. One of these is ornamented

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

JANITOR STONE, OR STEP GUARDIAN

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

THE THUPARAMA TEMPLE (IN THE BACKGROUND)

In the foreground are the remains of the Dalada Maligawa, where was enshrined the tooth of Buddha

with grotesque figures holding up their arms as if supporting a weight. Another capital is decorated with eagles standing upright, with outstretched wings, and still another has quaint dwarfs in every conceivable posture.

Just below the capitals the columns are ornamented with a cord-and-tassel design the pattern of which is different on the outer and inner columns. The columns are arranged in quadrants, so as to form a broad passage to each of the cardinal points. On top of each column is a small tenon, which shows that they once supported a roof. The greater height of the inner row of columns suggests that the roof was conical.

Between the rows of columns is a floor formed of granite slabs, which are supported on a wall of great thickness. The remains of painting on the altars and on the columns indicate that originally the structure was gaudily decorated.

On the four sides of the eminence upon which the temple stands flights of steps, broken by landings, lead to it. The balustrades of these stairs are entirely gone, but the janitor stones are well preserved. These dwarpals, step guardians, or janitor stones, as they are variously called, are found very generally among the ruins, and are usually decorated with a tall, graceful figure standing between grotesque dwarfs. The figure is clad in bracelets, necklaces, two belts, and an elaborately ornamented nether garment, wears a lofty headdress surrounded by cobra heads, and carries in each hand a gift of welcome. The pilasters on the outer side of the stones are surmounted by a kneeling elephant, suggestive of the means of travel employed by visitors.

The excellence of the sculpture on these stones is particularly noteworthy, because it is an independent development, and is contemporaneous with the reign of Pericles and the highest development of Greek art.

The dwarfs suggest the relative importance of the men whom the upper serv-

ants doubtless had in those days to do their work, even as they have now. The heavy earrings worn by the little figures are also characteristic, for in modern Ceylon, even if a person earns only seven cents a day, the love of decoration is shown by wearing glass or other cheap jewelry.

THE SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA

ADJACENT to the Thuparama are the remains of the Dalada Maligawa, built in the fourth century A. D. to receive the sacred tooth of Buddha, which was brought from India by the Princess Kalinga concealed in the coils of her hair. Many bloody wars have been fought and men have died that this precious relic might not stay too long in the possession of one city or one kingdom.

Much of the early history of India and Ceylon centers about this miracle-working object, and Cave recounts some wonderful adventures which are ascribed to it in ancient manuscripts. "It was rescued from the pyre on which Buddha was cremated in 543 B. C., and was worshiped and honored with great festivals in Dantapoora near Calcutta. An army of Brahmans attempted to capture it, but, on seeing it, they were converted. Attempts were made to destroy it by fire, but it always reappeared, enfolded in a lotus blossom. Elephants were made to trample on it, but it always arose again in its lotus of silver or gold. Brahmans cast it into sewers, which at once became beautiful

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

THE MOONSTONE, FROM THE FOOT OF THE STEPS LEADING TO THE SO-CALLED QUEEN'S PALACE

From a photograph by Skeen & Co.

AN OFF-SHOOT OF THE SACRED BO-TREE

lakes; and by these miracles countless Brahmans were converted. In 311 B. C. the daughter of the King of Dantapoora concealed it in her tresses and took it to Ceylon.

The cuneiform moldings of the capitals of the pillars represent the tooth. One of these capitals is still in position, and can be seen in what was the holy of holies, or the inner shrine, where the tooth was kept.

The Chinese traveler Fa Hian, who visited Anuradhapura about A. D. 413, described minutely the elaborate ceremonies and processions which accompanied the showing of the tooth. This independent evidence is specially interesting in corroborating the truth of the Singhalese chronicles. In describing the city, he speaks of the broad, straight streets, the beautiful public buildings, the mountain-like monuments to Buddha, and the appearance of the sacred Bo-tree. His description of the latter is virtually in the same words that would describe it to-day.

THE OLDEST RECORDED LIVING THING

THIS Bo-tree (the *Ficus religiosa*) is probably the oldest living thing in the world of which record has been kept by man, and, with the possible exception of the sequoia, the oldest of living trees. It was brought from India by the Princess Sanghamitta, and was planted by King Dewananpiya Tissa in 288 B. C. It is therefore 2195 years old. The preservation of this tree has been an object of reverent solicitude to successive

dynasties, and either through superstitious reverence or because of its worthlessness to a plunderer, it has been spared amid all the havoc of repeated invasions. As recently as A. D. 1739 it was endowed with lands by Raja Sinha, a Kandian chief.

The Bo-tree's age and identity are matters of absolutely faithful record, and when one recalls that in the rigorous climate of northern Germany, in Hildesheim, there grows a rose-bush which is a thousand years old, it does not seem so remarkable that in the balmy climate of Ceylon this tree should have lived twice as long. It is gnarled and unsymmetrical, because many of its branches have been cut off and sent to distant temples. This Bo-tree is a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha sat when he attained Nirvana, and Buddhists say the passion through which he passed communicated itself to the tree, and caused all the leaves to tremble.

Each of the millions of pilgrims who have toiled along the sacred way which leads to this shrine has hoped to bear away with him a leaf from the sacred tree, and happy is he at whose feet one falls.

The leaves hang on a slender stem, and are easily stirred by the slightest breeze, so each petitioner is rewarded for his pilgrimage by feeling that the tree responds to the fervor of his soul; but few take home a leaf. Many bring offerings to the tree, and on a number of the lower leaves are sheets of gold placed there by jewelers and other wealthy worshipers. Guided by an impulse of gratitude for a service I had rendered a sick woman nearby, the priest solemnly picked and gave me one of these.

The tree stands on a hillock, and is approached by three flights of rather steep steps. Against the parapet which surrounds the tree are shrines on which rice, tea, frangipani blossoms, and other flowers are offered, and the soil about it is soaked with libation oil.

It is profoundly impressive to stand before this tree over whose head two thousand monsoons, two thousand seasons of alternate drought and rain have passed, about whose shrine faithful hearts have been lifted up for two thousand years.

While kings have grown great and their grandeur has vanished and their palaces crumbled away, this tree has lived, and links with our own the days when Rome and Carthage were young and Anuradhapura was in its glory.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

BY WILMATTE PORTER COCKERELL

THE Professor's boy was collecting caterpillars, and the whole campus was astir with interest and a desire to be useful. Whether it was the new education or the ancient worship of the Boy, there is no telling, but we all gave our best to the one child in our little faculty group.

Young men came to scoff, and were led off into the woods to see a hummingbird's nest or a squirrel's housekeeping. Even Sophomores have been known to creep about on face and stomach, cheered on by the Boy's "You 're the best one ever," and "Does n't it wiggle grand?"

Older men came to reform, and were found with sleeves up and trousers above their knees wading about in search of growing dragon-flies or young frogs. The Professor himself climbed trees or swam icy mountain lakes—anything, in short, that the Boy might need to have done. To some it was given to sit on the back steps, in the gathering twilight, and see

lovely Bumpy dart his long tongue back and forth as he took his evening meal. But these were the chosen, the President's wife, Dr. Delhaven's black housekeeper, and Mother, of course.

"Twice two is five; twice two is five." It was the dullest tone imaginable, for the Boy was having a lesson in numbers, and he was not liking it. That was plain enough. Just outside, the spring was riotous with light and warmth and the love-songs of birds and the whir of insects' wings. "Mother,"—and the little prisoner's voice was very plaintive,—"I wish I was a hen. 'T would be awful jolly to be a hen. Why, you could just scratch and scratch all day long, and you 'd never know what lovely thing you 'd find next.

"Two times five is eleven; two times five is eleven. Mother, do you see that lovely place in the cherry-tree, just there where the blossoms hang all around? If I were a bird, I 'd put my nest just there.

"Two times seven is twelve; two times seven is twelve. When there 's so much good world, why can't we have a little in the house? I do feel all scratchy. I maybe need a swim awful."

The Professor's wife was a little old-fashioned about education, and she believed in the discipline of arithmetic; but with the Boy—well, perhaps, since we 'd all told her so, perhaps the spring or summer was not the time; so the little persimmon was allowed to go and swim in the big bath-tub.

The cool water flapped across his back, and the light, smooth feeling of his body made it very easy for him to imagine himself a fish. He was just ready on his spring-board to dive for a fine, fat worm, when,—dreadful thing to see!—the room was nearly as full of water as the tub!

Just about the same time the Professor came in through the side door, and hearing a gentle *drip-drip* on the stairs, hurried to see what the trouble might be. The Professor's boy adored his father, but, being an active, nimble-footed creature, and his father slow of speech and action, it had become his by right to lead when quick action was required.

Father and son met at the landing. The child's soft body was partly covered by a blue-checked crash towel, and his face was glowing with excitement.

"Why, Carroll," the Professor began, "what is the occasion—"

But the Boy's high, childish voice broke in quickly: "Don't talk, John. Get a mop!"

The gray-haired Professor of Psychology, waiting in the parlor below, heard, and repeated the story, as showing the irreverence conduced by the New Education. But he was quite wrong there, as the Boy's diary for that day showed;

"My father 's a luvly mopper. Ide rather be a fin mopper like him than to have 1000 caterpillers."

The caterpillars were kept in little cages in a great window-box just outside the Boy's window. The Professor of Shop Work arranged that for the Boy. The diary told the story:

"Ime so glad to have gud friends. He 's made me kages for my caterpillars. Maie-bee he 's awful old, he 's so nice. I gees hees 12."

The caterpillars throve wonderfully in their little cages, and the Boy, born with the instinct for wild things, carefully searched out the food suited to each species, and then watched with joy while the little jaws went round and round, taking a neat crescent out of the leaves.

One day there was trouble. "Ites the best of all. dr. daniels sais ites the best. Ites new. he likes you and takes you buggie ride when ites new. I like dr. daniels he nows more caterpillars than the hole colledge. even than the preesdent.

"It won't eet, I feed it all kinds." Every day the same sad plaint: "It won't eet," and on Friday: "Ites srivelleyed up some. I krid to-day cause it won't eet."

We 'd all heard about it, of course—the lovely black and green caterpillar, that could n't eat because the proper food could not be found.

"Do you reckon you 'd go to the club to-day for dinnah?" Dr. Delhaven's housekeeper inquired. "I 'm goin' out with that chile myself and get somethin' for that wo'm to eat."

"Dr. Evans was coming to lunch to-day," Dr. Delhaven suggested; "would n't to-morrow be time enough for your expedition, Judith?"

The black woman shook her head.

"That pore little wo'm 's got to have somethin' to eet. It 'pears to me like we-all have a pore college here when none of us can get propeh food for a little wo'm."

"Some of us have n't given our minds properly to the matter, I 'm afraid. Now, Judith, I did n't think it belonged exactly to the Greek department."

But Judith tossed her head. "I reckon even the Greek apa'tment ought to know something," she said; "and it hain't much of a college that can't help a person in trouble."

Dr. Delhaven went away laughing, but during the forenoon he was seen, with wrinkled brow, poring over a large volume, "Scudder on the Butterflies of New England."

Judith and the Boy started out in the brightness of the morning, carrying the little cage in a basket. "You see, honey," the old colored woman said, "we want to try it at every floweh."

Their way led through a lovely mountain cañon, fresh with waving catkins and the smell of budding leaves. A small stream sparkled at their feet, and they could hear the clear, sweet call of the meadow-larks on the mesa above them. But neither took much note of these things; they were busy trying to find a leaf that would tempt the hungry caterpillar.

" 'Pears like we 've offehed him every leaf in the cañon," Judith said at last. "Let 's tu'n him loose; maybe he 'll find somethin' for he'self."

"I 'll never see him again." The quick tears were in the child's eyes; but he opened the door, and put the caterpillar on the ground. "Oh, he 's eating! he 's eating!" The child's arms were about the woman's neck, and he was kissing her black face. That night the diary said:

"He eets the quearist kind. Ites little and stickey but he likes it. Ites his kind to eet. I was glad and I kissed Aunt Judith. It was her dun it. It dont come offe. I allays wundered."

Later the cages were scenes of greatest industry, and the caterpillars spun lovely silken balls, or hung themselves up by the tail and turned into hard, curious-shaped things, sometimes marked with the loveliest of gold and silver tracings. The Boy was often up hours before the household was astir, standing with rapt attention while a lovely, winged thing came out. Limp and soft it was at first, but gently stirring its whole body, and getting finer with every breath, so that invisible air fairies seemed to be painting and unfolding the splendid creature.

One morning the Boy, carrying a little cage, came breathlessly into Dr. Daniels' class. The lecture was on "Mutations in Species," and the lecturer was noted for his hatred of interruptions.

"It 's stuck fast, and I did n't know what to do with it; and my mother 's gone, and you know everything, and so I came."

"Some warm salt solution, Mr. Davidson," the Doctor said to his assistant. And so the class waited while the butterfly was helped from its chrysalis.

"We 're so 'bliged, me and the butterfly," said the Boy, and the whole class felt for days that life was somehow richer and finer than they had thought it.

"There 's nothing so jo-dandy fine as caterpillars," the Boy told the President's wife, as he walked about with her in the garden, and then, as he caught sight of her lovely Persian cat, he added: "It 's more stylish for ladies not to like pillar cats. My mother just hates to have them walk on her bed, but the cat-cat, why he sleeps on the pillow lots of days."

It was just at the time of the Boy's keenest interest that the President had an idea. He would make the Boy a present, and so take rank above the rest of us, as was fitting for the President. Truth to tell, the Boy regarded him a bit unfriendly. He had made a bad impression by asking if there was a difference between a moth and a butterfly.

"Course. How 'd they know if there was n't? The butterflies have knobs on their feelers, so they 'll know. Even little ones know they 're not moth-kind."

"When that one grows larger, will he still be that wonderful blue?" the President had continued, putting his foot in still farther.

"Why, don't you know,"—and the Boy's face said plainly, and you the President!—"that they 're as big as ever when they first are!"

After that it was necessary for the

President to do something rather fine, so he planned the gift. He was off on a hurry-up journey, dear knows to where, and out of that great region, the East, where all the "Once on a Time" stories, and "When I was a Little Boy" stories, happened—a region of strange and lovely caterpillars, a place where you might go to college one day, came a telegram to the Professor's boy. Now, a telegram was a thing to show to every one in the street. When the Chinaman came driving along with his cart piled high with vegetables, the Boy rushed out to show his wonderful bit of paper.

"Bely fine; allee samee blig man. Wantee lidish?" Of course he wanted a radish; even telegrams did not spoil one's taste for radishes. But that telegram, it was a "corker," the Professor's boy thought. It said: "Bringing four pillar cats. Meet me at the station 5:15."

It was a long time from ten until 5:15, but four cages had to be made ready.

"Ellen, please may I have a whole teakettle full of boiling water?"

"Whatever for, Carroll?" she asked, but began poking the fire, for she was a slave to Carroll's wishes.

"You see, Ellen, I 'm fixing up these cages—you know about my telegram,"—it had been read to her about ten times,—"and Dr. Lester said my brown ones died because I had a sickness in the cage, and that I must eulogize the cages with hot water. You 'll help me to eulogize them, won't you, Ellen?"

At last it was five, and the Professor's boy, radiant with soap, hurried away. Of course the train was late, and the Boy spent an hour hunting about in the grass and leaves. He found two small, green fellows; but, with the prospect of the ones coming, the ones from the EAST,—the Boy always thought of it with capital letters,—no little green ones could count.

At last the train came, and the President came out with a Trustee. The Professor's boy knew you must never speak to any one who walked with a Trustee, for that was the Greatest One ever; so he pulled down his cap, and went whistling along, quite in the President's direction, and with one eye on him, of course.

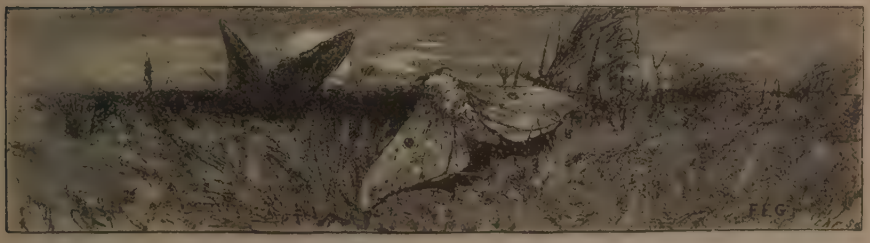
The President called to him, and hastily drew a tin can out of his pocket. "I hope you 'll like them," he said.

The Trustee smiled indulgently. "Candy?"

The Boy heard, and scorned even a Trustee. "Would the President go to the EAST just for candy!" he thought. Caterpillars were something worth, and perhaps he ought to tell; but he was too anxious to see his treasures, and so he hurried away.

Let the diary tell the rest:

"They were the kummonest ever. I have thrun away 5 likem. Ile tri not to tell. He mite feel so bad hede give up beein PRESIDENT. Hees good for PRESident. He doesnt now much. Maibee he nows sum. Ile tri to think he nows to mop."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

HAPPY PEOPLE

TWO philanthropically inclined persons who were comparing experiences the other day, came to the conclusion that among the happiest people they knew were those who were possessed of a social panacea,—yes, or of any sort of panacea.

They agreed that a medical panacea "happifies" its possessor almost as effectively as an economical or a social panacea. A man who knows he can chew himself out of any given ailment, and who can, he is assured, cure the ailments of his friends by the simple device of getting them to eat nothing and chew it well,—what a condition of optimism that man is in! He is convinced that his own life will be long; and he is equally convinced that the individual lives of the entire race will be lengthened when he has succeeded in impinging his theories and habits upon all mankind. (Personally we are inclined to think the chewer, as Lincoln said in another case, is more than half right.)

How happy must be a certain doctor of laws (not of medicine, it seems) who, in a widely circulated treatise, declares that, by a process known to him, most of human physical suffering can, and probably will, be eliminated, and finally "exist only in history." This "simple," "effective," and "mutually beneficial" method consists in conveying a suggestive telepathic impression from the healer to the patient, preferably when both are "in a state of natural sleep," such suggestion being "so communicated by an effort of will on the part of the healer just before going to sleep." Nothing can be "simpler," and any one can do it. Distance is no bar, and skepticism on the part of the patient no obstacle. The patient not only need not exercise faith; he need not even know that he is being healed, and often does not.

This philosopher has, by his panacea, relieved sufferers of a long list of diseases, from neuralgia to partial paralysis; he has even, though not by his own power, yet by advice to another healer, been the means of curing squint. Besides the satisfaction of many individual cures, and of the thrilling prospect of universal amelioration, he has additionally enjoyed the honor and glory of a wide and high scientific reputation among a numerous class of thinkers.

This particular healer does his work without money and without price except as to royalties on his many editions. But there are the happy healers who mix religion and fees with their cheerful propaganda. A clergyman friend of ours could cure only a single disease, rheumatism, with a horse-chestnut carried in the pocket; how much happier would he have been if his horse-chestnut could have cured every human being of every human ailment, including the diseases of the soul.

In the non-medical field the panacea is no less "happifying." Our convinced single-tax friends seem to us to be very happy. And why should they not be? They know they are right, and they suspect that the rest of us half think that they are not more than half wrong. As for our socialist friends, they are nearly the happiest of all—almost as happy as the philosophical anarchists.

The two psychological conversers mentioned above agreed that they were very much depressed at their inability to become socialists, even parlor-socialists, even so mild a thing as State-socialists, over night. They mutually confessed that nothing on earth prevented their so becoming except their unaccommodating consciences. They simply could not, with all the willingness in the world, get converted. They were not disregardful of the means of socialistic grace; they were

of an open mind; they were almost in a condition of what in revivalist language is described as a state of conviction. They were near the mourners' bench, almost on it; they were troubled. One of them said that he was well-nigh of the opinion that it was wicked to wear his own hat, for fear it might belong to some one else who did not legitimately own it. He said that he himself had worked for his living all his life, and that his doubts as to his hat had been aroused by the arguments of an enthusiastic and eloquent friend of his who had, in point of fact, never earned an "honest dollar" in his whole life, and was at the moment cheerfully existing, in the inspiring limelight of publicity, on a comfortable amount of something in the nature of "unearned increment."

Undoubtedly, the owners of the various medical, social, and economical panaceas are the most enviable people of our troubled times. Why should they bother themselves with the righting of minor wrongs when one great remedy will, some day, cure every evil?

There are all sorts of socialists, of course. Some of them are not so happy as others. Some of them are not so indifferent as others to practical and immediate remedies. Some of them are not so easily made the tools of demagogues. Some of them live most praiseworthy, most devoted, most admirable, most enviable lives of sacrifice, and intelligent devotion to the cure of everything that calls upon them for cure, looking forward in a sort of hopeful, happy dream to the working out of wider and more permanent results by the adoption of some true and righteous system. Some of them are not comforted, as are others, by spiritual pride, and the "look from above downward" upon those who are yet unable to believe as they do,—to be as sure as they that some other, not fully tested, political, or governmental, or economic, or social, system will bring the longed-for millennium.

The conversers referred to above had undoubtedly come in contact with a class of reformers who are each so set upon a particular reform that they are indifferent to, or scout at, or actually stand in the way of, other reforms. These healers with a single remedy do not believe in the "next step." They rather rejoice in than deplore the evils they see others trying to correct, believing that these efforts either will come to nothing or are merely palliative, and tend to postpone their own genuine remedies. They regard with a certain lofty contempt those statesmen, or philanthropists, or "good citizens," who work for what the latter call definite and attainable ends. They call them old-fashioned, out of date, blind, dense. These scorners, in working in the interest of their separate panaceas, take up with strange companions. If an obvious pretender lends them assistance, they abandon the ranks of those who would thwart his selfish and corrupt schemes; they apologize for him; they sometimes gradually become his aiders and abettors.

These one-idea reformers have no sympathy with those who, in the spirit of good will and human brotherhood, respond to every call to set right an individual or civic wrong, believing that the more triumphs are won in the name of justice, the wider will be the sway of justice over mankind, and the quicker will all right methods, industrial, economic, and governmental, be put in practice; who are willing that even panaceas shall be given, where possible, the test of fair experiment; though they are not willing that all the experience of the world should be thrown overboard at once in order to try some special scheme that has hitherto had little record but that of failure.

Meantime it is more than likely that a great many people will seek what happiness is possible in the mere doing of what good they may in this mysterious world, under such lights as are vouchsafed to them. They will probably go on establishing, and then, of course, when necessary, reforming, hospitals, asylums, kindergartens, schools, and colleges; helping the blind to help themselves; endowing or entering upon the work of research leading to the cure of human ailments and the progress of the mind and the well-being of man. They will continue to help their fellow-mortals in some form of good, old-fashioned, or good new-fashioned, scientific charity, bringing to the masses the printed inspiration of the ages, and the beauty and solace of music and art. They will meet single or wholesale catastrophes with generous

emergency assistance; they will do what they can to set wrongs right in the social, industrial, and economical fields by means of old- and new-fashioned church and settlement work of various kinds, of scientific work, conciliation, arbitration, the prevention of accidents, and like concrete measures. They will try, in a calm and judicial spirit, to expose evils, and to correct admitted abuses by ingenious laws, such as those which protect women and children; that prevent the appropriation without compensation of the products of the brain; that preserve for all the treasure of our forests; that give light, and air, and safety, and breathing- and playing-space, to the inhabitants of our overcrowded cities; that guard the genuine interests of the laboring-man; that prevent the wrong practices of those who wield the enormous powers of capital; and that promote the general welfare.

They will endeavor to keep corrupt men out of office and good men in office. They will do what they can to uphold true standards of character and true measures of service, and to improve and make healthily effective that public opinion upon which all progress depends. If some new device of economics, of taxation, of government seems to promise permanent improvement in conditions, they will gladly examine into it; and if convinced of its merits, favor its adoption by safe degrees and rational methods.

They will often have reason to distrust their own judgments no less than the judgments of their associates. They will meet with misunderstanding, ingratitude, and disappointment. They will find mixed motives behind the energies of those with whom they work; they will often see their most anxious tillage bring unexpected and unfortunate fruits, though now and then they will be consoled with priceless and miraculous rewards.

They will not endeavor to reach their ends by indiscriminate denunciation, by stirring up hate and discord, and by playing into the hands of demagogues and destroyers by rash, unproved, and unprovable assertions.

Above all, they will try to spread abroad a sense of brotherly responsibility, of scruple, of honorable dealing, of fundamental justice, believing that on such foundations the future cannot fail to build wisely and nobly. They may never attain the pleasing certainty of the man with a panacea; they cannot expect to be as sure and as happy as he: but they will have the satisfaction that goes with a sense of duty humbly and bravely done.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss Annie Russell's "Puck"

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE)

EITHER actor or actress in the technical problems of any important character in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" faces a play all compact of Shakspere's day, but having a stage tradition only in our own. From the evening when Pepys found it 'the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw," to our own time, it was seen only in operatic adaptations from 1692 to 1816. When it began to be acted as a play, after this continuous operatic tradition, it was natural that *Puck* should, nearly a century ago, have been given to an actress whose chief charm was a figure fitted for a scantily dressed part. Our theater accepted the tradition when a woman of lavish proportions began its permanent record on our stage in 1841. When Kean opened a career, happily not yet over, by giving *Puck* to Ellen Terry, he showed that an actress of parts might appear in it; but he emphasized the tradition of sheer feminine charm in a rôle elemental in character and wholly untouched by sex. If at Sadler's Wells under Phelps in 1853, at Burton's in New York in 1854, and again at the Olympic in 1867, or even in our own day at Oxford University in 1902, a boy appeared, this did not alter the tradition which made of this elfish sprite a soubrette part any more than did the appear-

ance in it of a serious actress like Laura Keene.

It has been Miss Russell's penetrating good fortune, born of intuition and inquiry, of both inspiration and information, to see that *Puck* is more than mere sprite and mischief-maker. In all the world of myths, Pan and Puck alike, there perpetually lurks in the woods a being human in mirth and humor, yet divinely able to put a girdle round about the earth; rustic in character; given to strange pranks by nature, and yet itself nature in its larger and more liberal mood.

Instantly, at this interpretation, novel but replete with corroborative proof, the Puck of English field and farm is seen to be, as he is, part elf, part survival, and in part, still larger, co-heir of the universal rustic imaginings, which, in brown woods, knew brown men, which confused goat and Pan, Puck and varying transformations. There are the remnants, in all the Aryan lands, of earlier races, lurking in wood and underworld, quick to injure with panic, terror, and strange phantasy, but quick also to remember the rustic gift, and to work strange marvels in the white curds of Sicily and Warwickshire alike. To mere mischief, of which the part remains full, Miss Russell adds elemental suggestion. In a play steeped with the spirit of the Renaissance, which saw classic myth in every Northern elf, it is fit and fair to final truth that *Puck* should point his ears, have the low brow of the faun, with an agile Northern grace. By a make-up which is as artistic as it is effective, as full of suggestion as it is of expression, Miss Russell, at her very entrance, breaks with a tradition that has its roots in the degradation of a great play to an operatic farrago, and instantly recalls the earth forces for which *Puck* stands. A score of years ago it was a shock to see a feminine *Puck* take a flight on a trapeze. It is natural for this lithe *Puck* to flit from side to side of the stage. The round-limbed and exuberant *Puck* of the last forty years, who never, no not for a moment, deceived one as to an insistent sex, becomes at Miss Russell's touch a sprite to whom the lovers of mortals are the sports of simples and of elements; for whom a flower by the wayside, if picked by *Puck*, can change the heart and eyes of men and women.

But in the art of the stage, the most original and novel conception remains mere shell and skeleton, mere mask and mumming, until life is breathed in it by personation. To her theory and aspect of the part Miss Russell adds her vital interpretation. Her exquisite lightness of movement, her arch action, a childlike glee, joined to the wood-lore of this being of the woods, unite to make her *Puck* speak the inner folk-spirit of a play which roots in the "drolls" of the village green.

For myself, for many, it is this utterance which will abide in the palace of this great play, "no more yielding," when other shadows flee.

Talcott Williams.

Where the Race Problem Has Solved Itself

ALMOST at the very moment when the race problem was displaying itself with such deplorable results in the streets of Atlanta last September, the following item appeared in the columns of a local paper of Washington, Georgia, a little town in the heart of a region where the blacks outnumber the whites by three to one:

> "John Carter, a highly respected negro who lives out three miles east of Washington, gave a barbecue Wednesday to his white friends. It was largely attended, and all present attested the fact that it was a splendidly appointed barbecue."

There was evidently no race problem here, yet it must not be supposed that the color-line was lost sight of for an instant. John Carter's white guests were seated at a table by themselves; his wife and some of her colored friends probably cooked the dinner, and John himself, no doubt, waited on the table, just as his father may have waited on theirs half a century ago. By and by, if things go on as they have always done in that community, John's white friends will return the compliment by inviting him and a number of other respectable colored persons to a barbecue or a possum supper. A good meal will be served. The white friends will come out and shake hands all round. Compliments will be passed, and a little friendly speech-making indulged in on both sides, after which the hosts will retire to the "big house" or to their respective homes, leaving the colored guests to enjoy the feast in their own way. Yet not once, be it observed, has the color-line been violated.

In an earlier issue of the same paper may be found an account of the golden wedding of the Rev. Lewis Williams, for over forty years pastor of the principal colored Baptist church in Washington, and himself a full-blooded negro. The church where the ceremony took place, was crowded to overflowing, we are told, with friends of the couple, both black and white, and after the ceremony, a large company repaired to their home, where a bountiful repast had been provided by contributions from white friends and black. The presents were numerous and handsome, and the names of many of the most prominent white citizens are mentioned among the givers.

It may help the moral that it is the object of this letter to impress, if I add here that during the early days of reconstruction, this very

man, Lewis Williams, under the influence of Carpet-bag teaching, showed some disposition to make himself politically offensive to his white neighbors, and it was a timely hint from the Ku-Klux Klan that turned him back into paths of usefulness, where he earned the respect of both races.

There has never been a lynching in Wilkes County, (of which Washington is the capital), and only one instance of the "usual crime" is known. It was an aggravated case, but the absolute certainty that speedy justice would be done kept the people from losing their heads. A special session of court was called, and, in less than a week, the culprit was tried, convicted, and sentenced, by due process of law, to the gallows. During the twenty-eight days that he remained in jail awaiting execution, there was not the slightest attempt to interfere with the course of the law. He was visited by both white and colored ministers of the gospel, men of his own choosing, and provision was made for the burial of the body by members of the family to whom his people had belonged in slavery times. This was done out of regard to the feelings of his grandparents, respectable old negroes who had always deserved the good-will of the community.

These facts and others that might be given, will suffice to show how successfully the race problem has been solved here, and that, too, in a mixed population where the odds are heavy against the whites. By what means this has been accomplished will best appear from another fact or, perhaps, I should say *act*—in the drama of local history. Washington was a hotbed of the Ku-Klux movement, and the instant Federal bayonets were withdrawn the negro was quietly put out of politics, and the Fifteenth Amendment virtually repealed, so far as this community was concerned. How it was effected need not concern us here. Suffice it to say the thing was done frankly and openly, without any circumlocution or make-believe, beyond such necessary "whipping of the devil round the stump" as is unavoidable when a people are constrained by superior force from meeting him manfully in the open. The negro, being thus gotten out of the wood-pile before his mind had become incurably infected with the pernicious microbe of social equality, having settled down contentedly in the paths of industry where lies his best hope of success, and the whites being relieved from the fear of negro domination, which was no mere "air-drawn dagger" in a community where the whites were outnumbered three to one, fell back naturally into the old kindly relations with their black neighbors. The great causes of friction being thus removed, the two races have been moving peacefully onward ever since, in parallel lines, as it were, neither interfering with the other, because neither crosses the other. And these lines, let it be clearly understood, lie in a plane *with the Anglo-Saxon on top*. And this is a fact I would press home upon all who look at the problem from the outside. It is precisely because the color-line is drawn so securely that there is no need to put up the bars so high on other lines; for, paradoxical as it may sound, it is only by a frank recognition of the inherent inequalities between African and Anglo-Saxon that the nearest approach to social equality ever accorded the negro in the South has been made possible.

I have attempted no argument here. I simply give the facts as they exist and have existed for years in a community where perfect harmony prevails between the races; where even "the usual crime" has not provoked a lynching, and to the negro is given every opportunity to make the most of himself so long—and mark this well—as he does not interfere with the white man's civilization or threaten his race integrity. In other words, the race problem is met by a frank recognition that the negro is psychologically and biologically a negro, and not merely a black-skinned Caucasian. If any one is disposed to criticize the justice of this solution, I would remind him that it is a well-established biological law that when two races in different stages of development intermix, the higher, for reasons easily explained, loses more by the cross than the other gains, and a glance at any reliable race chart showing the relative position of the African and the Anglo-Saxon in the evolutionary scale, ought at least to make him question whether the feeling so often stigmatized as "race prejudice" is really only a base product of the unregenerate Southern mind. May not the bitter repugnance with which we resent every suggestion of social equality—which, in its last analysis, means race intermixture—be rather the unconscious expression of a sound and healthy instinct implanted by Nature for the preservation of the race, and roused to extraordinary vigilance by the imminence of the peril? If this is so, then any attempt to settle the problem which does not take account of Nature's plans is as futile as it would be to attempt to reverse the law of gravitation.

Eliza Frances Andrews.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Longfellow's Portrait by Healy

WE are informed that the portrait of Henry W. Longfellow painted by Healy in 1862, which was printed in tint on page 495 of THE CENTURY Magazine for last February, is owned by Mrs. A. V. S. Anthony.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mrs. Tyman Passes the Contribution-Box

I WAS almost late to church that day, and that 's something that don't often happen to me, for I think there 's nothing more annoying to a minister than to see his wife and family come trailing in just as he is giving out the first hymn. Not that my husband is the minister, but he 's senior elder, and in our church that 's next to the minister. As the saying is, if he ain't the rose, he 's next to it. So, in a general way, I ain't often late to church, though I do live close by, which is always a temptation. But it was hot! Still, I never knew the sun to go behind a cloud because we thought it ought to; so I did n't make any remarks, only kept one of Solon's big handkerchiefs handy when I got in too much of a glow.

Finally, when I 'd got my bonnet-strings tied just square,—there 's nothing looks more slack-twisted than bonnet-strings all catty-cornered,—the clock struck the half-hour. I ketched up the big handkerchief for the last time, and got out one of my own from the drawer to take with me, and gathered up my parasol and my palm-leaf fan and my gilt-edged hymn-book, that Solon gave me before we were married, and started. There on the porch was Solon, no collar on, and in his shirt-sleeves. And I spoke up brisk, for it 's always well to pretend you think a man 's going to do the right thing, even if you know he ain't no notion of it; and said I, "Why, Solon Tyman, ain't you going to meeting with me this bright, beautiful Sabbath morning?" And he answered right up, "No, Maria; I ain't going to meeting with you this bright, beautiful Sabbath morning." He said it sort of mocking-like, but he tightened up his lips a little. He was off the hooks, anyway; he 'd been pretty fractious at breakfast-time. Haying is trying work for both man and beast.

Drawn by Arthur G. Dove

"OLD MISS MORAY LOOKS AROUND ASTONISHED"

Out to the corner I met Mrs. Eaton and Etta. Etta is sixteen and pert. Well, I did n't have the bringing up of her, so my skirts is clear. Mr. Eaton was n't with them, and I was surprised. He 's junior elder. So I said: "How do, Mrs. Eaton? How do, Etta? Where 's Mr. Eaton? Is he sick?" Mrs. Eaton's face was kind of red—the heat, perhaps; but, thinking it over since, I 've mistrusted there might have been other reasons. Says she: "How do, Mrs. Tyman? Where 's Mr. Tyman? Is he sick?" I was real taken aback, and I said, "No-o-o"; and Etta snickered. "I expect Mr. Tyman is just where Pa is, a-worshiping the Lord in nature," said she.

First off her mother acted mad, then she laughed, and I had to pretend to, in spite of feeling some sore; though, after all, my husband is n't the only one who 's going to climb into heaven on his wife's back. And old Mrs. Baxter—she was just ahead of us—she turned round, and says she: "Baxter says it 's too hot to go to meeting. He 's honest; he ain't a' elder." Etta stopped her giggling instanter. You see, 't was her toes got trod on then. All she needs is a little training.

We three got into church and were settled in our pews in plenty of time before the bell stopped tolling; and I looked the congregation over, and it struck me it looked funny. And all to once it came over me what was the matter. There was n't a man there! That is to say, not one single one of the brethren.

There was summer boarders from Windy Ride Hotel and Camellia Cottage, and three or four country boys clerking it in the city and home on a vacation; and each one of them had come in a high-top buggy and brought a girl with him, not his sister.

Well, we finished the hymn; and after the minister had made the long prayer, and we 'd sung another hymn, he began to preach, and his text was, "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi." It was a good sermon, and real fitting for the clerks and summer boarders.

When it came time to pass the contribution-box he sat down to rest, but no one went forward, for Solon was n't there, nor Mr. Eaton, nor any of the Hitchcocks, nor—well, as I said, no man. The minister he got up; he was wiping his heated brow,—you see, his text wa'n't a real summer one,—and he looked us all over, real puzzled. In a minute his face cleared, and he came down the pulpit steps and went and spoke to his wife in the front pew with her five little ones. It 's a part of our doctrine to put the minister's wife in the front pew. It gives us all something to talk about after meeting, especially if she 's got small children. He went back to the pulpit, and she come to Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Eaton looked flustrated and shook her head; but then she tiptoed down to see me, and whispered he wanted us, being the elders' wives, to take up the collection.

My! but I jumped! For I was terribly afraid he 'd change his mind, and in our church women don't have many indulgences. We can get up fairs and help out with donation parties, but that 's all. And Solon had said so many times you 'd never believe how little some folks give. And no matter how I teased him, he 'd never tell; and now was a chance!

So Mrs. Eaton and I got the boxes and started—that is, she started. I happened to think that "example is better than precept," so I stopped a moment and got out my money,—Solon always lets me have the butter-and-egg money; he 's an awful good husband,—and I put it in so every one could see. You know, when you 're in your own pew folks can't see what you give, any more than you can see what they give. On my side in the front pew were city folks. Solon and me have argy-bargyed about them fifty times. He says they 're our company, and 't ain't mannerly to ask them for money; and I say they 're most likely unregenerate sinners, and maybe never go to meeting in town in their lives,—cities are dretful wicked places, we all know that,—but I 'd give them an opportunity. It 's worth something to have the privileges of the sanctuary, and that box was going under every individual one's nose, and there wa'n't no one going to be slighted in the invitation.

I poked the box right before a summer boarder who sat at the end of the seat, and he stared at it like he ain't never seen one before,—it is old-fashioned, I s'pose,—but he seen my dollar bill at the bottom and took the hint, and hauled a roll out of his pocket and pulled off a bill and dropped it in. 'T was five dollars! And the young lady next to him—'t wa'n't his wife, for if it had been she 'd have thought the five was enough for both of them, and I should n't have blamed her—she looked at him real admiring, and she put in a two.

Mrs. Eaton had n't seen me put my money in, but when she got to her pew, Etta up and told her; and I will say for Mrs. Eaton, she ain't original, but she can follow a pattern, and in a jiffy she 'd whipped out her dollar and got it in the box.

Mrs. Hitchcock had come home from over to the Centre with a new idee of hiding the contribution in an envelop. She had one for each of the boys and her husband and her father-in-law, and she counted them all in, one and one, and the fifth one thumped. I expect 't was hern, but the rest of them were pretty light.

By this time I 'd worked along about halfway down the aisle, and Mrs. Eaton had reached the end of the other one and had turned around to come back before she sensed what I was doing. We 'd sung the last verse of the hymn, and the choir had begun all over again; and now the rest of them had begun to get ready before I 'd got to them. Mrs. Eaton she understood my tactics and waited, and we went back up the aisle together, pew for pew. Some of the women had to shake their heads; but the men—well, you know a man's pockets are always with him, and generally money in them, and they all gave something. The clerks—there were three of them—had to show off before their girls, and they done well.

Then I came to old Miss Moray. Every Sunday she takes her money in her hand and throws back her head and sings; and 'most always, Solon says, she gets so fervent in uplifting her voice in praise that she does n't see him at all, but comes to with a sort of gasp when the minister pronounces the benediction, and looks around astonished, and tucks the bill back into her purse in a real regretful, mournfully pleased sort of way. And when I stepped up beside her she was singing away, "Jerusalem, my happy home," and her eyes shut tight. But I was able for her. I pushed the box easy under her hand, and reached over and just tetched that bill,—she 'd been holding it so long that her fingers were numb,—and it dropped! The young chap in the next pew snickered right

out. I gave him a look. Such manners in church! And he sobered, I tell you, and leaned over and laid a gold piece right in on top of Miss Moray's bill. My! I ain't seen behind in his salary, and Sister Landon told me afterwards that the new sailor suit her oldest boy had on — and folks criticized her for extravagance — was made out of his pa's

Drawn by Arthur G. Dove

"AND REACHED OVER AND JUST TETCHED THAT BILL"

one since before the war, and some of the young folks ain't never seen one!

Mrs. Eaton and me we met in front of the pulpit, and Parson Landon he got up, and he could n't help looking right down into those boxes, and I wish you could have seen his face. We set them on the table and went back to our places, and he says in a real choky kind of a way, — we were two months old blue serge pants, washed and pressed, — "Brothers and sisters, we will now sing, 'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!'" and the old meeting-house hummed! And Solon and Mr. Eaton both said they wished they 'd been there; but, between you and me, I don't believe any one else wished it, 'less 't was Miss Moray.

Rosa Kellen Hallett.

Aunt 'Mandy's Rule for Batter Bread

"De way I mek's my batte' braid—
Laws me! Miss May, is dat er fac'
You wants my jes perzackly rule
Ter tell de folks w'en you goes back!

"Suah, Honey! Dis de way—it jes
De plainest kin' ob t'ing ter mek.
Efen you do like w'at 'Mandy says,
'T ain' no sech chence es er mistek.

"Fust sif' yo' meal en drap in salt,
Den beat yo' aigs—how many? Sho!
Dat 'pends depletely on de hens,
En you 's de pusson ought ter know.

"Efen aigs is sca'ce, I uses *one*.
'T ain' bes', but I kin mek it do;
But efen de hens is layin' peart—
Laws! chile, I nebber stops at *two!*

"Den melt yo' sho'tnin'—mos' ob times
Er spoonful be ernough ob dat.
Some folks likes mo'—ole marsteh he
Say good t'ings teks er heap ob fat.

"Mos' ways I uses *sweet* milk, but
Efen you has butte'-milk ter spar',
'T ain' nuffin' hef es good es dat.
Jes spill yo' soda in wid car'.

"How much ob soda en ob milk?
You sho'ly ain' no cook, Miss May,
Ter need ter ask 'bout t'ings like dat.
Whar has you lived erfore ter-day!

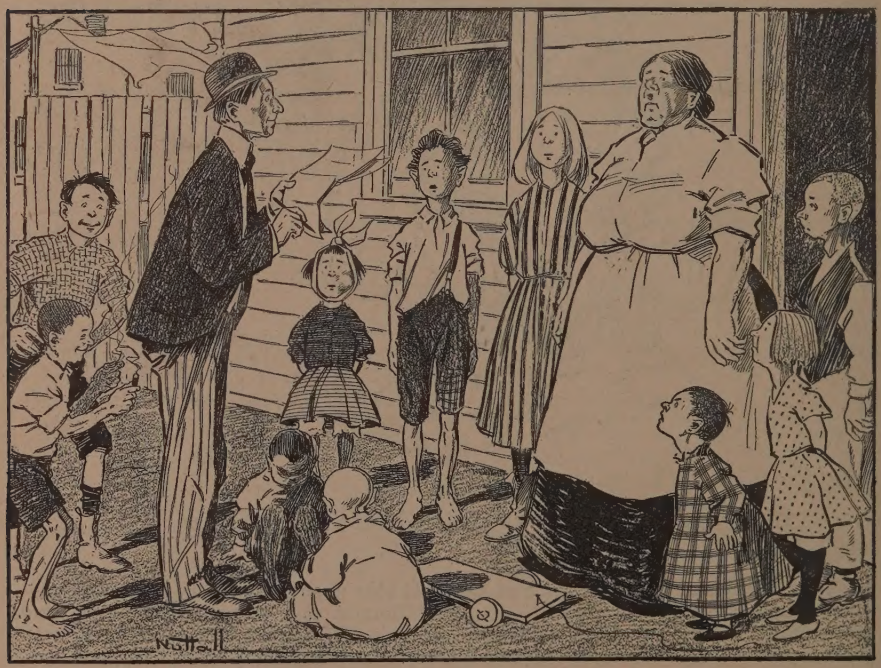
"Dat 's easy es ole Moses' shoes.
I tek's er spoonful, mo' er less,
Efen so 's de milk am right sma't sour;
Efen 't ain', I puts er smaller guess.

"I 'mos' fergit de oben, chile—
De mostes' 'tickler t'ing ob all!
Be suah it jes perzackly right,
Er else de batte' braid mought fall.

"Real hot? Ob co'se; jes hot ernough.
You 'll hab ter be de jedge ob dat.
Onless it suit, de braid won' riz.
Too col', be suah ter sond it flat.

"En now, Miss May, you knows it all.
I 's proud ter see you writ it down
Ter show de folks how 'Mandy cooks
W'en you gits back ter Bostin town."

Ellen Manly.



SHE WAS BUSY

TAKER of SCHOOL CENSUS: How many children, please?
MRS. CASEY: Shure, yez can count thim yerself. Yez hov as much toime as Oi hov.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK